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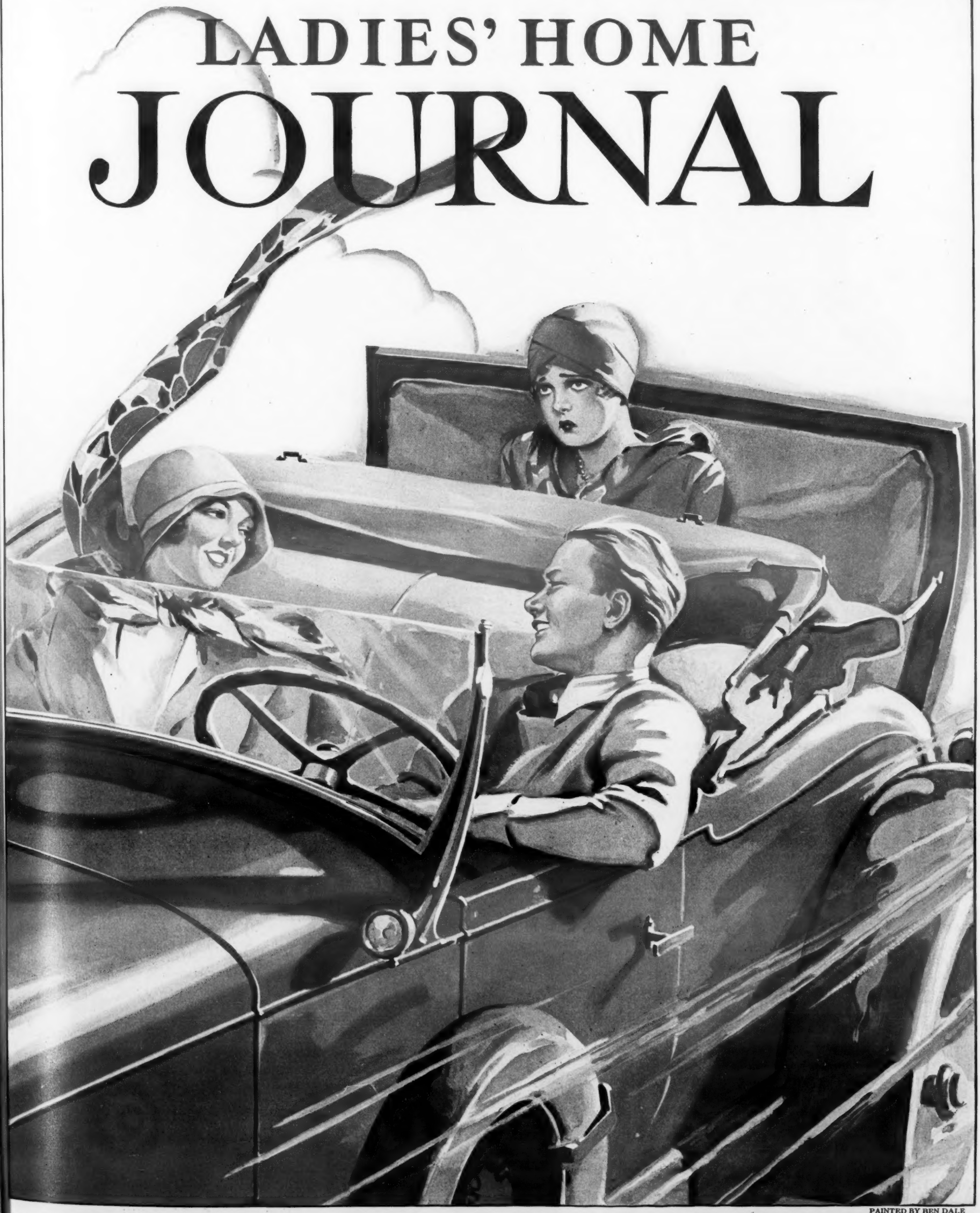
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL



PAINTED BY BEN DALE

CALVIN COOLIDGE—ZANE GREY—RICHARD HALLIBURTON—EDWARD BOK
EMILY POST—CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND—BOOTH TARKINGTON

Tom Sawyer's secret...*how mothers are using it today*

"Mothers are finding, as Tom Sawyer did, that there is an easy way to get children to do things. That's to turn routine into play,"

SAYS DR. LESLIE E. LUEHRS,
noted child psychologist

How often youngsters rebel at restraint and the routine of everyday sound habits! Great authorities on child guidance—like Dr. Luehrs—are now telling mothers that there are simple, easy ways of handling children. Just such ways as Tom Sawyer's, when he made whitewashing seem the one pleasantest thing in all the world to do.

You remember that when Aunt Polly made him whitewash that fence, on a bright Saturday morning, Tom racked his brain and—made a game of it! Treasures piled up at his feet, boys argued to wield the brush, while Tom sat back and relaxed!

The secret is to turn routine into a game. Every mother can do it, all through the day. There's that vital question of breakfast. The mother's resolve that her children shall eat the right kind—the *hot, cooked* cereal authorities recommend.

Naturally you do feel earnest about it. You know that it's been proved that children who eat *hot, cooked* cereal regularly do better in lessons and in games than children who don't eat it.

In 70,000 schoolrooms teachers are today displaying this rule on the walls:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot *cereal breakfast"*

Perhaps you've approached it as a matter of stern duty—nothing to do with fun. Perhaps you even say, "Eat your nice cereal. That's what little boys and girls need." What child responds to the stark plea of *need?*

Yet all the time there's an easy, happy way you might be using, a way that lets mothers relax at the breakfast table! Children don't dawdle over Cream of Wheat—or oatmeal—or whatever hot cereal they're given—when they're having fun.

This way is a youngsters' club. All the incentive of gold stars and colored wall charts, badges and certificates. Just the things children love, sent free, direct to them. Mail the coupon and watch your youngsters scramble to eat a bowlful of good hot Cream of Wheat.

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

FOR 32 YEARS *the choice of child specialists*

Specialists in child health have for years recommended Cream of Wheat as an ideal *hot, cooked* cereal.

1. *It is abundantly rich in the physical and mental energy growing children need. It is all real food.*
2. *With every harsh part of the grain removed, Cream of Wheat is amazingly quick and simple to digest.*
3. *Its creamy goodness is easily varied by adding raisins, dates or prunes while cooking.*

Safeguard your boys and girls by giving them, regularly, Cream of Wheat for breakfast.

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FREE—*the plan that works wonders*

A plan that arouses your children's interest in a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast and makes them want to eat it regularly. A youngsters' club with badges and a secret, gold stars and colored wall charts. A plan that children work out for themselves. All material free—sent direct to your children, with a sample box of Cream of Wheat (if desired). Just clip and mail the coupon below.

This boy can knock it out of the lot. One reason is that every morning he eats a hot cereal breakfast—Cream of Wheat.
HCB CLUB
CREAM OF WHEAT

CREAM OF WHEAT COMPANY
MINNEAPOLIS

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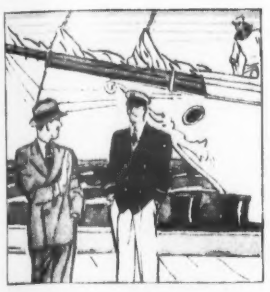
MINNESOTA

Child's name.....
First name *Last name*

Street.....*City*.....*State*.....

Check here if you wish sample of Cream of Wheat.....

"Doug says" he wouldn't trade it for A STEAM YACHT!



. . . not even for a steam yacht

HE MEANS, of course, if he couldn't get another one like it. And neither would I. . . . But, let me tell you. We had wanted an Orthophonic Victrola for months. Ever since the first time we had heard it, in fact.

As Douglas used to say, "It's so realistic, so *intimate*, you feel like saying when the record stops: 'That was *lovely*, Miss Ponselle. Would you mind singing it again?'" Really, that's not a bit of exaggeration. The singers or players seem to be standing right beside you.

Well, we bought an Orthophonic Victrola. And that isn't all. We bought the *Automatic*—the one that changes its own records, you know? Just think of having Orthophonic music without the labor of winding, putting in needles, or changing records! All you do is put an armload of records in the Victrola and press a button.

It plays an hour's continuous program. You don't have to do a *thing* after starting it. You can repeat any record a dozen times, if you wish. For bridge-parties, for dancing, for a pleasant background of music at dinner, it's really *wonderful*. I mean, it really *is*.

I don't know what kind of music you have at home now, and I don't want to appear "busy." But I can't help saying you don't know what you're missing if you haven't an Orthophonic Victrola. And if you'd let the Victor man put one in your home over some week-end, as *we* did, you'd never part with it. That is, if you *really* like music . . . and I think you *do!* I don't know of any *better* way to find out how wonderful it sounds—or how nicely it harmonizes with your other furniture.

"You don't know what you're missing . . ."

Model Four-forty. Console-type Orthophonic Victrola. List price, $165. With electric motor, $35 extra. Canadian price on request.

The instrument shown above is the Automatic Electrola, Model Ten-sixty-nine. It lists at $850. Other Victor instruments list at $25 and up and most dealers will arrange convenient terms. A demonstration in your home will be very delightful and there is no obligation to buy. . . . Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, New Jersey.

The New Orthophonic

Victrola

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

I discovered a complexion secret in 24 basins of water

And 62 leading skin specialists approved it

THE other day I got a letter inviting me to a "conference." That's nothing frightfully unusual in my life, for I have a job I think every woman would *love* to have. I advise business men about women and their ways!

This letter asked me to come at once. So I bought a new hat I felt was becoming and took a train for Cincinnati.

But what a strange conference I found! Twelve girls were seated around a long table. Each girl had two large hand-basins in front of her. Each was trailing her hands back and forth in the basins, much like a small child out in a rowboat!

Camay's "rain-water" test

"What on earth is going on now?" I asked the man who seemed to be directing this strange proceeding.

"Well, when the clock strikes 11, I think that last question of yours is going to be answered."

"You mean about the rain water?"

He nodded. I *was* excited then. You see I'd been cleansing my face with Camay's velvety lather for months. It was the mildest soap *I* had ever found. But I wanted to be sure that Camay was as gentle to *any* skin as the *softest water alone!*

Pretty soon the clock struck 11. The girls who for a whole hour had had one hand in clear rain water and the other in Camay lather dried their hands and showed them to us.

"Why," I gasped, "the hands that have been in Camay are just as smooth and soft and supple as the ones that have been in the clear rain water!"

And when you consider that was a whole *month* of washings compressed into one short hour, it certainly shows how really mild and gentle Camay is for feminine skins!

Why 62 leading dermatologists approve Camay

Isn't it interesting how this test confirms the one I told you about in an earlier article?

You'll remember that I wanted Camay to come to you with an assurance no complexion soap had ever had before. So I took Camay to the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States, himself one of the best-known skin specialists in the country.

This scientist was most sympathetic with Procter & Gamble's desire to give you a perfumed complexion soap, *provided* it would give your skin the *right* kind of care to keep it fresh and clear and lovely. He agreed to have Camay analyzed, and to test it thoroughly in use.

And he did much more! He sent copies of Camay's analysis to 61 leading dermatologists and asked *them* to examine it and test Camay, too. Most of these men are heads of the department of dermatology in the largest universities and hospitals in the country.

And now I am very happy to tell you that all these skin specialists approved Camay's formula. They quickly proved its gentleness in cleansing even the most delicate feminine skins. In a word, Camay has their unanimous approval—something no other perfumed complexion soap in history ever had.

So every time you cleanse your face with Camay's velvety lather, you can know that you are using just the kind of soap these famous skin specialists would recommend to you if you asked their best advice about a soap for *your* complexion.

Could *any* complexion possibly ask for more?

Helen Chase

CAMAY IS 10¢ A CAKE

Free! For you — Complexion help from famous skin specialists. Into a smart little book I've put all the things I learned about complexions from the famous dermatologists I consulted about Camay. Dry skins; Oily skins; Sensitive skins are all discussed. Care in Winter and in Summer; with Hard Water and Soft. Also Diet; Exercise; Rest; Sleep and their effect on complexions; the Way to Use Cosmetics and many other important subjects. Write for Booklet A to Helen Chase, Dept. YJ-59, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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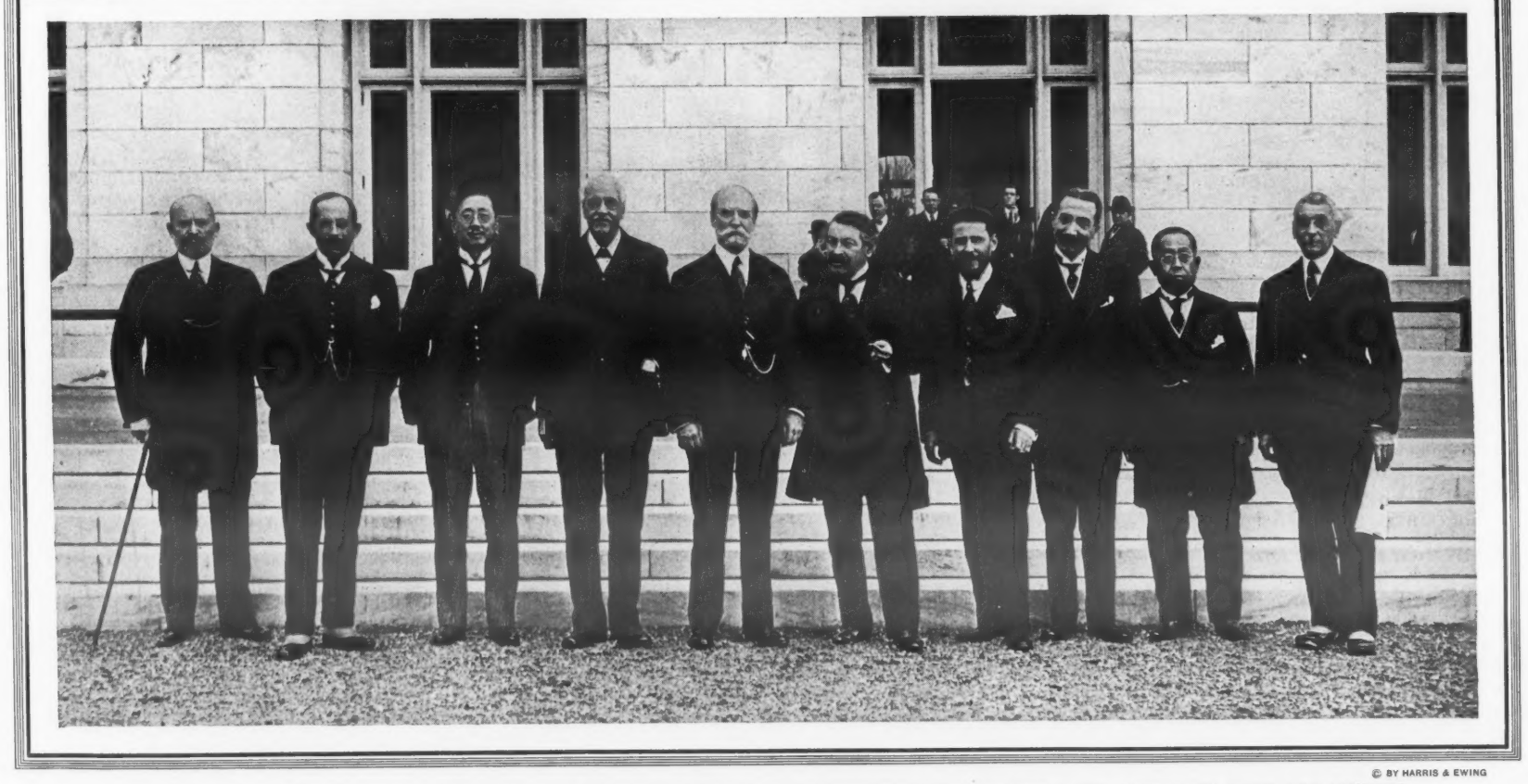

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THE "BIG NINE" AND THE SECRETARY GENERAL OF THE 1921 WASHINGTON CONFERENCE ON LIMITATION OF ARMAMENTS

Promoting Peace Through Limitation of Armaments

By CALVIN COOLIDGE

WHILE it has been generally accepted by all governments that a certain amount of military preparation is necessary for their defense and preservation, recent history has tended to confirm the belief that this may be carried to a point where it defeats its own ends. One of the contributing factors to the outbreak of the World War was the European competition in armaments. This had been foreseen, and a warning had been sounded by the Russian Government as early as August, 1898. The whole matter was summed up very completely and concisely in a diplomatic note presented at that time to all the foreign governments represented at the Russian Court, which reads in part as follows:

> The maintenance of general peace and a possible reduction of the excessive armaments which weigh upon all nations present themselves, in the existing condition of the whole world, as the ideal toward which the endeavors of all governments should be directed.
>
> The ever-increasing financial charges strike and paralyze public prosperity at its source; the intellectual and physical strength of the nations, their labor and capital, are for the most part diverted from their natural application and unproductively consumed; hundreds of millions are spent in acquiring terrible engines of destruction, which though today regarded as the last word of science are destined tomorrow to lose all value in consequence of some fresh discovery in the same field. National culture, economic progress, and the production of wealth are either paralyzed or perverted in their development.

Considering what has since been the fate of the Imperial family and of the Russian people, this statement leads almost to the conclusion that the then supposedly invincible nation had some premonition of its impending doom. No one could deny the ring of truth of the statement then issued; no one can deny it now. Such being the case, Russia proceeded in its effort to secure an international agreement not to increase land or sea forces, or the appropriations for their support, during a specified time. They even went beyond this by proposing a study of the ways in which they could be reduced. The result of these and the other suggestions made by Russia was the First International Peace Conference, at The Hague, held in 1899. While this Conference made considerable progress in other directions, on the question of limitation of armaments its results were mostly negative. Our own delegates were instructed that our Army and Navy were both so small comparatively that the initiative upon this subject should come from the powers to which limitation might properly be applied.

The Conference appointed a committee to study these subjects, which had before it the Russian proposal to limit the number of troops and the budget for their maintenance for a term of five years to the then present standard. Naval budgets were also considered. While the Conference looked with great sympathy on these proposals, the suggestions seemed to be so novel and the difficulties so great that the best it could do was to pass resolutions declaring that the restriction of military expense was desirable and expressing the wish that the various governments examine the possibility of limiting the size of armies, navies, and war budgets.

In 1904 the United States sounded out the Powers on the desirability of another Hague Conference. The replies were favorable, but the war between Russia and Japan made for a postponement.

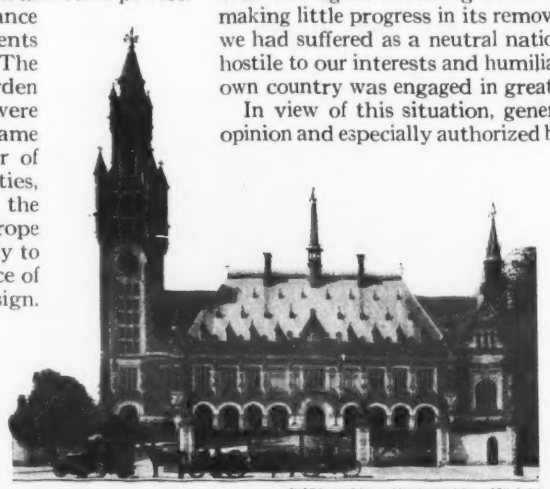
The Second World Peace Conference at The Hague opened June 15, 1907. The agenda contained no reference to the subject of reduction of armaments, but in a limited way it was presented on August seventeenth by the British, and supported by the United States. The Conference, however, took no action beyond voting to confirm its former resolution of 1899 and declaring that it favored resuming a study of the question by the various governments. While limitation of armaments was really the unfinished business of the first Conference, and might properly have been taken up by the second as such, it became apparent that due to understandings among certain European powers prior to the meeting and the express opposition of Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy, it had no chance of being seriously considered.

These two Conferences made large contributions to peace and order by establishing a tribunal for international arbitration. The world will take but one step at a time, and that was as far as it could then go.

Aside from academic discussion, the matter was left to rest while Europe went on feverishly arming itself both on land and sea and arraying itself in combinations against

each other in a vain attempt to maintain such a balance of power that neither side would feel it prudent to attack the other. But the combination of armaments and alliances finally broke down, as all such combinations are bound to do in the end. Men will not long recognize the sword as the major source of authority. So long as there is evil in the world, armies and navies will be required for domestic and international police service, but peace will never be made permanent by fear alone. It must have a main foundation of justice and good will strong enough to satisfy the reason and conscience of humanity. During this period competition in armaments was an openly declared national policy and openly carried out. The British were laying down ships with the avowed purpose of surpassing certain other powers. They were also maintaining a naval alliance with Japan. On the Continent regiments were being massed against regiments. The spirit of rivalry became so keen, the burden of taxation, for which each people were blaming some other government, became so heavy, that the whole public temper of Europe became charged with animosities, jealousies and hatreds. By clinging to the policy of competitive armaments Europe became one vast powder magazine ready to explode in its entirety on the appearance of the first spark of either accident or design.

We all know what happened in 1914. All the world had its experience of four years of the red ruin of war. Although we were blameless of any contributing causes, we were unable to avoid finally being involved. We can see now that nations are not so independent as they had claimed to be. The action of each of them affects the interests of others, which therefore have some as yet undefined rights that must be considered in determining what that action shall be. It is clear that they owed some duty to each other, by mutual arrangement or otherwise, not to create a common danger through overarming themselves.



PHOTO, BY EWING GALLOWAY, NEW YORK CITY

THE PALACE OF PEACE AT THE HAGUE IS THE SEAT OF THE WORLD COURT

The United States and the 5-5-3 Ratio

OF COURSE, during the War it was useless to speak of disarmament, but when peace began to be discussed, as early as January 8, 1918, President Wilson presented what came to be known as his Fourteen Points to the Congress. The fourth item read as follows: "Adequate guaranties given and taken that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety." When the treaty of Versailles was drawn it included the covenant of the League of Nations, which declared in Article Eight that, "Peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety." The Council of the League was directed to formulate plans for such reduction, subject to revision every ten years, which, after adoption by the several governments, were not to exceed the limits therein fixed. In order to make this plan possible, Germany undertook to observe a very strict limitation. Germany, Austria and Hungary are prohibited from having submarines and military or naval air forces. The rights and privileges which they granted in the treaty of Versailles were reserved to the United States by separate peace treaties with these three countries.

Notwithstanding this explicit agreement made between the Central Powers and the Allied Governments, the Council of the League took no effective steps toward the limitation of armaments. As this was a question in which we had always been interested, was a specific declaration made by President Wilson to secure a cessation of hostilities, and was an important article in the treaty of peace, where it was a part of the consideration by which Germany, Austria and Hungary agreed to remain disarmed, and as they had granted to us the same rights and privileges, we were especially anxious to see some progress made toward the limitation of armaments. A survey of the situation by our Government in the spring of 1921 was very disquieting. Not only was no effective action being taken by the members of the League in accordance with their agreement but it disclosed great armies on land and on the sea great fleets, with a very heavy naval-building program for their increase. It was perfectly apparent that the same tension which caused the World War was again becoming acute and that the League was making little progress in its removal. The experience which we had suffered as a neutral nation on the sea had been so hostile to our interests and humiliating to our pride that our own country was engaged in greatly extending its navy.

In view of this situation, generally supported by public opinion and especially authorized by a provision of the Naval Bill, on August 11, 1921, President Harding called the Washington Conference. The situation was propitious for our leadership. Under our building program we should have had the largest of navies by 1924. We could finance it with less appreciable burden than any other nation. Nevertheless, following the requirements of enlightened selfishness, and realizing that our leadership and our example could only speak effectively through our own sacrifices, in his opening address the Secretary of State, Mr. Hughes, in advocating what is known as the 5–5–3 ratio, made the proposal that each nation should stop where it was in its building program and cut down its navy to a designated number of ships by scrapping whatever surplus it might possess above that standard. This proposal was immediately accepted in principle and work on the details begun. We have had much criticism of the sacrifices which we made. To my mind they were our greatest triumph. But we are by no means entitled to all the credit for the establishment of that policy. The great nation of Japan made sacrifices which were proportionately of the same character and much less easy for her to bear.

While this system was to relate to all categories of the navy, and meant substantial parity between Great Britain and the United States on a ratio of five each with the navy of Japan on the ratio of three, and a somewhat less ratio for France and Italy, in attempting its practical application it was found that agreements could be reached only as to capital ships and airplane carriers. The only limitation on cruisers was that they should not exceed 10,000 tons in size or be armed with guns of greater caliber than eight inches. It was proposed to abolish submarines, to which we should undoubtedly have agreed, but the French felt them to be weapons on which they must especially rely, as they had few of the larger craft and were financially unprepared at that time to build them, and the British took the position that if submarines were unlimited the defense against them of destroyers must likewise be unlimited. While the Conference made great progress, and secured revolutionary agreements, it was not able to reach any decision limiting the number of cruisers, lesser craft and submarines.

Our Present Naval Program

FOLLOWING this some proposals were made and discussion held by the League, but nothing very definite was done until December, 1925, when the Council established a Preparatory Commission to draft plans. The United States sent representatives, who have attended all of its five sessions. So many small nations which have little or no navy were included in it, that its progress was extremely slow. Acting with what I understood was the desire of the British Government, I therefore requested another Conference at Geneva of the five Powers which had signed the Washington Treaty. France and Italy did not accept, but Japan and Great Britain attended. Our delegates at once made a proposal to limit the cruiser tonnage to 250,000 to 300,000 tons on the 5–3 basis. The Japanese appeared to be favorable to this. The British offered no plan for some time, but finally submitted a proposal which was rather involved, but seemed to imply from 425,000 to 600,000 tons of cruisers. As we considered that an expansion, rather than limitation, we did not agree to it. It also included a requirement to limit the size of the ships and the caliber of their guns to a standard too low for our use, because our fueling stations are small in number and widely scattered. The British felt they needed a large number of small cruisers. While we looked with a great deal of sympathy on their position, no one was able to devise a plan which would provide for our mutual needs. The Conference adjourned with the hope that future study by their respective governments might lead to some solution.

Since that time France and England have submitted a proposal limiting the number of 10,000-ton cruisers, which are the kind we need, but leaving the number of all lesser craft, which are the kind they need, unlimited. Obviously we could not agree to this. We were therefore compelled to await the reconvening of the Preparatory Commission in the spring.

After the Washington Conference we did not adopt any extensive building programs, hoping that further agreements would make it unnecessary and because we wished to avoid any appearance of competition. We finished two large airplane carriers and some cruisers then under way and built some submarines. We have started to build eight new cruisers and I urged the Congress to authorize fifteen more. These were mostly to replace twenty-two of our cruisers which are more than twenty years old. This would give us but thirty-three modern ships, totaling 296,000 tons, which is within the proposal we made at Geneva and much less than the British were willing to concede. I believe it is well within the limit which any naval authority would say was necessary to support the fleet of capital ships which four other Powers have agreed we should have and give us necessary defense. It must have been mutually understood that each nation under the spirit of the treaty was entitled to sufficient cruisers for that purpose without being chargeable in any way with menacing their neighbors or starting competition.

Before recommending the last building program I called the Geneva Conference in order to give each nation

(Continued on Page 93)

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS

DELEGATES TO THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL PEACE CONFERENCE, HELD AT THE HAGUE IN 1899

ONE LONG GAZE FILLED JIM CRAWFORD WITH SUSTAINING STRENGTH. THIS WAS A POSSESSION OF HIS SOUL

Amber's Mirage

By ZANE GREY

Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth

NOW that it was spring again, old Jim Crawford slowly responded to the call of the desert. He marked this fact with something of melancholy. Every winter took a little more out of him. Presently he would forget it, when he was once more out on the lonely and peaceful waste land, hunting for the gold he had never found and for which he had given the best years of his life.

Still, Jim seemed a little more loath to bring in his burros and pack for the long trail. He sat on the sunny side of the shack and pondered. The peaks were glistening snow-white; the lower slopes showed patches and streaks of snow under the black pines; but the foothills were clean and gray, just beginning to green and purple over. High time that he be up and doing, if he were ever to find that treasure at the foot of the rainbow.

"Reckon I've grown fond of this lad, Al Shade," soliloquized the old prospector, as he refilled his pipe. "An' I just don't want to leave for the desert with things the way they are for him."

Jim Crawford's shack stood at the edge of the pine woods on the slope opposite the lumber mill, and was the last habitation on the outskirts of Pine, a small town devoted to lumbering and cattle raising. The next house toward town was a picturesque log cabin, just up in the pines and within plain view, as Jim had found to his sorrow. Jim's neighbor, Seth Low, was a mill hand, a genial and likable fellow with only one fault, an overfondness for drink, which had kept him poor. He had a complaining wife and five children, the eldest of whom, Ruby Low, seventeen years old, red-haired and red-lipped, with eyes of dark wicked fire, had been the cause of no little contention in the community.

JIM had seen Ruby carrying on with cowboys and lumberjacks in a way that amused him, even thrilled him a little, for his pulses were not yet dead to the charm of beauty and youth. But when Ruby attached Al Shade to her list of admirers the circumstances grew serious for Jim. And he was thinking of that now, while he listened to the melodious hum of the great saw, and watched the yellow smoke arise from the mill stack, and felt the old call of the desert in the spring, something he had not resisted for thirty years.

Long ago, in a past slowly growing clear again in memory, he had been father to a little boy who might have grown into such a fine lad as Alvin Shade. That was one reason why he had taken such a liking to Al. But there were other reasons, which were always vivid in mind when Al appeared.

A cowboy galloped by, bright face shining, with scarf flying in the wind. Jim did not need to be told he would stop at the Low cabin. His whistle, just audible to Jim, brought the little slim Ruby out, her hair matching the cowboy's scarf. He was a bold fellow, unfamiliar to Jim, and without a glance at the open cabin door or the children playing under the trees, he snatched Ruby off the ground, her heels kicking up, and bending, he gave her a great hug. Jim watched with the grim thought that this spectacle would not have been a happy one for Al Shade to see.

The cowboy let the girl down, and sliding out of his saddle he led her away into the edge of the woods, where they found a seat on a fallen pine, and then presently slipped down to sit against the tree, on the side hidden from the cabin. They did not seem to care that Jim's shack was in sight, not so very far away. Most cowboys were loverlike and masterful, not to say bold, but this fellow either embodied more of these qualities than any others Jim had seen with Ruby, or else he had received more encouragement. After a few moments of keen observation Jim established that both possibilities were facts. He saw enough not to want to see more, and he went into his shack sorrowing for the dream of his young friend Alvin.

Straightway Jim grew thoughtful. He had more on his hands than the problem of getting ready for his annual prospecting trip. If a decision had not been wrung from him it certainly was in the making. Dragging his packsaddles and camp equipment out on the porch, he set morosely to going over them. He wasted no more glances in the direction of the Low cabin.

Eventually the mill whistle blew. The day was Saturday and the mill hands got off at an early hour. Not many minutes afterward the old prospector heard a familiar quick step and he looked up gladly.

"Howdy, old-timer," came a gay voice. "What you-all doin' with this camp truck?"

"Al, I'm gettin' ready to hit the trail," replied the prospector.

"Aw, no, Jim. Not so early! Why, it's only May an' the snow isn't off yet," protested the young man, in surprise and regret.

"Set down a little. Then I'll walk to town with you. I'm goin' to buy supplies."

AL THREW down his dinner pail and then his old black hat, and stood a moment looking at Crawford. He was a tall, rangy young man, about twenty-one, dressed in overalls redolent of fresh sawdust. He had a frank, handsome face, keen blue eyes just now shaded with regret, and a square chin covered by a faint silky down as fair as his hair. Then he plumped down on the porch.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"It's good of you, Al, if you mean you'll miss me," replied the prospector.

"I sure mean that. But there's somethin' else. Jim, you're not growin' any younger an' you—well, these eight-month trips on the desert must be tough, even for an old desert rat like you. Forgive me, old-timer. But I've seen you come back—four—five times now, an' each time you seemed more done up. Jim, you might die out there."

"'Course I might. It's what I want when my time comes."

"Aw! But that should be a long while yet, if you've got any sense. Jim, you've taken the place of my dad."

"Glad to hear it, son," replied Crawford warmly.

"Suppose you come live with mother an' me," suggested Al eagerly.

"An' let you take care of me?"

"No, I don't mean that. Jim, you can work. We've got a little land, even if it is mortgaged. But if we cultivate it—if we had a couple of horses—the two of us ——"

"Al, it's not a bad idea. I've thought of that before. There's plenty of work left in me yet. But I'd only want to tackle that after I'd made a strike. Then we could pay off your debts, stock the place, an' farm right."

"Jim, you've thought of that?" asked Al.

"Lots of times."

"I didn't know you thought so much of me. Gosh, wouldn't it be grand!" Then his face fell and he added ruefully, "But you old prospectors never make a strike!"

"Sometimes we do," replied Jim, vehemently nodding.

"Aw, your hopes are like the mirages you tell about!"

"Al, I've never told you about Amber's mirage."

"Nope. That's a new one. Come on, old-timer—if it isn't too long."

"Not today, son. Tomorrow, if you come over."

"Well, I'll come. Ruby has flagged me again for that Raston cowpuncher," rejoined Shade with a touch of pathos.

"Raston. Who's he?" queried Jim, looking up.

"Oh, he's a new one. A flash cowboy, good-lookin' an' the son of a rich cattleman who has taken over the Babcock ranches."

"AHUH. Reckon I remember hearin' about Raston. But he hasn't paid for those big range interests yet. Al, is young Raston sweet on Ruby?"

"Sure. Same as all these other galoots. Only he's the latest. An' Ruby is powerful set up about him."

"Humph. Does she encourage him?" asked Jim, bending to pick up a saddle cinch.

"She sure does," burst out Al in disgust. "We've had rows over that often enough."

"Al, you're deep in love with Ruby?" asked Crawford suddenly.

"Head over heels. I'm drownin'," replied the lad, with his frank laugh.

"Are you engaged to her?"

"Well, I am to her, but I guess she isn't to me—at least, not all the time. Jim, it's this way: I just know Ruby likes me better than any of them. I don't know why. She's sure been thicker with other fellows than with me. But that's not so much. Ruby likes conquest. She loves to ride an' dance an' eat. She's full of the devil. There's been more than one fellow like Raston come along to take her away from me. But she always comes back. She just can't help herself."

"Ahuh. What does your mother think of Ruby?"

The boy hesitated, then replied, "Ruby often comes over to our house. Mother doesn't exactly approve of her. She says Ruby is half good an' half bad. But she believes if I could give Ruby what she craves—why, she'd marry me, an' turn out all right. Jim, it's my only hope."

"But you can't afford that on your wages," protested Jim.

"I sure can't. But I save all the money possible. Jim, I haven't even a horse. Me—who was born on a horse! But I'll get ahead somehow—unless somethin' awful happens. Jim, now an' then I'm blue."

"I shouldn't wonder. Al, do you think Ruby is worth this—this love an' constancy of yours?"

"SURE she is. But what's that got to do with it? You don't love somebody because she or he is so an' so. You do it because you can't help yourself."

"Reckon you're right at that," replied Jim slowly. "But suppose a—a girl is just plain no good?"

"Jim, you're not insinuatin' ——" ejaculated Al, aghast at the thought.

"No. I'm just askin' on general principles, since you make a general statement."

Al's face seemed to take on an older and yet gentler expression than Jim had ever observed there.

"Jim," he said, "it oughtn't to make no difference."

"Humph. Mebbe it oughtn't, but it sure does with most men. Son, there's only one way for you to fulfill your dream—if it's at all possible."

"An' how's that?" queried Al sharply.

"You've got to get money quick."

"Lord! Don't I know that? Haven't I lain awake at nights thinkin' about it. But, Jim, I can't rustle cattle or hold up the mill on pay day."

"Reckon you can't. But, Al Shade, I'll tell you what—you can go with me!"

"Jim Crawford! On your next prospectin' trip?"

"You bet. The idee just come to me, Al. I swear I never thought of it before."

"Gosh-almighty!" stammered Al.

"Isn't it a stunnin' idee?" queried Jim, elated.

"I should smile—if I only dared!"

"Wal, you can dare. Between us we can leave enough money with your mother to take care of her while we're gone. An' what else is there?"

"Jim—you ask that!" burst out Al violently. "There's Ruby Low, you dreamin' old rainbow chaser! Leave her for eight months? It can't be did!"

"OH, AL!" SHE WAILED. . . . "I DIDN'T KNOW I LOVED YOU SO—OR I'D BEEN DIFFERENT"

"Better that than forever," retorted Crawford ruthlessly. He was being impelled by a motive he had not yet defined.

"Jim!" cried the young man.

"Al, it's you who's the rainbow chaser. You've only one chance in a million to get Ruby. Be a good gambler an' take it. Ruby's a kid yet. She'll think more of fun than marriage yet awhile. You've just about got time. What do you say, son?"

"Say! Man, you take my breath."

"You don't need any breath to think," responded the old prospector, strangely thrilled by a subtle conviction that he would be successful. "Come, I'll walk to town with you."

On the way the sober young man scarcely opened his lips and Jim was content to let the magnitude of his suggestion sink deeply.

"Gosh! I wonder what Ruby would say!" murmured Al to himself.

"Wal, here's where I stop," said Jim heartily, as they reached the store. "Al, shall I buy grub an' outfit for two?"

"Aw—give me time," implored Al.

"Better break it to your mother tonight an' come over tomorrow," returned Jim, and left Al standing there, his mouth open, his eyes dark and startled.

Seldom did the old prospector answer to unconsidered impulse. But he seemed driven here by something beyond his immediate understanding. Through it flashed the last glimpse he had taken of Ruby Low and the lover whom Jim took to be young Raston. Jim felt that he was answering to an inspiration. One way or another—a successful quest for gold or failure—he would make Al Shade's fortune or spare him inevitable heartbreak. Some vague portent of Amber's mirage ran like a stream through Jim's thought.

He bought supplies and outfits for two, and generously, for he had ever been careful of his meager funds. Leaving orders for the purchase to be sent out to his place Jim started back with quickened step.

IT WAS a great project. It had a flourish and allurement which never before had attended his prospecting trips, though they all had fascination enough. He tried to evade queries and rest content with the present, well knowing that when once more he had been claimed by the lonely desert all his curiosity and doubt would vanish. Then came a rush of impatient sensations—a nostalgia for sight of the long leagues of lonely land, the bleak rocks, the solemn canyons, the dim hazy purple distances, ever calling—smell of the cedar smoke, the sifting sand, the dry sage, the marvelous fresh fragrance after rain—sound of the mournful wind, the wailing coyote, the silence that was appalling, the cry of the night hawk.

These passed over him like a magic spell. A rapture pervaded his soul. How could he have lingered so long?

A gay voice calling disrupted Jim's meditations. Already he had reached the outskirts of town and he was opposite the Low cabin with Ruby waylaying him at the gate. Her red hair flamed and her lips were like cherries. She transfixed him with a dazzling smile.

"Uncle Jim, I was layin' for you," she said archly. "I hate to ask you, but I've got to have some money."

Ruby sometimes borrowed and on at least two occasions Jim remembered she had paid back.

"Wal, lass, I'm about broke myself," he replied. "But I can rake up five wagon wheels. Will that help?"

"Thanks, Uncle Jim. It'll sure do. I just want to buy somethin' for tonight. I'm goin' to a party," she said, as she took the silver, and then ran her arm through his. "I'll walk over to your house with you."

JIM could not reproach Ruby for any indifference to him, that was certain. She liked him and often told him her troubles, especially with the boys.

"Another party, huh? I reckon this time you're goin' with Al," rejoined Jim.

"No. He didn't ask me an' Joe Raston did. Besides Al an' I have fought like cat an' dog lately. Al's jealous."

"Wal, hasn't he cause?" asked Jim mildly.

"I 'spose he has, uncle," she admitted. "But I'm not—quite—altogether engaged to Al. An' I do like the other boys, specially Joe."

"I see. It's pretty hard on you an' Al. Say, Ruby, do you really care about the boy? Tell me straight."

"Uncle Jim!" she exclaimed, amazed.

"Wal, I just wondered. I seen you today over back of that pine log, an' it looked to me ——"

"You saw me—with Joe?" she interrupted confusedly.

"I don't know Joe. But the cowboy wore a scarf as red as your head."

"That was Joe. An' you watched us! I told the big fool ——"

"Ruby, I didn't mean to spy on you. I just happened to be lookin'. An' when you slipped off that log I sure didn't look long."

She had no reply for this, Ruby was nervously clinking the silver coins in her hand. They reached Jim's shack and Ruby sat down on the porch steps.

(Continued on Page 250)

"NO," SAID MARY JANE, "I'M WEDDED TO MY PROFESSION." "THEN I," SAID TIM, "AM STEPPING OUT TO FURNISH IT WITH GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE"

Mary Jane—Lawyer

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Illustrated by Marshall Frantz

MARY JANE WARE looked as if she knew all the steps and was adept at the patter of the smarter younger generation. She looked purely social and highly ornamental. You would have guessed that she could juggle half a dozen young men at once, and that her head was full of the latest tunes. You would be certain that she was highly expert in all those arts which make a young woman a delightful problem to her parents, and that, if she had a serious thought in her brain, she would know well how to conceal it from the public.

As she walked down Jackson Avenue, the principal business street of her home city of Jonesboro, she created rather more interest than the show windows of the merchants along the way, for she was amazingly young, graciously slender, pertly lovely, and dressed exquisitely. Fat old gentlemen who had been married for two generations turned their heads to follow her with their eyes, and slim young gentlemen who never had been married at all experienced a sort of breathless, galloping sensation in the region above and to the left of the diaphragm. She wore one of those little hats.

You, being a stranger, would have guessed correctly all the things enumerated concerning her, but if you were given a hundred chances you could never have guessed where she was going, nor why. And if you had been told, you would have regarded your informant with a wise, ironical eye and have laughed raucously in his face.

But you would have been wrong. Mary Jane Ware was going to an office. It was her office, and on its door in gold letters was the name, Mary Jane Ware, and under it the name of her profession: Attorney at Law.

OF COURSE it was absurd. Of course Jonesboro regarded it as absurd and prophesied how long it would last. But nobody could dispute that Mary Jane was as much an attorney at law as the supreme court of the state could make her, and that all women are now created free and equal and are endowed by their Creator with the inalienable right to tackle any job from engine driving to dragoman. Mary Jane had passed her bar examination with disgusting ease; she knew what a tort is and Mr. Anson's definition of a contract; she could recite the fourth and the fourteenth sections of the statute of frauds, and the proper attestation clause to tack on to the end of a last will and testament. It was incredible, but she could do it.

And now, being thus eruditely equipped, she had determined to give Jonesboro the benefit of her acquirements. Some folks were shocked, but more regarded the matter in the light of a rather engaging vagary calling for chuckles rather than reprobation.

"But who," asked a friend, "is going to trust you with legal business?"

"Assorted people," said Mary Jane. "I'd rather have dark, interesting ones, and I dote on the Nordic type, but I'll refuse no case because of the complexion of the litigant."

"You're not hoping to keep any of your father's clientele, are you? You can't expect to do that."

"I don't know that papa's practice would entertain me—banks and corporations and stout old gentlemen short of breath. No, I think I'll arrange to have a practice of my own with—um—a little more kick to it."

"She'll be syncopating the statutes," said a second friend. "The good old law is due for a jazzing up."

"It can stand it," said Mary Jane.

"Anyhow," observed the friend, "it's lucky you've got plenty of money. You don't have to make a living at it."

"Nobody ever had enough money," said Mary Jane, "and I do have to make a living at it. I need what money I've got for luxuries."

"Besides," said the friend, "you'll be getting married in jig time—and then what?"

"You think up the answer to that," said Mary Jane. "I'm busy."

"Men won't give law business to a girl like you."

"Do you mean like me—or to any girl? Because if you mean me specifically, what's wrong with me?"

"That's the trouble. Nothing's wrong with you. If you wore goggles and had thick ankles and big teeth, some idiot might admit you are a solid citizen. But you're confectionery. You're a bonbon."

"Then I'll have to look for a client with a sweet tooth."

In this light tone and skeptical manner did Jonesboro deal with Mary Jane's ambition to follow the footsteps of John Marshall and Chancellor Kent. But Mary Jane persisted. Friends called her stubborn; she admitted to an admirable resolution. And her name was painted on the office door.

It was a severe office she entered after her saunter down Jackson Avenue—more severe and unornamented than any masculine office in town. In it she sat down to await the coming of clients, and while she waited she whiled away the time, not by doing fancy work or reading a novel, but by losing herself in the thrilling pages of old Grotius, upon whose shoulders must rest the obloquy of inventing International Law.

On the third day a client appeared. Mary Jane was not surprised to see a client, for she was an optimist, but she was unquestionably astonished at his identity, for though she blinked and rubbed her eyes, she could make out her visitor to be none other than Saul Roswell.

Mr. Roswell was an undernourished gentleman of advanced years, who was able to do compound interest in his head and never lost sight of the fact that one hundred pennies make a dollar. As a result of such habits of mind and body he had become, solely through the operation of economic laws, a person of considerable wealth totally invested in mortgages at six per-centum interest. If interest was due on the first of the month and was not paid, he began foreclosure proceedings at nine o'clock on the morning of the second. Not altogether an amiable old gentleman, but honest, honorable in his pound-of-flesh manner, and strict in matters of religion, morality and manners.

"Good morning," said Mary Jane by way of opening the conversation.

"Good morning, Mary Jane," said Saul with what was indubitably an authentic courtliness. "I have come to see you with reference to the drafting of a new will."

"Do sit down," said Mary Jane. "You have made other wills?"

"One."

"Which you wish to supersede?"

"Exactly. And, Mary Jane, I want it to be a good sound will that can't be overturned by the courts."

"That," said Mary Jane, "is the only sort of wills I draw."

"I come to you for two reasons," said Saul: "First, because I thought you would do the work cheaper than anybody else; and second, because I've known you since you were born, and you've a singular ability for keeping to yourself what you wish to remain secret."

"As to the first reason, Mr. Roswell, there is no cut-rate sign on my door. I sell only the higher grades of legal service. This is a quality shop. As to the second: Thank you for a deserved compliment."

THE old man frowned. "Well, I'm in for it anyhow," he said. "Here's what I want done: I want this will to revoke all other wills made by me. I want it to read that all my just debts shall be paid, and that the remainder of my estate shall go to the town of Jonesboro for the purchase of a park. With the proviso that in the middle of it there shall be erected a life-size statue of myself."

"But what," asked Mary Jane, "about Freddie?"

"That is the point," said Saul.

"You have brought up your nephew in the belief he is to be your heir."

"He was till last night," said Saul.

"This is a serious thing you are doing," said Mary Jane. "Have you considered carefully, or are you acting in the

haste of sudden anger? I feel it is my duty as your legal adviser to ask this question."

"I'm justified," said Saul.

"Have you taken into consideration that you have brought Freddie up dependent upon you? That you have encouraged him to believe he would be your heir, and that this community has accepted him as such?"

"Naturally," said Saul grimly.

"And that he has become engaged to marry Laura Jennings?"

"He won't marry her."

"Why not, Mr. Roswell?"

"Because," said the old man, "he is at the present moment in the county jail."

"Freddie!"

"Arrested just before midnight."

"For what crime?"

"Theft," said Saul.

"NONSENSE!" exclaimed Mary Jane. She hesitated a moment. "Now," she said, "is not the time for you to be cutting him out of your will, but for you to be standing behind him. In effect you are his father. You should be fighting for him, not disinheriting him."

"He's guilty."

"Even the cold-blooded courts," said Mary Jane, "hold a man to be innocent until his guilt is proved."

"It is proved to me."

"After he is tried and convicted," said Mary Jane, "is the time to make a new will. Not before."

"I know the facts," said Saul.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Roswell," said Mary Jane, "but I must decline to act for you in this matter. And, both as a lawyer and as one who has known you for years, I must advise you that you may be doing an irreparable wrong. You cannot afford to act hastily in this matter."

"You mean you don't want my business?"

"Not on these terms, Mr. Roswell."

"He's guilty."

"Not until twelve good men and true have said so."

The old man looked at her with reluctant and wry admiration. "Mary Jane," he said, "there's more to you than appears on the surface. You got grit, and by dad, you're honest! You won't draw this will for me?"

"Not until after Freddie's trial."

"Supposing I die before then."

"We must consider possibilities, no matter how remote. To cover that contingency we can add a codicil to your will providing that if your heir be convicted of a crime, your estate shall go to the town of Jonesboro."

"Be legal?"

"I'll make it so."

"It suits your notions of fairness?"

"It does," said Mary Jane.

"Then," said the old man slowly, "we'll go ahead on that basis. Young woman, you win."

"Generally," said Mary Jane, "I do when I set my mind to it. That's why I shall be such a good lawyer. . . . Now tell me about Freddie."

"He stole five thousand dollars in hundred-dollar bills from Mason Bland."

"But why Freddie, rather than Jesse James or Robin Hood or the Dalton Gang? Did anybody see him take the money?"

"No."

"Did he confess?"

"He denies it—naturally."

"Naturally," agreed Mary Jane with some irony. "But why points the finger of suspicion at Fred?"

"He was the only person who knew Mason Bland had the money."

"Where did Mason get it?"

"From the bank."

"Then, of course, the teller didn't know it. The clerks and bookkeepers who keep record of his account didn't know it."

"Well, of course, the bank people knew it."

"And you knew it."

"Yes, I knew it. It was to have been paid to me today."

"So one reaches the odd conclusion that Freddie was not the only person to know about it. Maybe the teller told his wife and the clerk told his best girl, and so on and so forth. In short, anybody might have known about it."

"Anybody might, but Fred did. I told him. He was to have got the money for me this morning."

"Why did Bland get the money last night?"

"Today is a bank holiday."

"Why pay you in cash and not by check?"

"Mason Bland is peculiar. He has only a savings account. For years he has insisted upon paying all his obligations in cash. Possibly eccentric, but old men get set in their ways."

"When he left the bank what did he do with the money?"

"Took it home."

"And then?"

"Opened the old safe in his library to put the money there for safe-keeping till morning. It was in a big envelope."

"But he didn't put it in?"

"He did," said Mr. Roswell. "Just as he was walking toward the safe someone rang the doorbell. Bland tossed the money into the safe and swung the door to before he went to see who was calling."

"But didn't turn the combination?"

"He says not."

"Of course," said Mary Jane, "nobody was at the door."

"Not a soul."

"And when he came back the money was gone from the safe."

"Exactly."

"Even now," she said, "I fail to see Freddie's evil trail across the face of events."

"I'm coming to that," said Mr. Roswell. "As you lawyers say, there must be motive and opportunity. Fred had both. He was seen within a hundred yards of Mason Bland's house a few minutes after the theft."

"And the motive?"

"A car," said Mr. Roswell. "He's been trying to get me to advance him money to buy a car. I refused. I didn't have a car at his age, and I haven't one now."

"He would want a car. A boy in his position is in hard luck if he doesn't have the use of a decent car. Did it occur to you that his self-respect would be scraped raw if he had to depend always on some friend—or even ride round in his girl's car? Self-respect is quite a commodity, Mr. Roswell. Especially when you're twenty-one."

"I can't afford one of the contraptions."

"Nonsense. You can afford a special train if you want it. But motive and opportunity aren't enough. There must be some direct evidence."

"AT SEVENTEEN minutes to four he was seen to ring Bland's doorbell. That's direct enough. At five minutes to four he was seen with a big envelope in his hands, which he hid quickly in his pocket. The police found that envelope crumpled in a ball in Fred's room—and it was the envelope Mason Bland's money was placed in by the bank. Which is direct enough to suit anybody."

"But no signs of the money itself?"

"None."

"It looks," said Mary Jane, "as if Freddie was in very, very Dutch. But even so, he's entitled to a fair trial."

"A matter of form, I should say."

"This," said Mary Jane, "is not ethical, but could you bear up under the prospect of retaining me to defend Fred?"

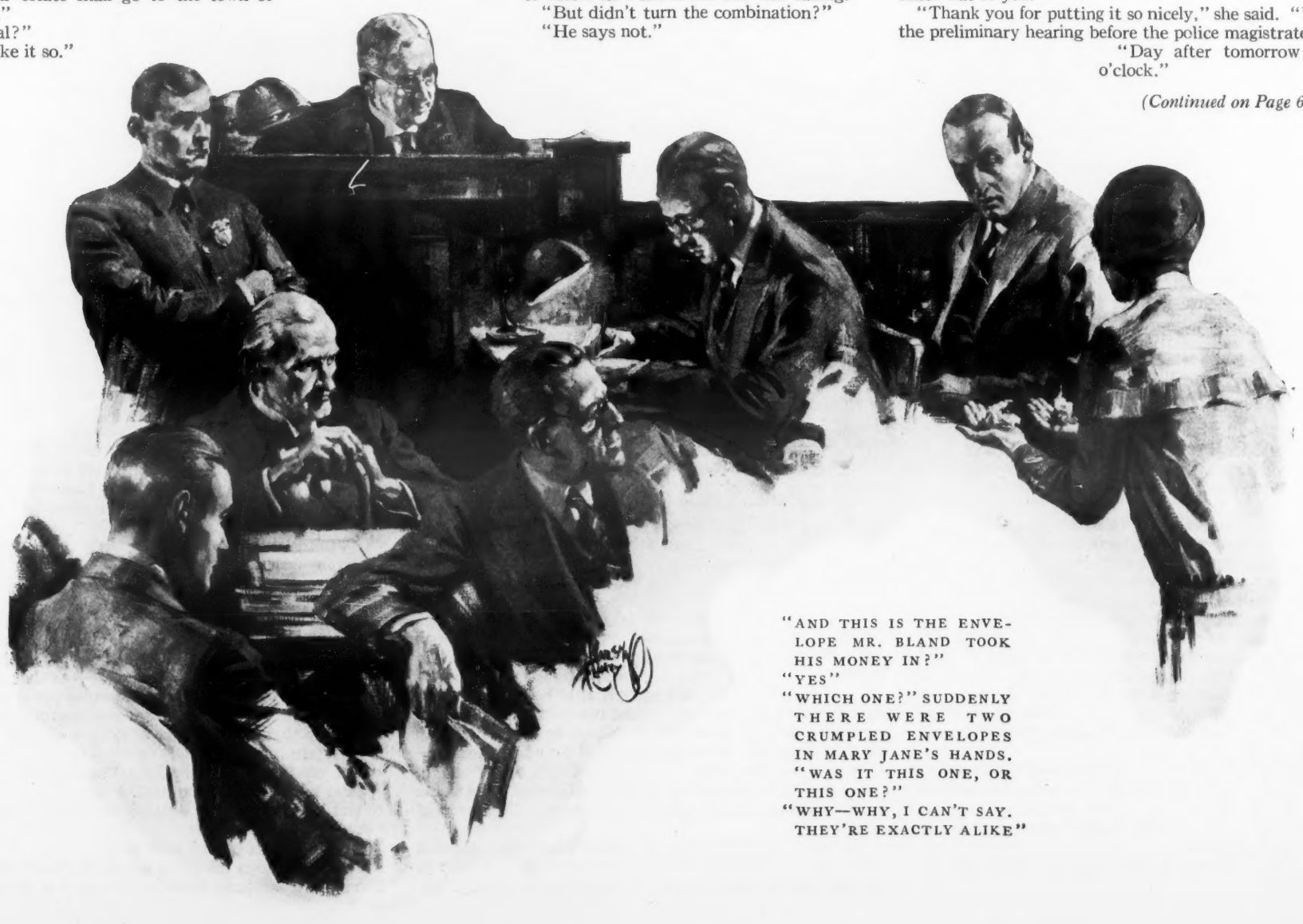
"You don't want to lose your first case," said Roswell.

"Exactly," said Mary Jane, "and you don't want to lose a nephew. Or do you? The general idea is that I am just naturally unable to believe Freddie would steal. It isn't his type, if you get what I mean. Now, logically, if Freddie wouldn't steal then Freddie didn't steal, which makes it all very difficult to understand, doesn't it? Besides which common decency requires that Freddie have a proper defense."

"Then defend him," said Roswell, "and get a little conceit taken out of you."

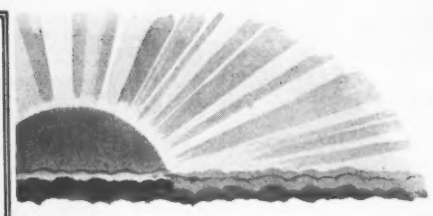
"Thank you for putting it so nicely," she said. "When is the preliminary hearing before the police magistrate?"

"Day after tomorrow at ten o'clock."

(Continued on Page 69)

"AND THIS IS THE ENVELOPE MR. BLAND TOOK HIS MONEY IN?"
"YES"
"WHICH ONE?" SUDDENLY THERE WERE TWO CRUMPLED ENVELOPES IN MARY JANE'S HANDS. "WAS IT THIS ONE, OR THIS ONE?"
"WHY—WHY, I CAN'T SAY. THEY'RE EXACTLY ALIKE"

PHOTO, BY NICHOLAS HAZ

MISS NICHOLS IS PROMINENT IN NEW YORK SOCIETY



Aviation for You and for Me

By RUTH R. NICHOLS

WHY are people still afraid to fly? Why do they still cling to the instincts of æons ago? How often have we heard over the dinner table, "Well, it's all right for you, if you don't care about breaking your neck, but as for me I'm going to stay right here on the ground. As a matter of fact, I'm too old for it; my children will probably take it up." Or, "I have children and I don't think I ought to take the risk."

The reasoning back of these and many other similarly depreciative comments is, I believe, the result of two important factors: Lack of knowledge of the subject and lack of incentive to acquire that knowledge.

Let us consider for a moment the simple facts behind the sensational newspaper stories which the ubiquitous skeptic triumphantly shakes in our face. The Department of Commerce, after carefully checking and recording all accidents, has shown that the large majority of accidents occurring in licensed planes are not due to structural deficiency. For example, during 1927, out of the total number of licensed planes—687—only 2 per cent crashed. All the other accidents of which we read have occurred in unlicensed planes, military maneuvers—in which case "Safety First" obviously cannot be their maxim—endurance flights, trail blazing, experimental and test work; or as the result of incompetent piloting. Carelessness, or the "human element," is responsible for the large majority of accidents. In the last report it was shown that out of two hundred accidents one hundred were due to errors of piloting. Flying is safe only when it is performed under the proper conditions.

A Flying Pentalogue

LIEUT. LESTER J. MAITLAND very aptly points out that safety devices, such as parachutes, flares, dump valves, and the like, are no more important than life preservers and railroad signals, for first of all one must have an air-worthy vehicle and then a competent helmsman. You know the old story of the negro who was asked why he was afraid to go up, and his reply: "Well, I'll tell yuh, suh; it's not the goin' up, but the comin' down dat Ise afraid of." If you, O Timid Onlooker, feel that way, observe the Five Commandments of Safe Flying and you'll live to a ripe old age. This pentalogue includes such commandments as "You Must Have:

1. "Daily inspection by conscientious and able mechanics as well as government inspection." According to the Bureau of Aeronautics two-thirds of the accidents due to engine failure were the fault of the men who inspected and repaired them.

2. "Well-kept, standard equipment"—that is, planes which are correct aerodynamically and structurally, as well as engines which are of sufficient power and reliability to operate satisfactorily. Seventy-five per cent of a flyer's safety depends upon the plane and motor, for they are not yet foolproof.

3. "Competent, conservative piloting." This includes skill in avigation, as well as that wide experience which comes from diversified types of flying and many hours in the air. The Department of Commerce states that the two leading causes of accidents which are due to faulty pilotage are bad judgment and inexperience.

4. "Good flying weather." There are being developed forecasts, specialized and adapted to the needs of flying. Let us see that they are more widely obtainable and then use them.

5. "Use for the lay person of only charted routes." Most of the air-mail lines now have airports, or emergency landing fields, within constant gliding distance. In 1927, only one passenger was killed when flying over regular routes, but over uncharted routes there were nearly one hundred.

Carrying the facts regarding the relative safety of flying a little further, let us compare flying, which is still in its infancy as a method of general transportation, to railroads in their infancy. The London newspapers published the fact that at the end of 1927 the Imperial Airways had carried 52,000 passengers for a distance of two and a half million passenger miles without injury to a single passenger. In 1842 the railroads of England had carried 10,000 passengers three and a half million miles with a record of twenty injured and four fatalities! I wonder how many traveled by coach because of those railroad figures. "Moreover, commercial air transport has reached its present state without the hundreds of millions of dollars subsidy that railroads have enjoyed from Federal and state funds in their pioneering days, and without the millions of acres of land granted to them." (Guggenheim Report, 1928.)

Bringing this air-travel record up to a more modern date, we find from air-mail figures for the past ten years, which are the only reliable ones available, that for the first three years there was one death to every 84,000 miles, and for the past three years only one to every two million. And the mail pilot, although he has a background of stern experience and is given the best equipment, must fly under all conditions, many of which are very dangerous.

Allow us one more barrage of facts at the wavering doubter. There is a road—a seven-mile stretch between Milford and New Haven—where at the beginning of this past year, within a six months' period, there were forty-seven deaths. Are we staying out of cars? No, we are insisting on more selective licensing, stricter traffic and speed regulation. Just so should be our attitude toward flying—namely, insistence upon careful supervision and intelligent comprehension of facts. Please analyze these newspaper accounts of air crashes and say, "Well, I would not have been in that plane any more than I would have been in the skyrocket to Mars."

Dispelling Illusions

WE ALL know that lack of understanding is the crux of all international and political complications. Similarly, the lack of understanding—not only of accidents but of the whole theory of flying—keeps people out of the air. For example, what is it that makes a plane stay up? It is the relation between the speed of the air which passes the plane and the weight of that plane. The thrust of the plane forward caused by the propeller whirling at 1600 revolutions a minute causes the air to acquire some of the characteristics of a solid. In other words, it has sustaining qualities. Now, gravity is also a force and can replace, to a certain extent, the driving force of the engine, should it fail; that is, if the motor stops, all one has to do is to point the nose of the plane toward the earth at an angle which is relative to the weight and structure of the plane, and gravity will draw it in a gentle glide down to an emergency landing. Most people do not realize that every time a landing is made the engine has to be throttled down before the plane can land. Furthermore, the distance that a plane can glide is dependent upon its own gliding angle. For example, a ratio of one to six is perhaps an average angle. By that is meant, if a pilot is flying at 4000-feet altitude, which is a good height when flying across the country, he will have a gliding distance of six times 4000 feet—that is, 24,000 feet, or nearly five miles in all directions, which really gives a ten-mile diameter to his circle of possible landing fields.

Now, what is being done to dispel illusions resulting from ignorance and to obtain maximum safety in flight? Some time ago, while flying over a country stretch, we were overtaken by dark before locating a landing field. This necessitated our coming down in an available grain field. What was my astonishment to find that scarcely a single person in that community had ever seen a plane at close range. Since then I have realized that there are many such groups. This fact was graphically borne out the next morning when we were about to take off. Our machine was completely surrounded by an entire neighborhood standing wide-eyed, if not actually unbelieving. Even school had to be dismissed for the morning and a holiday was declared, which I believe later made up for the annoyance of the owners whose field we had mowed down by our landing. A sort of bashful, awed expectancy pervaded the group, but one age-bent old woman was scrutinizing every inch of the plane and asking innumerable questions. Thinking the ship large enough and of such infinite possibilities as to be self-sufficient for days, she finally pointed to the after part of the plane and in all seriousness asked, "Is that where you keep the meat?"

Many such questions, and of even greater quaintness, are asked right here in our metropolitan centers. Only about 3 per cent of the entire American populace know anything about flying other than about the accidents which occur. Not one person in one thousand could tell the difference between a Waco, the present flivver of the air, and the Fairchild, of de luxe standard. People must be brought into more frequent and closer contact with the planes themselves. A tremendously inspiring and enlightening medium of bringing

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SHE LED THE TREMBLING AND INTOXICATED SELINA TO THE DOOR BETWEEN THE FRONT PORCH AND THE KITCHEN GARDEN

Trimmer's Painted Gate

By SHEILA KAYE SMITH

Illustrated by James M. Preston

THE little girls were awake early. For a long time Selina had lain listening to the crowing of the cocks. It had come before there was any color in the light—a far call, answered close at hand. Then the other distant voices had joined in; some were not so very far away; probably no farther than Benskins, the next farm to Crit Hall—the farm where Selina and Moira and their nurse all lay in their beds waiting for the dawn to become day. But others seemed to come from a great distance—as far as Brede, perhaps—and one voice was so far and dim that Selina could scarcely hear it at all. They all answered each other as in a round game: Crit Hall with a loud and obvious cock-a-doodle-doo, Benskins more vaguely articulated, and others less and less, like the orthodox cock-language, till at the end there was that tiny far-off cry—like a ghost's. . . . Selina shuddered. Perhaps it was not a cock at all, but a ghost crying—crying over there by Hare Farm, where they had seen the ruined cottage yesterday, alone in the field, with the broken window and the hole in the roof, and the queer bitter smell . . . perhaps the ghost lived in that ruined cottage and was crying to the cocks.

Selina felt herself turn cold. She cowered down under the blankets, trying to shut out the little faint voice and the memory of the ruined cottage. But they both seemed to live more clearly in the darkness under the bedclothes, and out came her head again, to find with relief that the white light of the daybreak had suddenly warmed into flame. There was a gold band shining round the blind, and the room was light enough for her to see the big bed where Nurse slept, and the hillock of Nurse's body in it, and all the comforting familiar furniture, and the texts upon the wall, and even the wallpaper itself—white flowers on a gray ground.

"Moira, are you awake?"

Moira's head shot up from the little bed hidden beyond Nurse's.

"Is it time to get up?"

"No, of course it isn't, silly. It's only just got light."

"Is it a fine day?"

"Yes, I can see the sun shining. Moira, we're going to the flower show."

"I know. That's why I woke up so early—to think about it."

"Nurse said we can ride on the merry-go-round; only we must ride in the cars and not on the horses."

"Are Rosie and Maidie coming?"

"Of course they are. They always can go, because they're not ladies."

"Maidie wears a man's cap. I wish I wasn't a lady."

"We won't be when we grow up. Then we can do everything we like."

The conversation, which had started in a penetrating whisper, had risen unwittingly to a still more penetrating squeak. Nurse's hillock heaved seismically, and Nurse's tousled head came out of it.

"You two little girls—why can't you keep quiet till it's time to get up?"

"When will it be time to get up?"

"Not for a long while yet. It's only five o'clock. Lie down and go to sleep."

"Oh, Nurse, we can't. Oh, don't say we must," begged Selina. "Mayn't we sit up and talk about the flower show in little tiny whispers?"

"No, indeed you mustn't, or you'll make yourselves too tired for any flower shows. Be good girls and go to sleep."

"We're much too excited to go to sleep. Nurse, mayn't I tell Moira a story about Trimmer?"

Trimmer was Selina's "little girl," about whom she made up stories, and whom she had named somewhat unromantically after her father's horse.

"I don't want a story about Trimmer," said Moira, "I want to count a thousand."

"Trimmer's just had a silver dress and silver shoes given her, and the pattern on her wallpaper is made of diamonds," pleaded Selina. But Moira refused to be impressed.

"Pearl has had a gold dress and gold shoes given her, and her wallpaper hasn't any pattern at all. It's diamonds all over."

Pearl was Moira's "little girl," and had no existence apart from her occasional production to outrage Trimmer.

"Now if you two don't be quiet at once," said Nurse, "I shall be very cross indeed."

"Oh, Nurse, darling, heavenly Nurse," coaxed Moira, who was a fat and pleasant child, "do let us just count to a thousand in Selina's bed. We can do it all in a whisper under the bedclothes. And then you can go to sleep."

NURSE was well aware that she had little chance of doing this if her charges remained awake and unoccupied. She knew that they ought to go to sleep again, but she couldn't make them. It was that flower show—she'd be thankful when it was over. Last year she had refused to let them go, but this year Mrs. English, the rector's wife, had asked specially to be allowed to take them. She said it never upset her family, and they all went—every year. She'd promised not to let Selina and Moira eat anything but sponge cake.

"Very well," spoke Authority. "You can count to a thousand in Selina's bed, as long as you don't speak above a whisper or ask me to tell you the numbers you don't know."

"Oh, Nurse, we promise. Hurray! Hurray!" Moira was scuttling round the foot of Nurse's bed, a little roly-poly figure in her white flannel nightgown. She jumped in beside Selina, who had forgotten all about her despised Trimmer in the thrills of this great adventure. They had many times before started to count up to a thousand, but had never succeeded in reaching their goal. Either they had quarreled or some grown-up intervention had scattered their endeavor. But this time they would succeed—surely they would.

They did. Just as Miss Huggett, the farmer's eldest daughter, came into the room with a hot-water jug they were stammering together, "Nine'underd-an'-ninety-seven, nine'underd-an'-ninety-eight, nine'underd-an'-ninety-nine—A THOUSAND."

They felt justified in a final shriek, for Miss Huggett had pulled up the blind, and it was really and truly Time-to-get-up, that most glorious time of the whole day.

"We've counted to a thousand, Miss Huggett—and Miss Huggett it's the flower show today. Have Rosie and Maidie got up yet, Miss Huggett?"

Miss Huggett smiled in that funny way she had—showing two big white teeth like a rabbit's. Her mouth was never quite shut, and all she did when she smiled was to lift up her lip and show her teeth, in a way Selina and Moira had often tried to imitate, till Nurse had forbidden them.

Now Nurse was wriggling and yawning in a fascinating manner and both little girls were shouting, "Dress me first," and the room was full of sunshine, and the hot water in the jug smelt of smoke, and they could hear the tramp of the farm men in the yard as they came in to breakfast—in summer they had breakfast at seven o'clock.

The children's breakfast was at eight. It took Nurse an hour to dress herself and her charges, to hear them say their prayers and take them down to the pleasant farmhouse parlor, where the sunshine was streaming over a white cloth and blue cups and saucers. On the table lay an envelope addressed to Nurse, and bearing a foreign stamp. It must be from Father-and-Mother, that double-headed deity now far away among the clouds of Switzerland. Nurse took out three letters, one for herself and one for each of the children. She had to read all three, for neither Selina nor Moira could read handwriting, in spite of having reached the ages of five and seven. They were not particularly interested. The world of Crit Hall was so much more real than the world of Switzerland, even with Father-and-Mother in it; they did not in the least care about the bells the cows wore, or the flowers that grew close to the snow, or the little tables on the pavements where people sat eating and drinking.

"I hope mother will bring me back a Swiss house," was Selina's only comment.

"I want a Swiss doll," said Moira.

"When do Father-and-Mother come home?" asked Selina.

"On the first of August," said Nurse, "as I've told you a dozen times."

"And then shall we have to go home? I wonder if I shall cry this year."

"You're getting far too old to cry for such a thing."

"I cried when we went home last time. I cried all the way from Sprays Bridge to the archway. Perhaps this time I shall cry till we get home."

"I HOPE to goodness you won't be such a silly little girl," said Nurse. She could not understand the pain that came into Selina's heart just when at the turn of the drive the oast-houses disappeared—a queer, aching, flying pain. Selina could remember it even now at the sunny breakfast table, safely hidden in the weeks that lay between her and August.

"What are we to do this morning?" asked Moira. "Oh, Nurse, may we go to Flatroper's Wood?"

In Flatroper's Wood the ground goes up and down into hills and hollows, and there they had played wonderful games—building houses and city walls of moss. But Nurse was not fond of it as a resort, for it was so easy for them to stray away out of sight and be lost. Selina did not mind. She loved equally the hedge in the field at the back of the farm, where was a queer natural seat for her dolls. She hoped that Nurse would choose that for this morning; quite probably she would, as they were going to the flower show, and Nurse always liked them to have a quiet morning before an adventurous afternoon. But Authority today was otherwise minded.

"No, this morning we're going to Mrs. Boorman's cottage."

"Oh, Nurse, why?"

"Because I choose. Now, Selina ——"

She looked severely at Selina, whose lip was trembling. It must be confessed that Selina was frightened of Mrs. Boorman's cottage, because it was old, and there were torn places in the wall, so that you could see dreadful things that Nurse

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"VERY WELL, THEN. YOU'LL GO STRAIGHT TO BED. COME ALONG AT ONCE"

"The Most Beautiful Spot in America"

By Edward W. Bok

AUTHOR'S NOTE—The Editor of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL asked me to write this article, and I consented because, though the Mountain Lake Sanctuary is generally pronounced by visitors to be the most beautiful spot of its area in America and the Singing Tower almost unanimously christened by every one who sees it as the "Taj Mahal of America," the work in both instances was that of other men—the Sanctuary that of Frederick Law Olmsted, the New England landscape architect; the Tower that of Milton B. Medary, the Philadelphia architect. My own part was simply that of the conception of the idea. But of what use is a conception if not carried to realization? These men did that. Hence I feel that I may praise their unquestionably marvelous work the same as is the privilege of any other person.

TO CALL a certain spot "the most beautiful spot in America" sounds like exaggeration. But in this case it is not. It *is* the most beautiful spot of its area in the United States, and thousands who have already visited it have declared it to be so. "I never saw a more beautiful spot," commented Mrs. Calvin Coolidge when she walked up the main footpath of the Sanctuary, her husband preceding her on his way to the speakers' stand to deliver the dedication address.

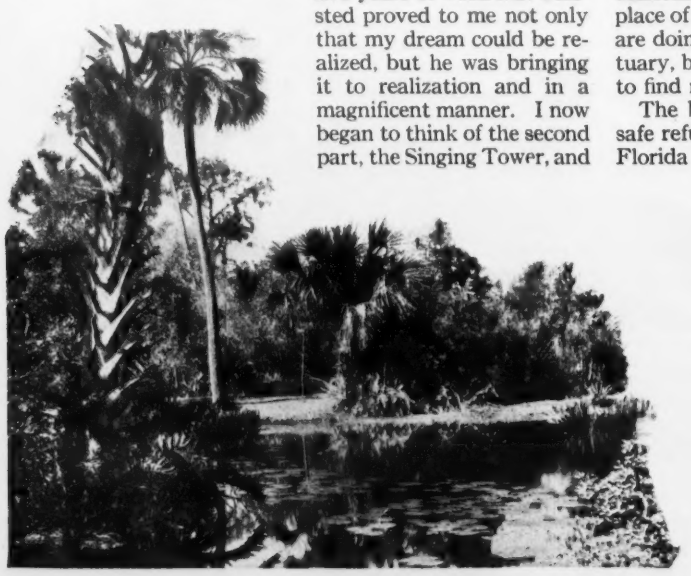
And it is nothing short of a marvel it should be so when it is remembered that six years ago, when the work of irrigating and planting was begun, it was simply a barren sand hill, with nothing to help the landscape architect except the two or three hundred native pine trees and its eminence as the highest spot of land in Florida—324 feet high. "But that gives me a clean slate to work upon," said Mr. Olmsted, and forthwith he began. For the first year he did nothing but dig trenches and lay water pipes in every part of the Sanctuary, for the question of water is the great question of Florida. Mr. Olmsted knew this, for he had laid out Mountain Lake Park, of which the Sanctuary and Singing Tower are the center, and he proposed to transfer thousands of shrubs and trees from the lowlands of Florida to this elevated spot, and, once planted, that meant water, and plenty of it. The planting was done very closely, since we all counted on the maximum loss of 20 per cent. The result so far has been a loss of less than one per cent, because of the care everything planted has received and the water given each plant.

To see the Sanctuary now in its rich dark green verdure, Northerners, not knowing the facts, have estimated a growth of fifteen years. That is why I decided upon Florida as my base of operations. No state in the Union gives the planter such a reward for his efforts. Nor such a sylvan setting. By a purchase of forty-eight acres the Sanctuary and the Tower are protected from any of the noises caused by automobiles. Nor is this likely to change. The character of the place is fixed; the growth of the future will add more residences, but no industrial plants or factories, it is likely, will ever mar the quiet and repose of the Sanctuary or the Tower.

A Place of Quiet Repose

MY FRIENDS in the North were surprised at my selection of Florida. "No one will ever come to see it," they said. The results have, as I knew they would, shown otherwise. Ever since the Sanctuary was opened we have not had a single week-day attendance of less than a thousand visitors, and each Sunday brings from six to ten thousand visitors. The Northern people sometimes forget that Florida is growing tremendously not only in its native population, but in the number of winter tourists from every part of the country. It is not a case of "no one coming to see it," but of how efficiently to handle the motors of those who come. It has become already a Mecca to those who live in or visit Florida.

It was all a dream of years when Mr. Olmsted began, and I was not at all certain that it could be realized. After five years of work Mr. Olmsted proved to me not only that my dream could be realized, but he was bringing it to realization and in a magnificent manner. I now began to think of the second part, the Singing Tower, and bought the rest of the mountain, as it is called in Florida. Then I asked Milton B. Medary, the Philadelphia architect, to realize that part of my dream for me. He asked me what I wanted. "The most beautiful tower in the world," I answered modestly. "Do you know the tower at Malines, Belgium?" he asked. I said I did. "Do you expect me to beat that?" he inquired. I told him I did. He said that wasn't a commission; it was a challenge. But he took it up and began to make sketches, which for six months he continued to do. Then came what the visitor sees today—certainly the most beautiful tower in America, if not in the world. Construction was begun in January, 1927; in February, 1929, it was practically completed.



Meanwhile I had gone over the field of bells, and readily found that a carillon of the size and weight I wanted could not be made in America. I cast my eyes toward England, and there I found the firm capable of casting what I desired—seventy-one perfectly tuned bells. It took fifteen months to make these, and when finished I asked a jury of three famous musicians to go to England and pass upon their tone and quality. They did so, with the result that they pronounced the carillon to be the most perfectly tuned bells they had ever heard, and as each of the three was a foreigner, they had heard the bells of the world! The Tower rose to its majestic height of two hundred and five feet, the equivalent of a twenty-story city skyscraper, and its beauty of Georgia pink marble and Florida coquina stone began to unfold.

With the Tower three-quarters completed the bells arrived on a steamer direct from Liverpool to Jacksonville, and then began the tremendous work of transferring the seventy-one bells, weighing from seventeen pounds to the largest weighing twelve tons, or 24,000 pounds. But the Tower itself weighs 5500 tons, and so is capable of maintaining such a weight of bells. No trucks could hold such a weight, the wooden bridges along the roads from Jacksonville to Mountain Lake could not bear the burden, and so it all finally ended by the railroad leading to Mountain Lake building new flat freight cars, each with a double flooring, and a special train was made up, and the trip was made with a cordon of police and railroad employes on the cars, and the enormous and valuable weight arrived at Lake Wales, the nearest railroad station. There enormous electric cranes hoisted the bells to specially strong trucks, and so efficiently did the Tower constructors work that within four weeks each bell hung suspended in its permanent place, the conclusion of the work being heralded by each workman striking a bell and producing a jangle nerve-racking to the adjoining countryside.

Meanwhile the planting in the Sanctuary had grown and was growing prodigiously, so that in five years it resembled a planting of fifteen to twenty years' growth in the North.

People ask if it is a bird sanctuary. Only so in part. The Sanctuary is intended for humans as well as for birds—a place of quiet repose, a place to rest and to think of what we are doing and where we are going. The motto of the Sanctuary, by John Burroughs, describes it truly: "I come here to find myself; it is so easy to get lost in the world."

The birds have naturally found it, too, to be a place of safe refuge. The birds who twice each year migrate across Florida on their way to the West Indies and back were not long in finding it, and come back each year going to and coming from the North. Some fifty bird baths are in the Sanctuary, and these are used each morning by the birds drinking and bathing. Their song at dawn gives one who gets up early enough to enjoy it a wonderful thrill. Some thirty varieties of birds are habitually there, and some remain all winter. A dozen nightingales were imported from England, and every day in the season can their golden notes be heard.

I was walking up the main footpath of the Sanctuary with a young woman who was widely traveled, when, approaching the nightingale aviary, a beautiful series of golden notes burst upon our ears.

My companion started and said: "There is the nightingale's song. I heard it many times in Italy, you know."

I replied that it was the nightingale's song, but not the nightingale singing it.

"Why, what do you mean?" she asked.

"Look up there," I continued, "and see the singer." And on a branch of a tall pine sat a mockingbird joyfully singing the borrowed song.

"Oh, the little thief!" ejaculated the young woman.

"But that is hardly fair," I returned. "Remember the mockingbird has no song of its own, and must borrow the songs of other birds to hold its own in the bird songs of the air." Then I told of the first time the nightingales sang, when a pair of mockingbirds rested on the roof of the aviary and listened intently to the air. "There is something new," they thought. And of course it was—for America; the first time the note of the nightingale was ever heard in America.

The next day the pair returned and again listened to the nightingale singing. At the close of this second concert the mockingbirds began and sang the song letter-perfect, a difficult feat when you consider that the nightingale has a repertoire of ninety-three notes, the largest of any bird.

But the difference can still be told, as was demonstrated in the middle of the dedication address of the President of the United States on last February first. The audience was as quiet as a cathedral, listening to the President, when there suddenly were heard two beautiful call notes, and then came that superb deep trill that only the nightingale can give. The audience was amazed, every one nudged each other; even the President looked for a moment in the direction of the song and for a few moments I don't think one-tenth of the large audience knew what the President was saying. Mrs. Coolidge had gone to the aviary only half an hour before, and one of the nightingales had eaten a meal worm held between her fingers. The nightingale was evidently happy over the events of the day, as was every one of the 75,000 persons present, and evidently wanted to say so. That it was a nightingale and not a mockingbird singing was evident from the clear beautiful notes, for though the mockingbird can borrow the nightingale's song it cannot borrow the nightingale's throat.

The Beauty of the Singing Tower

A CARILLON is often confused with a chime, whereas the difference between the two is as great as that between a child's single-octave one-finger piano and a cathedral organ. A chime has only a few bells in the diatonic scale with the usual compass of only an octave, but a carillon has from thirty to seventy bells giving the complete chromatic scale with a compass of from three to five octaves. As we have more carillons in America, we will understand this musical instrument better. At present there are only thirty carillons in the United States, with 185 in the entire world, principally in the Netherlands and Belgium. A chime can be played by the most amateur musician; the carillon, rightly played, requires a bell master of musical education and years of experience with bells.

At Mountain Lake Mr. Anton Brees is bell master, and is generally accepted as the foremost bell master in the world today. His mastery of the keyboard of a carillon is complete; he knows his bells as few do and is probably excelled, in playing, by no other today.

The carving on the Tower is among its choicest assets. It is the work of twenty-six expert carvers working over a year. It is illustrative of the fauna and flora of Florida, and was designed by Lee Lawrie, the New York sculptor. It is this abundance of carving that has compared it to the Taj Mahal of India, this impression being heightened by the reflection pool directly in front of it—a beautiful view of the Tower apparently lying quietly on the surface of the water.

Every detail of the Tower has been done as perfectly as the whole. The great entrance door is a museum piece, truly a masterpiece by the famous ironworker, Samuel Yellin, and as one follows his ironwork in the two gates and the railing leading across the moat to the Tower door or in the superb stairs and railings in the private room as one enters the Tower, the impression of ironwork becomes overpowering in its lacelike beauty.

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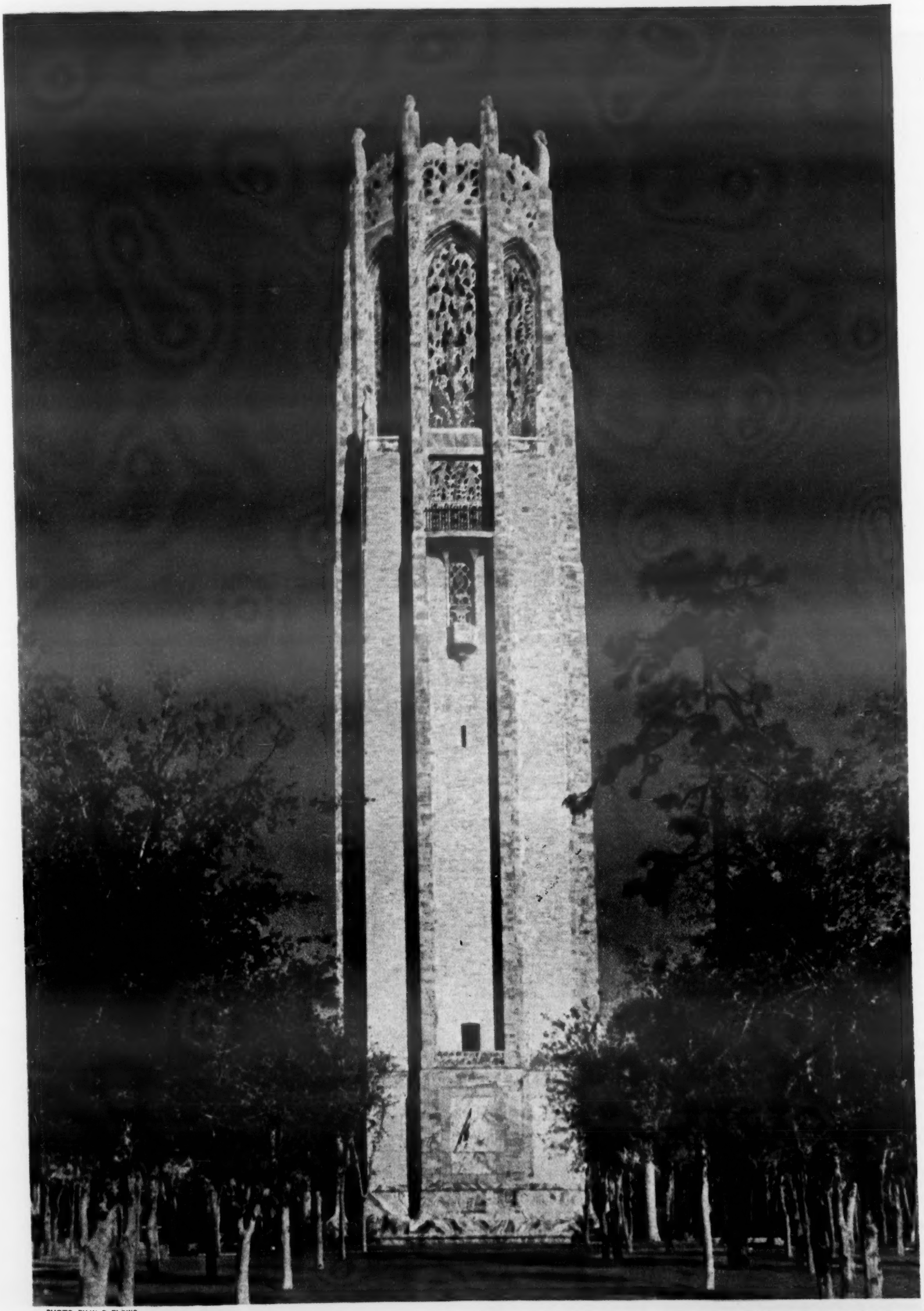


PHOTO. BY W. O. FLOING

THE SINGING TOWER, WITH ITS CARILLON OF SEVENTY-ONE BELLS, RISES HIGH AS A SKYSCRAPER, AN ARCHITECTURAL MASTERPIECE OF PINK MARBLE AND COQUINA STONE, A SYMBOL OF BEAUTY COMPARABLE ONLY TO THE TAJ MAHAL OF INDIA

PHOTOS. BY S. H. GOTTSCHO— WALKER & GILLETTE, ARCHITECTS

THE APPEALING PERSONALITY OF A HOUSE MAY BE QUITE APART FROM ITS SIZE OR ITS VALUE

The Personality of a House

By EMILY POST

Author of The Book of Etiquette, How to Behave Though a Debutante

HUNDREDS of textbooks have been written, covering every period of domestic architecture, interior ornamentation and furnishing, from oldest Egyptian antiquities to latest modern obliquities. But *personality*, the quality that appeals not merely to our critical faculties but to our personal emotions, has been left out altogether—overlooked perhaps, or possibly taken for granted, as though a collection of valuable possessions must of themselves confer charm.

And yet charm is precisely what the majority of houses lack. We pass all sorts of adequately designed and neatly cared-for houses, much as we pass all sorts of neatly presentable and might-be agreeable people on the street, without noticing them at all. Occasional houses attract attention pleasantly or unpleasantly, but rarely do we see a house of such appealing personality that we walk past very, very slowly, trying to see as much of it as we can, and ardently wishing that we might see it all around, and inside too.

Beauty, Taste and Suitability

THE appealing personality of a house may be quite apart from its size or its value. It may belong to a structure of importance set in an equally important architectural entourage, or it may belong to a house in a row, or to a little cottage in a tiny patch of dooryard planting. Moreover, the test of its personality is not merely a question of architectural correctness, but a question of whether it has the qualities that enchant.

What are the qualities that enchant? This question is twin sister to the age-old "What is charm?" Charm has thousands of times been described as including beauty, taste, sympathy, appealing manner, and so on and so forth. The difficulty of definition begins in attempting to divide further the components of beauty, taste, sympathy and appealing manner so as to be satisfactory to you and to me and to everyone else. Happily, enchanting qualifications of a house are less difficult to determine, because they at least must follow certain definite and immutable laws of form, proportion and—most important of all—suitability.

In other words, it is impossible for your house to be one of personality that enchants if it be unsuitable to situation, to purpose, or to you.

The first requirement of architectural beauty is suitability to situation. A house should always seem to belong where it stands. If it looks forced upon an unwilling landscape, or if it is in any way antagonistic or uncomfortable because conspicuous or out of scale, then it fails in this first requirement.

A high-porticoed white-painted Colonial house on a windswept crag jutting out into the ocean is as unsuitable as an organdie dress worn out in a snowstorm. A low-flung building of massive bowlders in a warm and tranquil valley is like a coonskin coat in July.

The house of bowlders should stand on a ledge or summit of rock that supports its weight and absorbs its material. The Colonial house would be sympathetically placed on an elm-bordered street, or on its own wide lawn against the green of a wooded background.

Individuality

THE second requirement is suitability to purpose. Unless an intentional camouflage of an ugly utility, every structure, whether a monumental edifice or smallest outbuilding, should suggest the purpose for which it is intended. A prison or a bank should suggest impregnable strength; a dwelling should be suggestive of home. Moreover, the house which is to be your home should unmistakably suggest you.

Its personality should express your personality, just as every gesture you make—or fail to make—expresses your gay animation or your restraint, your old-fashioned conventions, your perplexing mystery, or your emancipated modernism—whichever characteristics are typically yours.

The house that does not express the individuality of its owner is like a dress shown on a wax figure. It may be a beautiful dress—may be a beautiful house—but neither is animated by a living personality.

In illustration of type suitable to each individuality, the preciousness of a coldly discriminating connoisseur would be utterly unsympathetic to the unconventional and exaggeration-loving modern to whom riotous confusion of noise and color is merely cheerful.

And yet, just as certain women of outstanding fascination charm everyone with

COMFORT AND INVITINGNESS OF ARRANGEMENT ARE QUALITIES OF CHARM. A SMALL STUDY IN MRS. POST'S NEW YORK APARTMENT

whom they come in contact, so also do certain houses exert a vivid appeal—which may be personal, or may not.

In other words, you can intellectually admire a house, exactly as you admire an exhibition of furniture or tapestries assembled in a museum, without in the least longing to live in like surroundings. Strictly period houses are wonderfully interesting to look at, but to live in they are too suggestive of perpetual fancy dress to suit most of us.

Furthermore, if it is one's ambition to have a flawless sixteenth-century house, then one must be resigned to the use of no convenience invented since 1600, no steam heat, no plumbing, no springs in furniture, no electric light, no modern range, china, glass, table implements, or even modern dress! In other words, no evidence of contact with the modern world; which raises the question of how far anachronism may be allowed to go.

PHOTOS. BY MATTIE EDWARDS HEWITT

IT IS NOT MERELY A QUESTION OF ARCHITECTURAL CORRECTNESS, BUT OF THE QUALITIES THAT ENCHANT

Achieving Perfection

THAT one could find true allegiance to purity is rather doubtful. One fears that, like the wife in the Arabian Nights who never ate more than one grain of rice in the presence of her husband, but was served bountifully between meals, old chests would be full of steam pipes, sliding panels would disclose plenty of bathrooms, and bouncing springs and downy rest mattresses would wait temptingly beneath sixteenth-century bed covers. And, moreover, that kitchens and pantries and dining room as well as table manners would in no detail be faithful to the uncouth barbarism of four hundred years ago.

But to determine the house that expresses you it is necessary to ask a few personal questions.

First of all, how much are you affected by your surroundings? Are you so sensitive to beauty that ugliness is a physical hurt? Will you take any amount of trouble to "fix" whatever rooms you are to live in, no matter how transiently? Must you personally choose every object? Or are you content to believe, on being assured by a professing expert, that what you would never have chosen for yourself is appropriately beautiful? Or are you one of those persons who do not even bother to notice inanimate detail and who are in nowise impressed by it?

What is your temperament? Are you conventional, or the reverse? Is your taste conservative, or has the novelty of the modern irresistible appeal? Does noise set your nerves on edge, or are you only happy with the radio tuned in on jazz? Does life express itself to you in the perpetual presence of a crowd of people? Do you want company for every meal? Is "home" otherwise a place to dress in and go out from and to return to when there is no other where to go? Or do you like to stay at home with your family alone, and "never ask a cat to the house"?

What is your mode of life? How do you live? Simply? Or in much style? "Simply" may mean plainly or it may mean utmost perfection possible on a small scale. "Much style" may mean all for "show" and not necessarily well done, or it may mean the utmost perfection attainable. The term "utmost perfection" means sufficient implements for the varied requirements of complete equipment, and servants sufficient in number and expertness for the size of the house.

The requirements for utmost perfection are precisely the same whether a house have four rooms or a hundred. An establishment imperfect in quality is likewise the same whether unexactingly simple or like a gigantic and overdressed infant, bellowing its shortcomings to everyone but its owner.

The house of unpretending simplicity attracts the criticism of no one. But the would-be owner of the house of pretentious style should take serious notice that the first rule of good taste demands that not only should the house he lives in be suitable to his requirements, but that all houses of outstanding importance demand conformity on an owner's part to them.

Sweaters and day clothes at an eight or nine o'clock dinner at a table set with damask and great display of silver, in a classically Georgian or ornately French dining room, are as completely out of the picture as formal evening clothes would be at a six o'clock supper on a farm or in a ranch house.

EASY CHAIRS AND A COMFORTABLE SOFA NEAR TO THE FIRE AND NEAR ENOUGH TO WINDOWS FOR LIGHT; ALSO CONVENIENT TABLES AT ELBOWS AND PERFECT ARRANGEMENT OF LAMPS AT NIGHT

Matching Your Background

MOREOVER, the exactions of suitability of upkeep would be equally opposed. But with a difference in this: That in the simplest type of house one may live as beautifully as one pleases—meaning that one may have the most charming table, in the most charming room; also the most delicious food most perfectly served, but in a palace one must have all these requirements and all of those prescribed for formality as well.

Therefore, unless you are prepared to conform to the requirements that formality exacts, don't choose that type of house. If you like to dine in your sports clothes, or pass dishes around from hand to hand, do what you please in your own home by all means, but at least choose your dining room and your table setting accordingly.

At the other extreme, a footman behind each chair in a primitive little cottage is not smart, but is in shockingly bad form.

(Continued on Page 204)

FOOTSTEPS WENT PLUNGING PAST THEM—EXCITED VOICES IN SPANISH; SILHOUETTES OF GUNS—RUSHED ON IN THE WAKE OF THE RIDERLESS CAR

Banana Bill

By

EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops

BUSTER MACINTYRE, overseer of the Mopan Banana Farm, rode slowly back to camp after eight hours in the saddle on a very inferior mule. The day had not been an easy one for the big, stubble-jawed boss of Mopan. And no days were particularly easy for the southeastern portion of the Consolidated Banana Company's holdings in Guatemala. The Motagua River at this point divided Guatemala from Honduras and made an ideal point of escapement for the bandits and desperadoes of both countries. What with periodic floods that damaged valuable sections of banana plants, native cutters infected alternately with the virus of laziness and demoniacal fury brought on by "white-eye" liquor of the most deadly sort, a stretch of land intersected by swampy jungle that must be inspected at increasingly short intervals, to be certain that no fruit was being allowed to ripen on the plants, Mopan was by far and away the meanest, toughest farm in all of the Consolidated Banana Company's wide acreage.

Buster MacIntyre had held down the job of overseer for so many years because he was tough. He had to be; anyone had to be, to get by at Mopan. And whenever a new timekeeper became necessary by reason of either advancement or complete collapse, MacIntyre's request to the head office in New York was always succinct and to the point: "Send someone with guts who can stand the gaff."

At the bend of the trail, where the narrow-gauge tracks were visible, and beyond the yellow company houses of Mopan, Chuck Andrews was waiting for his chief. Chuck had been—before his connection with C. B. C. of Guatemala—a cow-puncher on various ranches in the States. He was lean and brown, with the screwed-up blue eyes of the Western range rider, and a sense of humor that had its alpha and omega in practical jokes of a painful and humiliating nature.

HE WAS lounging against a stand at the side of the tracks where a towering pile of green bananas awaited the coming of the pick-up train to escort them down to Puerto Barrios and the outward-bound boats. In the steamy hot air he was not even perspiring. His battered sombrero was tilted at a nonchalant angle over one eye. It was clear that he had tidings to impart of a somewhat amusing nature.

"Big Boy," he drawled as MacIntyre came up on the mule, "Santa Claus has sent you a brand-new timekeeper!"

"It's about time," growled the overseer, mopping his streaming face. "Where is he?"

Chuck lifted his eyes upward sentimentally.

"Havin' his picture taken, of course—Mamma's Sweetheart, in a grea' big sombrero, and guns hung aroun' him so the folksies up north can see how tough him is!"

Buster MacIntyre eyed his assistant dourly.

"Listen here, you: I ain't in no mood for funny business. This has been a hell of a day, and I don't mean maybe. Do you think I can get any picking done? Nix; every foreman has the same alibi; all the natives are scared to death of Zolangua. There's a rumor out that he's coming over from Honduras to start a revolution, and everyone with legs is taking to the bush!"

Chuck Andrews shrugged. His face was studiedly solemn, but it was evident that he was getting a great deal of malicious satisfaction out of the situation.

"Sorry, chief, but I didn't send him down here."

"Send who, you pie-eyed fool?"

"William Brewster! He has yellow hair and blue eyes, and he wants to be called Bill! Wouldn't that slay you?" MacIntyre was staring down at him with a kind of horror in his weary, bloodshot eyes.

"If you're stringing me I'll wring your neck!" he growled out. "Do you mean to say that they've sent me—me—a Willy boy for a timekeeper—at Mopan?"

Chuck rolled himself a cigarette expertly with one hand, after the best cow-punching traditions.

"Big Boy, wait until you see him! Six foot two, and has the kind of skin you love to touch! He stutters when he talks, and if anyone said 'Boo!' at him he'd clear the Motagua River in one jump. An' the worst of it is, chief, yuh cain't send him back packin' with a 'reject' note on him, because Old Man Kincaid sent him down here!"

Buster MacIntyre had his mouth open for a profane and vitriolic retort. But at the mention of the name of Kincaid his black-stubbled jaws came together with a click. Hiram Kincaid was the one man in the Consolidated Banana Company to whom no one talked back. He had begun at the foot of the company ladder some thirty years before, when Guatemala was a seething hotbed of revolution and outlawry. He had planted and developed a farm twice as tough as Mopan, and had worked his way up through the positions of timekeeper, fruit inspector, assistant overseer and district superintendent, to become vice president of the company and the real power behind the throne. No one talked back to him, because he knew his stuff. He knew bananas, and every problem pertaining to their culture, shipping and marketing. When he sent a man down to Guatemala to take a position no overseer could send him back without ample cause. MacIntyre could have safely defied any other official in the company. But not Kincaid; and he knew it.

He shook the sweat out of his sun-blistered eyes.

"LISTEN, bozo, you got such a lovely sense of humor—use it! A boat's going to the States in about four days, and I want Mamma's Sweetheart to be on it—*sabe?* No rough stuff, see? Just enough to make him ditch the job of his own free will and keep me in the clear with Kincaid. I don't know whether Zolangua is pulling a bluff or not; he's smarter than most of these natives, and he knows too much about the company to suit me—he used to work for Merriam as interpreter at Kali farm. But if he does start anything I've got to have men here who won't go shinning up a coco palm when the shooting starts ——"

Bang! The sharp bark of a bullet clipped the end of his sentence like the response to a cue. Buster MacIntyre was out of the saddle in the same instant, getting his guns loose from their holsters, and started on a run for the company buildings, followed by Chuck Andrews.

The screened door of the office had opened suddenly, and Matt Dugan, the bookkeeper, came cascading down the steps.

"What the ——" gritted MacIntyre.

"Zolangua, raiding headquarters!" panted Chuck. A tall figure appeared in the doorway, close behind the fleeing Dugan—a tall, youthful figure topped off by an enormous cowboy hat, and made bulky about the hips by a double cartridge belt from which two ugly holsters hung. Gigantic spurs stuck out at right angles from his ankles.

"I-I'm awfully s-s-sorry," he stammered, red-faced and miserable. "I was just having my p-p-picture t-t-taken. M-M-Mister Dugan loaned me his hat and his g-g-gun—and I just happened to p-p-pull the trigger!"

Chuck put away his revolver and waited for Buster MacIntyre to explode. The bookkeeper eyed him apprehensively. And fat brown Maria, the cook, came waddling out to the door of the mess hall to inquire, "*Que paso?*"

The harassed overseer seemed on the point of saying a great deal. Then he wheeled abruptly and went into his own house, slamming the screen door violently.

"Get busy, you!" he shouted over his shoulder.

MATT DUGAN jumped to attention. But Chuck Andrews knew the command was meant for him. He looked long and calculatingly at William Brewster's slender length, with its ten-gallon hat above the distressed pink face and pleading blue eyes, and the incongruous armament and spurs.

"Now, Bill," he drawled reprovingly, "them things is dangerous if yuh don't know how to use 'em. We never start timekeeps off with guns anyhow—we start 'em on errands."

"I'm awfully s-s-sorry, really, M-M-Mister Andrews," William stuttered violently. "I—I ——"

Chuck lifted a kindly hand.

"Tha's all right, Bill. Fergit it! Now yuh beat it pronto down to Kali farm, about two miles down the track, and ask the overseer for the loan of his bridge stretcher. A mule stepped on ours the other day an' busted it. Go jest as yuh are," he added as an afterthought; "it'll show the boys thet yuh ain't no tenderfoot."

Matt Dugan vanished into the office with a choking gurgle.

THE heat of the muggy afternoon passed into a cooler twilight, with a little breeze blowing up from the Motagua River, and the metallic croakings of the frogs coming in a chorus from the hidden marshy banks. Suppertime came in the mess hall with MacIntyre, Dugan and Chuck Andrews in attendance—but no William. Maria inquired about him anxiously. She had taken a fancy to him. Evening passed into the darkness of night, with the *cocuyos*, those greenish-blue fireflies of the tropics, swinging about the clustered banana groves like luminous pendulums.

At two o'clock in the morning a tall, top-heavy figure, staggering with sleep and unaccustomed fatigue, let himself, clanking softly, into the house occupied by Dugan and Chuck.

"Didya bring it?" came the cowman's voice from the darkness.

"S-say"—William's tired voice answered hoarsely—"y-you fellows t-tried to s-sl-slip something over on me. It isn't a b-bridge stretcher at all—it-it's a track stretcher; and I-I've been to th-three or four places—all over Guatemala, I g-guess—and they f-finally told me at S-Sonola farm that y-you're kidding me—you had it here all the ti-time!"

There was a sound from Dugan's bed as of a sheet being wadded up to fill a mouth. But Chuck's reply was calm, and a little sorrowful.

"Now, Bill, yah don't want to believe everything them crooks at the other farms tell yah. Is it likely if we'd had the bridge stretcher here I'd of sent you off t' get it?"

"They said 'track stretcher,'" William's voice maintained stubbornly.

Chuck deliberated in the darkness.

"Well now, maybe it is. An' of course that would make a difference, 'cause we got a track stretcher here at Mopan, ain't we Matt?"

A muffled grunt was the only sound from the bookkeeper's bed. Chuck Andrews was endowed by nature and extensive training for making a tenderfoot's life unendurable. And upon William, whom he had commenced to call "Banana Bill," he now focused the whole of his ingenuity. In the course of four days he, with the assistance of the other men, managed to cram more misery into that young man's life than would normally have entered it for years and years. He sent him out alone with the gasoline-driven motor car that ran on the narrow-gauge tracks between the farms, and a mysterious shortage of gasoline forced William to push the heavy car all the way back to Mopan, a distance of some hot, weary seven miles.

Taken on the river pick-up, William spent several moist and uncomfortable hours under water mending a peculiar ailment in the propeller shaft. There were alligators about too. Chuck blamed the scarcity of timekeepers in Guatemala on their appetites for such employes.

All the men took a hand in the ragging. Left to themselves they might have liked the tall, blue-eyed youth who bore no malice and showed a childlike desire to be friendly. But Buster MacIntyre's attitude established the pace. They dubbed him a sissy, and were as anxious as the overseer to be rid of him. Only Maria liked him. She was no beauty, and her kitchen was always cluttered with small brown soldiers of the Guatemalan army, who she said were her "cousins." But she saw to it that William's inner man was well fed. It was she who discovered the scorpion, of a mildly poisonous variety, that someone had introduced into one of William's shoes. And the night that they sent him out across a particularly nasty stretch of jungle swamp to a farm that could have been reached by following a mile and a half of track, she waited up for him with a brew of hot cinnamon tea.

IT SEEMED too much to expect that William had never heard of a snipe hunt. But his education had been confined to the higher things of life—in a select school for boys in Boston, he confessed after much questioning. So Chuck arranged one, assisted by the timekeepers and sundry employes from the near-by farms, Kali and Sonola. The men agreed, after much hearty discussion, to give him the honor of holding the bag, while the others drove the snipes into it.

Through a night of marsh dampness, mosquito bites and eerie, blood-curdling noises from the surrounding jungle, William waited with an open sack held strainingly between his knees. A migratory column of fire ants found him and began to swarm up his legs, inflicting punishment at every step. William stamped and slapped, then remembered that he had been given orders to keep quiet under all circumstances.

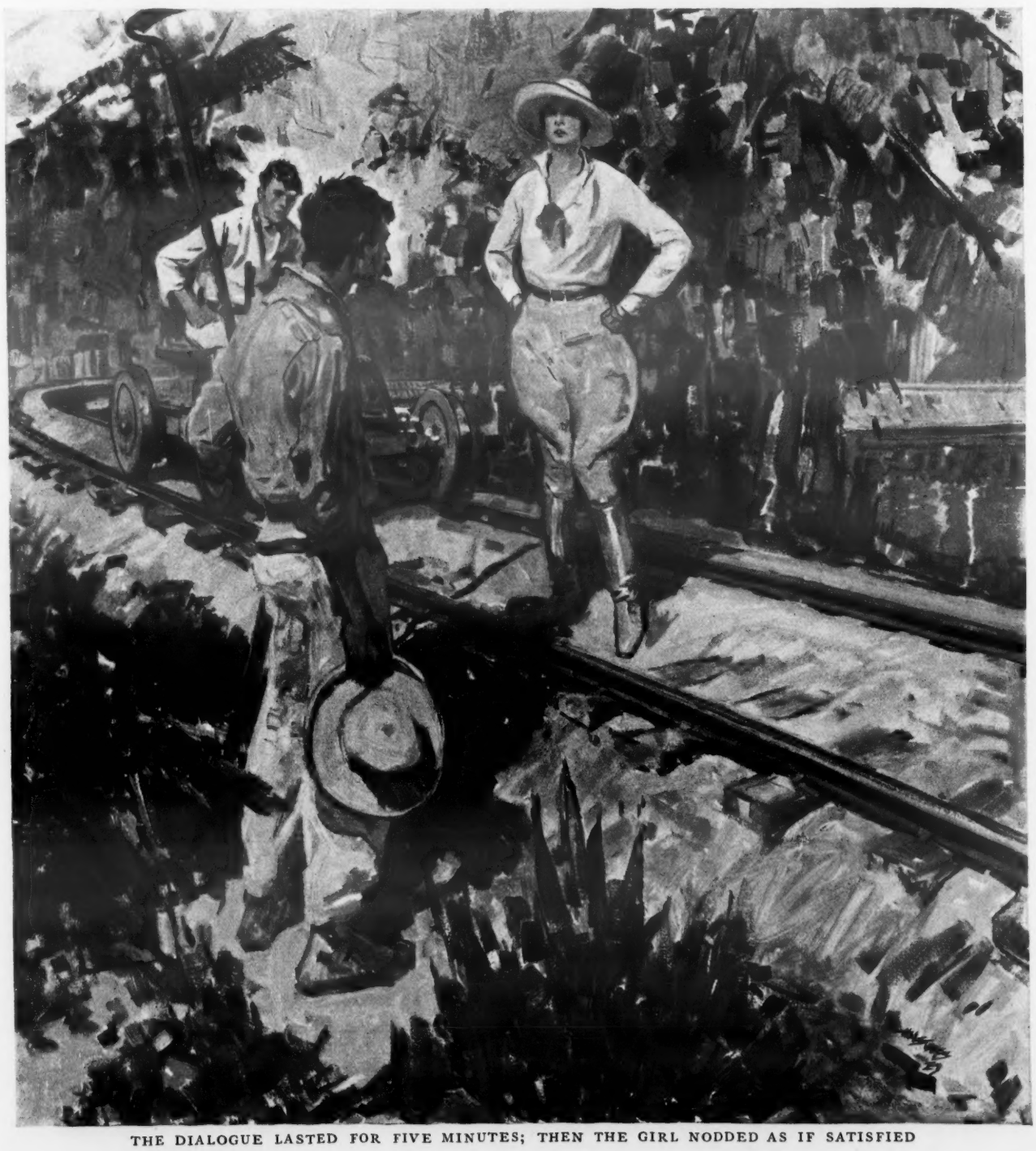
The voices of the men had long since died away in the distance. The sunburn of four tropical days was scorching his face and neck. The mosquitoes surrounded him in a stinging, buzzing, invisible cloud. But still he crouched motionless, staring into the darkness, already realizing that he was the victim of a hoax, but having no idea of how to get back to Mopan. Needless to say, no one had left him a flash light.

IT WAS after an interval of silence that seemed like years that he heard the soft, sibilant drip of a paddle on the river, and then the sound of voices, speaking guardedly. William's first thought was that the men were returning for him. But after listening a moment he realized that the voices were speaking rapid, unintelligible native Spanish, very different from the painstaking, lisping Castilian that William had struggled with in school.

The unseen ones seemed to be having an argument. For their voices rose gradually from guarded whispers to an angry bedlam of sound, interrupted by hisses of "*Callette, necio!*" *Necio*—he racked his brains for the word—it meant "fool." He pulled out of his mind then the meaning for *callette*—"Be quiet!" Someone was saying, "Be quiet, you fool!"

The three-cornered outburst of argument and vituperation continued on the river bank, a dozen yards away. There

(Continued on Page 210)



THE DIALOGUE LASTED FOR FIVE MINUTES; THEN THE GIRL NODDED AS IF SATISFIED

The Well of Death

By RICHARD HALLIBURTON

Author of The Royal Road to Romance and The Glorious Adventure

SLOWLY into the deep, black pool, the shadows of the moonlight crept. Upon the water's surface far below stirred the spirits of the Rain God's brides and his phantom warriors, released on magic nights like this from their prison of wave and shell. Across this awesome pit the night wind, mourning for the captives, brought to them the wild perfume of the forest flowers, the chanting of the hidden cicadas, and a ballet of the fireflies to dance before these lonely spirits of the dead. This was the enchanted hour. This was the sacred place. This was the Well of Death, the most fearful and most fascinating well in all the history of the world.

To see it I had journeyed a thousand miles from the City of Mexico into the heart of Yucatan.

Never was a journey so richly rewarded, though to those who do not know the history of the Well, and are not favored with an inner eye, the reward is but a deep-sunken pool of water in the forest. But when one reads the record of this pool, and looks on moonlight nights into its somber depths, one must realize that here is Drama, terrible in its intensity, and Romance that is inexhaustible.

In the Land of the Mayas

LONG ago—more than 1300 years—a race of people called the Mayas, the most brilliant race, by far, of all the aboriginal Americans, inhabited the Peninsula of Yucatan. Why they chose this country for their abode is one of the great archæological mysteries, for it was, and still is, a wilderness, flat, parched, sterile. Though it rains frequently enough, there is no water. The peninsula has over 50,000 square miles, but not a single river, not even a small stream, for the entire surface of the land is composed of porous limestone through which the rain filters soon after it strikes the earth.

How then have people lived there? Through the kindness of nature in storing all this filtered water in a vast reservoir which extends under the entire country, seventy feet below the surface of the ground. Drill seventy feet, no more, no less, anywhere you wish, and there is water in abundance.

But the early Americans had no means of drilling. Here, again, nature provided, by causing the seventy-foot crust of limestone sometimes to cave in, and leave the water exposed. These deep pools, locally called *cenotes*—che-no-tays—varying in size from twenty to two hundred feet in diameter, are scattered irregularly about the country and supplied the ancient population with irrigation for their fields.

When the first Maya tribes migrated into the country, they came upon a place blessed with two *cenotes* scarcely a mile apart. A settlement was made there and because of the great water supply inevitably thrived, receiving the name of *Chi* [mouth]—*chen* [wells]—*Itza* [the tribal name], or The City of the Itzas at the Mouth of the Wells.

The two *cenotes* soon took on an individuality each of its own. The smaller one had sides sufficiently gentle of slope to permit stone steps to descend, and thus it became the water supply for all domestic and agricultural purposes. The other, larger one, defied all attempts at access. Almost two hundred feet across, its walls are sheer, nay, undercut, permitting only the most tenacious and acrobatic vegetation to cling to them. The water at the bottom is a dull, dead green, that lies silent and secretive, seventy feet below the brink. The very aspect of the pool is so gloomy and so mysterious that the most primitive imagination could easily picture slimy monsters and supernatural powers inhabiting it; in fact, the Mayas from the earliest times imagined just that, and always held the place in profoundest awe.

Of the six hundred years that followed the founding of Chichen-Itza, we have only the vaguest history. But beginning with the year 1200 until the city's final eclipse in 1450, the record is very clear and very glorious. With the thirteenth century the people of Mayab suddenly emerged from a state of indifferent civilization into a cultural golden age when they built the magnificent stone temples which astonish us today, and when they developed the arts and sciences to a point that has never been approached by a native race in the history of the Americas. Religion, at this same time, flourished no less, particularly the worship of the supreme god, Kukulcan, the Feathered Serpent, in whose honor the greatest temple was dedicated. Priestly pomp and ceremony grew in grandeur. Taking advantage of the awe-inspiring Well, and seeing in it a means of stimulating further reverence for the gods, the pontiffs, coming with the new age, declared that Yum-Chac, the brother of Kukulcan, and the God of Rain, inhabited its murky depths, and that it was necessary from time to time, lest the country lose his vital favors, to offer him virgin brides and attendant warriors by hurling them to their death into the pit. The ancient Itzas were of great faith. This gruesome rite was inaugurated and it attracted by its very spectacularity thousands of pilgrims from all the Maya world. The moment the poor little maiden or the unhappy escort was flung from the brink, these pilgrims likewise threw down, as offerings to the Rain God, all manner of treasures. So national was the character of this ceremony, and so profoundly did the pageant affect the aboriginal mind—the tragic victims, the chanting priests, the waiting, worshipful thousands—that Chichen-Itza became the religious center of the empire, the Mecca of the Maya world, with the Well of Sacrifice the most sacred place of all.

The sanctity and ceremony connected with the great *cenote* are not mere legend. Nearly a hundred skeletons of delicate young girls and sturdy young men have been dredged from the sediment at the bottom, another seventy feet under water, and a veritable museum of all the Maya treasures, dropped into the Well by the pious, has been recovered, to the astonishment and the delight of every lover of hidden knowledge and every student of ancient history.

This, then, was the "pool in the forest" I had come so far to see.

Monuments of a Bygone Civilization

NOTHING could have been more dull and uneventful than my journey from Mérida, the capital of modern Yucatan, to the ruins. After three dusty hours across unbroken flatness I began to doubt that such a colorless country could produce anything beautiful, and to wonder why I'd paid any attention to the extravagant tales I'd heard and read about these Mayas and their Sacred Well.

But even at the station, fifteen miles from Chichen, where one leaves the rails to travel by motorbus, the scene changed dramatically. With sunset a full tropical moon had risen

THIS SPECTACULAR TEMPLE, SOFTENED, WHITENED, CHASTENED BY THE MOON, GAVE ME THE SHOCK OF MY LIFE

from the arms of the bush-jungle, and spread over the monotonous landscape a romantic radiance. Through this sea of summer moonlight the white road flowed, fringed with the clutching forest—a forest hypnotized into deathlike stillness by the eerie glow. There was scarcely a house or a person to be seen. Then, unexpectedly, we turned a sharp corner—and I almost fell out of my seat staring at the colossal pyramid that suddenly rose up, gleaming, straight ahead, and blocked out the sky. Over a hundred feet high, two hundred feet square, faced with smooth stone terraces, approached by sweeping steps that climbed up to the Grecian shrine upon the summit, this spectacular temple, softened, whitened, chastened by the moon, gave me the shock of my life.

And before I'd recovered from the daze of seeing this spring forth from the shadowy wilderness, the motor catapulted me, quite alone, into an ancient plaza that was all but surrounded by temples and monuments scarcely less startlingly beautiful than the Pyramid.

Chichen-Itza

ALL were radiantly white, all tremendous in size, all rich with carving, all, considering the fact that they have been the prey of the voracious jungle for five hundred years, unbelievably intact.

Straightway I abandoned the bus which fled from this ghostly place back to "civilization." There was no shelter other than the stones in sight, but I was too enchanted by the magic change from the stark, mud-housed Yucatan of the present to this gorgeous carved-stone city of the past, to think about tomorrow. Shedding my duffel baggage, I scrambled up the ninety ladderlike steps, breathlessly reached the top, and looked back down the slope, out over the shimmering jungle. On one side was a majestic palace, likewise raised aloft on top a terraced base; on the other the famous ball court, constructed of two huge parallel walls thirty feet high and three hundred feet long. The Temple of a Thousand Columns had removed its roof to reveal its painted pillars to the moon—and from out of the black forest, in every direction, carved stone monuments rose phantomlike against the stars.

And there, leading from the bottom of the serpent-balustraded steps that swept dramatically down the north side of the Pyramid, stretched the Sacred Road, the great stone causeway that ran a quarter of a mile through the aisle of trees to the very brink of the Sacred Well.

In silence I stared out over this vast graveyard. The moon lit the temple-dotted jungle tops for miles on every side across this utterly flat land of Mayab. Not the smallest hill broke the horizon that lay in a perfect circle around the axis of my Pyramid. There was not a light, nor a hut, nor the bark of a dog. The tropical heat lay heavy on the earth. Even the wind kept still lest its whisper break the phantasy of the moment and remind us that the spectral temples were of stone, not clouds; the jungles of wood, not dreams; and that I was real and awake, physical and profane, and not one more shade among the ghosts of Maya power, of Maya riches, of Maya art, science, genius, that were walking forth from their tombs on this extramundane night.

What strong and vivid lives these ghosts once lived! What brilliant records of their existence they have left behind! The manifestations of their handiwork which still exist must make them the proudest of all the ghosts among the ancient races that dwelt in the Western Hemisphere. They were the Greeks of early America. They were possessed with an intellectual and creative fire that burned hot and deep and long. With chisel and hammer, masonry and mortar, they built in stone, carved in stone, and wrote in stone, with such rare and enduring skill that after five hundred years of jungle burial, the ruins of their civilization are emerging to claim their place as one of the wonders of the world.

Where did these extraordinary people originally come from? Nobody knows. What happened to them that they should desert such a noble city as Chichen-Itza, and swiftly, silently, disappear? Nobody knows that either. The fires of their abandoned hearths were scarcely cold when the Spaniards came, and yet not one Spanish chronicler even so much as mentions the vast stone cities which stood then in all their pristine glory.

BUT I DIDN'T WAIT. I JUMPED. IT WAS THE ONLY MEANS OF AVOIDING FURTHER MOLESTATIONS

Yum-Chac

NOR do the present Yucatan descendants of the ancient race have any knowledge of their infinitely superior ancestors. The mystery of the Mayas' disappearance is scarcely less astonishing than the record of their existence.

It was almost midnight by now. I had dreamed on top the Pyramid long enough, for there were other things to be seen. Close at hand the great stone door to the summit temple revealed a black cavern within. I crossed the threshold past the carved demons that stand guard, and found myself in a faintly visible windowless room of solid stone. The bats, disturbed at such an unusual hour, squeaked indignantly about my head, remonstrating against my invasion of a habitation that had been their private property for five centuries. Looking back through the moonlit entrance I could still see the Sacred Way, framed by the dark door facing. From this very room where I stood, as the hour of dawn broke over the land, the sacrificial procession of the ancient Itzas moved toward the grim *cenote*. Here the heaven-blessed maiden was brought, the loveliest of all the maids of Mayab, robed in riches, garlanded in flowers, to be sacrificed to the Rain God lest he parch the fields with drought. Here the bravest one of the nation's youths, or perhaps, sometimes, a prisoner of war, was waiting to escort the little victim on her tragic journey and attend the Rain King in his court. And here too, the priests, resplendent in their ceremonial attire, their turquoise masks, their feathered diadems, filled the room with incense, chanted their sacred ritual, and blared their conch-shell trumpets, announcing to the waiting thousands pressed about the Sacred Well that the great hour had come to pass—that Yum-Chac was about to receive his bride.

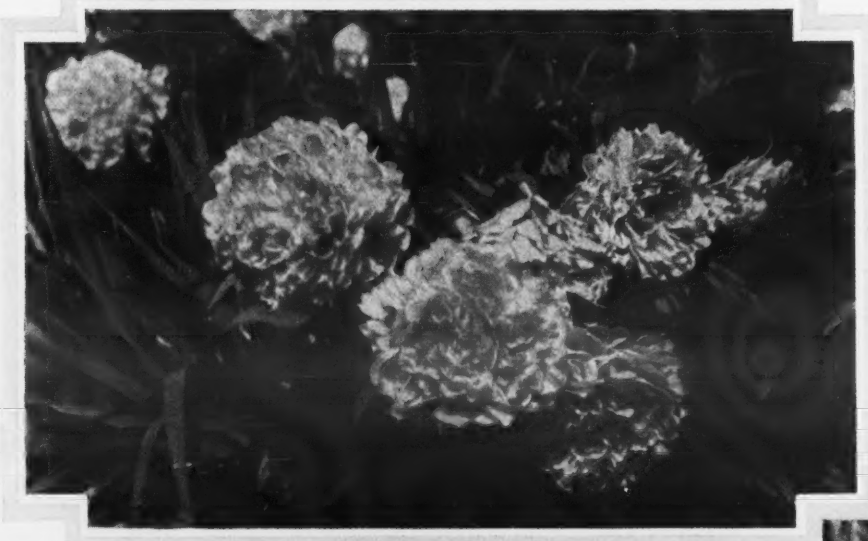
(Continued on Page 166)

Glorious Peonies!

Photographed in Natural Color by W. O. Floing

When peonies bloom in the next few weeks, select some of the better varieties for your own garden.

Japanese peonies are very popular. Left to right—Kukenu Jishi, delicate pink flesh; Some Ganoko, dark red of superior merit; Tamatbako, best pink; and Isani Gidui, best white. These are still expensive because rare.



Four fine Brand peonies. Left to right—Hansina Brand, Myrtle Gentry, Blanche King and Mrs. A. M. Brand.

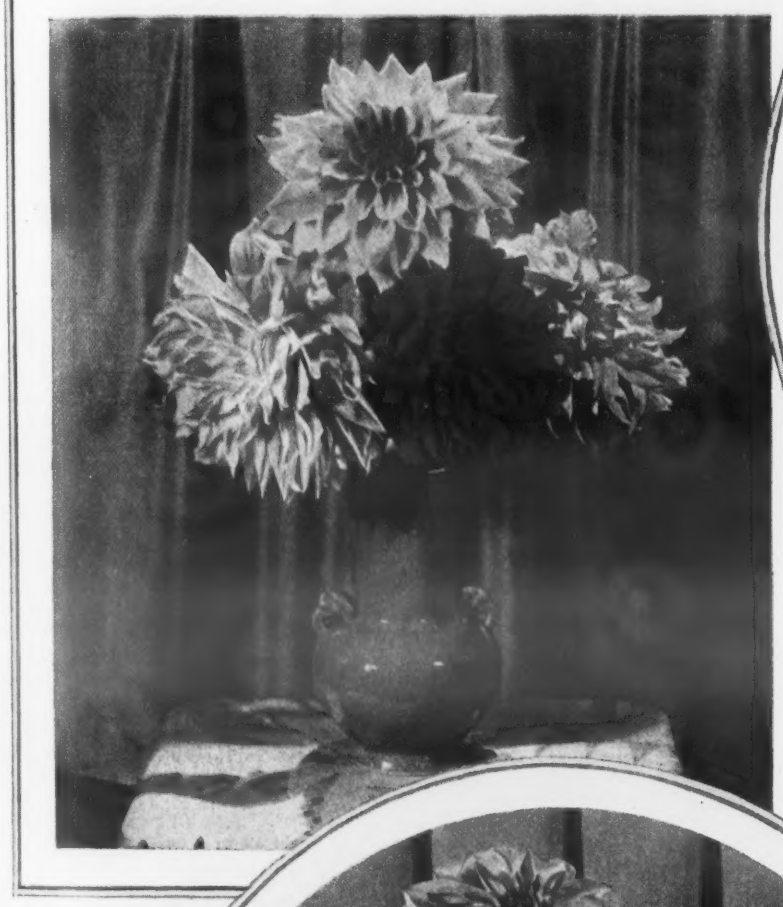
Baroness Schroeder, an old favorite, white with pink sheen. Above (in center)—Lillian Gumm, a very fine pink. Left—La France, apple-blossom pink. Below (at left)—Walter Faxon, soft, yet best deep pink.

Philippe Rivoire, best red peony in the world. Has perfect color, good substance, graceful stems and splendid fragrance.

New Dahlias You Can Grow

By W. H. Waite

Below, commencing at top and reading left to right—Jersey's Glory (new), Valentino, Violet Wonder and Jersey's Caprice. Right—The pompons shown are: Joe Fette, white; Belle of Springfield, soft rosy-red; Aimee, bronze; Nerissa, soft mauve-pink; Amber Queen, deep amber; Sunny Daybreak, apricot-edged red; and Atom, orange-scarlet.



Photographed in Natural Color By W. O. Floing

Below, left to right—Jersey's Beacon, Mabel Lawrence, Ambassador, Trentonian and Gertrude Ederle.

Commencing at top, left to right—Jersey's Beauty, Regal, Jersey's Sunshine and Elite Glory.

THE dahlia of today is so far removed from its wild ancestors in Mexico as to be hardly recognizable, and to those of us who are conversant with what is being accomplished in the improvement of garden flowers it appears a marvelous accomplishment to have evolved it from the same common wild species. There should, therefore, be a full sense of gratitude for what hybridizers, both past and present, have been quietly doing for the enrichment of our gardens. The dahlia is not a difficult plant to grow, but there are certain situations and soils where it will best succeed. The situation

(Continued on Page 115)

"YOU HAVE TOO MUCH PRIDE, CHARLOTTE." "AND TOO LITTLE ELSE," AGREED MADAM JAFFREY

Illustrated By Walter Biggs

Beggar's Choice

By JAY GELZER

OLD Cato was industriously polishing silver when Lorena went down to the kitchen, drawn by an excitement which had its center in the beginning of unwonted festivity.

Looking up from where he sat bent over tall candelabra and thin delicate spoons, Cato smiled joyous greeting. "Quality comin' soon, Miss Lorena!"

Lorena nodded, wondering if Cato knew why the "quality" of his exuberant approval were coming and whether his dim old eyes were competent to achieve a respectable polish upon the long-unused candlesticks.

Company was an event at Greenwood. This particular company was a particular event. Her thoughts hung poised for an instant upon the mission of the guests so soon to arrive and then slid away in maidenly reserve.

Cato cackled aloud. "Time young gen'l'men came co'tin'," he announced decisively. "Ain't no flower gwine ter stay a bud forever!"

At this bald statement of undoubted fact Lorena colored vividly, for she perceived that another besides herself and Cato now stood in the cavernous depths of the kitchen.

In the doorway leading out to the yard where pickaninnies had been accustomed to idle in the hope of a titbit handed hastily from the kitchen had appeared the figure of a young man—a tall young man, a quiet young man, with yellow hair upon a bare young head and with eyes so vividly and unexpectedly blue that Lorena, finding their intent blue gaze upon herself, gasped in sheer astonishment and put one hand up to the thin velvet band about her slim throat as though a pulse beat disturbingly there.

Cato followed the direction of her startled glance. "Why, ef'n hit ain't Mist' Andrew!" he said cordially.

"I brought the cream," explained the tall young man pleasantly. "I was passing, and it was quicker to bring it in my car."

"Shore was right neighb'ly ob you, Mist' Andrew," assured Cato effusively. "But you didn't need bring it yo'self."

SEEING that Mr. Andrew continued to look past him, Cato chuckled softly. "Hit's Miss Lorena, Mist' Andrew. Ain't you nev' seen Miss Lorena before?"

"Never," informed Mr. Andrew. "But I am very glad to see her now!" His emphasis was unmistakable, and Cato beamed with pride.

Anybody might have been glad to see Lorena as she stood poised uncertainly in the doorway.

She wore what her grandmother considered suitable attire for a young girl of eighteen—a dress of ivory mull nearly to her slim ankles, with innumerable tiny ruffles made of fine stitches. A fichu edged with more of the tiny ruffles crossed demurely over her tranquil young breast. There were black strapped slippers, thin white cotton stockings, a black band about a slim young throat, a spray of lilacs pinned to a slim young waist.

Curiously enough, Andrew Bateman's first emotion was pity, although he couldn't have told why, unless it were because Lorena seemed so little a part of the world as he knew it to be and, because of that remoteness, doomed in some mysterious way to suffer.

Girls didn't dress that way nowadays—didn't wear long, softly flowing skirts, cotton stockings, black velvet about creamy throats. And girls didn't look at you in just that gently wistful way out of dark young eyes.

He saw dark hair gathered into two shining wings upon a white forehead, skin of magnolia-petal texture, and had a sense of unreality combined with enchantment.

He had, of course, heard of the Jaffrey girl, who lived with her grandmother, rigorously secluded from outside contact because a changing social order had made that contact unfit for a Jaffrey and because, so unkind rumor stated, the Jaffreys were no longer able to maintain their place even in such society as offered.

Sometimes, riding by Greenwood, looking up toward the great wooden structure from which paint had peeled disastrously, and about which the lilac bushes and privet hedges were ragged and unkempt, Andrew had wondered about the girl and what her life must be.

Few people ever saw her.

There was the rector of St. Ann's, who made formal calls at Greenwood at long intervals, but the rector, whose interest in his parishioners was entirely spiritual, never gossiped.

Doctor Embry, who also visited Greenwood at even rarer intervals, had been less reticent. He liked young Andrew Bateman, championed him strongly against the prevalent dislike for Northerners, was not too proud to stop by and debate the occasional perplexing malady of one of Andrew's prize Herefords.

On such occasions he had not infrequently mentioned the Jaffreys. "Proud," Doctor Embry had said succinctly. "And poorer than church mice. Nothing left at all in that great barn of a house but the few sticks they manage with. I don't know how they get along."

Greenwood, the doctor had informed soberly, had been the finest house in the region once. Balls without number had been held in the stately parlors. Weddings had occurred brilliantly beneath the crystal chandeliers brought from France. Once the tumble-down servant quarters had been filled to overflowing with jolly blacks, and every blade of grass, every bit of hedge, had been kept clipped to meticulous perfection. There had been famous gardens, a sundial.

"The sundial still stands, but the garden is a ruin," had said the doctor, with the sadness which perceives the definite passing of perfection.

STARING at Lorena Jaffrey in a tranced silence, Andrew remembered that Doctor Embry had said only old Docia and still older Cato were left of the throngs of merry servants, and that of the proud and beautiful Jaffreys only two women were left, one at the end of life and the other at its beginning.

"I'm afraid there won't be much of a life for Lorena, poor child!" the doctor had sighed. "Not with the ideas the old lady has. To her the Jaffreys are royalty, and we've nobody left around here suitable to mate with royalty."

So many of the old families had moved away, it seemed—driven out by poverty and abandoning their broad acres reluctantly to those not born to them. Then with quick tact:

"I don't mean anything derogatory to you, my boy. You and yours are the new 'quality,' achieving aristocracy by the competency of your hands. But the Jaffreys are old 'quality,' product of an aristocracy achieved by disdain of anything resembling toil and despising the new order of things. Which really is too bad, because you'd make a wonderful pair, you and Lorena!"

"YOU ARE GORGEOUS IN ALL THAT MOONLIGHT, LORENA . . . SUPPOSE YOU KISS ME!"

Riding by the ruin of the Jaffrey house after that, Andrew had thought often of the days when beaus and belles had passed in and out between its stately columns, and of whether Lorena Jaffrey was tall and slim or short and pleasingly plump and whether she was dark, or blond like himself, until one day he had asked the doctor point-blank.

"DARK," stated the doctor emphatically. "Dark eyes, dark hair, the slimness of the Jaffreys, the pride of the Jaffreys, a Jaffrey all through, although"—he had remembered something then with surprise—"although she isn't all Jaffrey at that. A bit of scandal there, my lad, which I had almost forgotten. Lorena's mother was the daughter of a merchant. The match was a misalliance, and I thought the shock would kill Madam Jaffrey."

He spoke of the night he had been called to Greenwood and had found Madam Jaffrey in hysterics, attended by three rolling-eyed yellow maids, with Felix Jaffrey sullenly pacing the floor and, in a corner of one of the great parlors, the new Mrs. Jaffrey, little, blond, young, looking about her with eyes which were half frightened by the bigness and strangeness of Greenwood.

"But the girl's all Jaffrey now," the doctor had concluded. "Both parents died before she was ten, and the old lady has reared her, without interference, in the Jaffrey standards."

All Jaffrey!

Looking across the kitchen at Lorena Jaffrey, standing as still as though she had been carved from marble, Andrew Bateman decided that the doctor was right about that. Not that he had ever seen any other of the Jaffreys, but because Lorena Jaffrey looked so exactly as though she had just stepped out of a portrait frame, race and type repeating as identically as peas in a pod.

Wishing to hear her voice, he spoke directly to her. "I am very glad to meet you, Miss Jaffrey."

Lorena Jaffrey moved, stepping farther into the room and speaking at last in a low voice which was not, he thought imaginatively, like a voice at all, but like a brief strain of music. "Thank you," she said gravely.

Cato came over and took the bottle of cream from his hands, and they stood, two serious young people, each looking briefly into another world.

At this point a querulous voice intruded upon the scene. "Bress goodness, Miss Loreny, what yo' grandma gwine say 'bout you standin' in this hot kitchen talkin' ter a strange young man?"

Docia, Cato's mahogany-colored wife, had come into the kitchen in all the glory of a stiffly starched white apron and with her head bound in a prized kerchief of brilliant colors which was religiously saved for state occasions.

Upon the huge wood stove in one corner various pots and pans bubbled appetizingly, and Docia proceeded to rattle their lids with angry and disapproving vehemence.

Andrew Bateman laughed. "But I'm not exactly a strange young man, aunty," he rallied. "Cato knows me, and Cato introduced me to Miss Jaffrey."

Docia sniffed audibly. "That ole fool ain't got any sense," she muttered; then, directly to Lorena, "Go set in de pa'lor wid yo' grandma, honey. Quality don't b'long in de kitchen."

Obediently the slim, dark girl turned to go. Andrew guessed that the old colored woman had been her nurse and that the girl was accustomed to obeying commands in that half-coaxing, half-peremptory voice.

When she had disappeared with a soft swaying of her ruffled white skirts, Docia spoke to Andrew. "Yo' done lef' yo' cream. Now yo' kin go."

It was undoubtedly a dismissal, and as obediently as the girl had disappeared Andrew obeyed the command, half indignant but wholly amused, hearing Cato's voice raised in protest as he went down the uneven brick walk.

The place was a complete ruin, with everywhere a tangle of weeds and rank vegetation. Hardly safe, that untamed luxuriance of growth which tried to reclaim the grounds into wilderness—a breeding place for snakes and other venomous things. At the thought of slim young ankles menaced by unwariness he was momentarily unhappy.

Mingled odors of mignonette, of jasmine, of honeysuckle, of lilac smote his nostrils with heavy sweetness.

WHAT a place it must have been when all this was garden instead of ruin! Ladies in thin muslin and lace mitts strolling down to the sundial—that must be the sundial.

Andrew paused and brushed aside clinging vines to read the motto inscribed upon its face: "Like time, all things pass." Melancholy truth and a sinister warning in that motto had been unheeded by the Jaffreys, whose proud glory had likewise passed.

The ruin of so much loveliness was so poignant to behold that Andrew understood the sadness of Doctor Embry's voice in recounting the vanished greatness of Greenwood.

It should be reclaimed, he thought. The world had all too little beauty, and beauty perishing cried aloud to him with a loudness to which he could not be entirely deaf. He would like to buy this old place and restore it to what it had been.

Andrew stood beside the sundial, considering the idea.

He could afford it. He had made money in this poverty-stricken region, this being another score his neighbors held against him. Greenwood could probably be bought for a song. The real expense would be in restoration.

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"NEVER," INFORMED MR. ANDREW. "BUT I AM VERY GLAD TO SEE HER NOW!"

The Lion Named Herbert

By ARTHUR T. MUNYAN

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

LIFE was Pierre's and Sherry's and the Crystal Room. Dana Sherrill's aim, like that of everyone else in her set, was to be seen, cited, photographed. Her name was always in the society notes, her face in the fifty-cent magazines, her costumes in the Sunday gravures. The ultimate goal was marriage, but the first and only imperative was being seen.

If she was noticed often enough, always animated, exquisite, evidently in demand, success was hers. Her life was a round of dainty exhibitions of herself, immaculately turned out, gay, a little provocative to men, sweet to dowagers. Dana Sherrill, charming, correct, desirable. That was the legend she created.

It was none too simple. Hairdresser, dressmaker, tea, charity committee, dinner dance, supper dance. Knowing where to go, with whom to be seen, what matrons' good opinion counted most; and knowing, above all, her men. There were stags, biological nonentities, who had to be kept in their place. They served to get her around, to clubs that were being taken up, to the talked-about shows. They also served, hovering in droves, to focus popularity upon her. Another certain group of bachelors were good escorts, and contributed to things. But H. Gary Webb, 3d, stood alone. It would have been suicidal to underestimate his importance—a polo referee, an usher at the most important weddings, a man famous for his luncheons and his shoes.

Thus, at twenty, Dana Sherrill was nervously slim, and beautiful in a delicate, cool way. She lived under a strain that kept her restive. Conversation with her was a random chatter, interrupted, inconsequent as a child's soliloquy, punctuated by her agonizing, soft laugh. Ceaseless animation in her voice gave it a timbre of tortured sweetness.

Summer at Lancaster this year came as a relief. Everybody was there, but there was less formality. Evening clothes were necessary only on occasion, such as a dance or a movie. Daytimes Dana went about in a rowdy rig of silk jersey, with scuffed golf shoes, and a scarf on her head to keep her wave. To be seen it was now only necessary to turn up, agreeably bored, at the Beach Club, Tennis Club and Lancaster Club at the usual hours. There was only one summer charity affair, a sort of revue now in rehearsal. The hit numbers of Broadway's past season had been discreetly looted.

Dana smiled as she pointed the nose of her car toward the main street of Lancaster. She was ridiculous this afternoon in gingham rompers of the kind worn by five-year-olds and by chorus girls, professional or amateur, at rehearsal. A good many absurdities, she was thinking, went into her days. There were times when a spark of rebellion blazed in the deep-brown centers of her topaz eyes.

She scarcely knew of a name for her wistfulness. It was a wayward discontent with the artifices of her life. What would happen if she tried doing as she pleased just once, and liking whom she pleased? The question became a challenge for an instant; then fled from her mind as the shoe on her left front wheel blew out.

She glanced in dismay at the ruin, thinking of the rig she wore. It had seemed safe enough to keep it on, just to dash out on an errand in the closed car. Half a block down the street there was a space at the curb and she limped toward it on the flat. A whistle sounded behind her. She must have run past the red light! Now she was in trouble!

The traffic officer sauntered over with his inevitable "Where d'y' think you're going?" Leaning on the open window beside her, he noticed her costume. "A kid, is it now?" he asked himself in surprise. "Or I dunno. Say, how old are you?"

"Twenty," she told him frigidly.

"Twenny," said he. "Yeh? Twenny." Then he seemed to place her; she was one of them. A smoldering class hate flamed up in him and became in his own mind a righteous indignation at rompers. Rompers outraged him. Unfortunately they were outside his knowledge of the law; however, he would find something that was not! "Where's y' license?"

She fished hopefully in the flaps of the car, without luck. "I thought I had it."

"Maybe y' left it in your clothes."

NOW a bright spot of color burned in each cheek. Her license must be under the front-seat cushions. To reach it she would have to get out of the car. A small crowd of gaping villagers watched proceedings from the sidewalk, their grins adding proof to the Frenchman's maxim that in the adversity of others there is something one finds not so hard to take.

At this pass a noiseless motor rolled alongside and a distinguished voice said, "Hello, what's wrong?" From the depths Dana looked up. There, in all his elegant masculinity, sat H. Gary Webb, 3d!

Gary Webb's arrival on any scene was so much more important than the scene itself that the whole situation now changed in an instant. Half-connected thoughts flashed through Dana's mind in the swift space of a second.

She always remembered Gary inadequately, so that actual sight of him always gave her fresh wonder. He was so correctly virile, like the man in the theater programs! Now, for an infinitesimal of time, she thought about him as a husband. What effect would her present predicament have on that glittering improbability? Would he be put out with her, or rather taken with her? Then her pride revolted at the abjectness of that. She thought: "Is he enough of a person to get me out of this mess? That's the question!" And she hoped he was. Not so much to get out as to find a person.

These things coursed through her mind in the interval of a second. Simultaneously she said: "Oh, Gary! I came out in these rehearsal things, and blew a shoe, and made a left turn, and lost my license somewhere, and I'm going to be in trouble, too, in a minute! Gary, can't you tell him that I really mean well?"

For an instant—long enough to savor the situation but not long enough to prolong her misery—he smiled. Then he flung open the door of his car. "Hop in here. I'll look for your license. It must be there somewhere."

IN A MOMENT it was over. Screened from the crowd, she slipped into the depths of Gary's car. He found and showed the missing paper, said two words to the officer, and climbed in beside her. Danger of humiliations and summonses was past, and Gary's expression was amused, admiring.

"Have you any idea how to sling a shoe?" she asked him.

"Not the dimmest. Leave it. We'll send a garage fellow after it. Now where? How's it for a dip and tea at the Beach Club? We could sneak you up to your bathhouse as you are."

She had caught his fancy, for the moment at least. But something within her refused to be ingratiating. Every girl she knew became simpering, theatrical, at sight of Gary Webb. Dana told herself that she would do without that or without him.

"I've got to get back to rehearsal. If I cut another I'm sunk, Gary. They'll kick me out of the soft-shoe number I just ruined myself buying a costume for!"

He nodded. Serious business first, naturally. "Look here! What are you doing this evening?"

"Callooh! Callay! Not a thing. Is anybody?"

"Is anybody ever? But we'll find something, you and I."

"All right, it's a date."

Legend had it that Gary Webb could not be booked! That evening as she dressed Dana could not help feeling an elation. At the same time she was aware of the sharpest dissatisfaction she had ever known. A vague yen was growing definite in her thoughts. To be spontaneous and human—even if only as an experiment, if the experiment might be shared spontaneously with someone else.

SHE WAS PANDORA, AND MYSTERY WAS UNENDURABLE, AND RESTRAINT A PROVOCATION

NOW CAME THE FINALE OF THE SHOW. A GRILL OPENED AND THE FORGOTTEN LION ENTERED THE ARENA. MOTORS ROARED AND SPAT; THE WHIP CRACKED; PISTOL SHOTS ECHOED AND FILLED THE NARROW SPACE WITH ACRID SMOKE

Her trivial adventure of the afternoon had given her just the needed touch of piquancy to set her a little apart from the others in Gary Webb's eyes. Now she could press her advantage. She knew the ropes. She had only to be seen with him repeatedly. Then comments, sly hints in the hinting weeklies, rumors, denials of an engagement, and finally: "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wakefield Sherrill . . . their daughter Dana Guest . . . Mr. H. Gary Webb, 3d." Thus was the empire maintained.

BUT that evening Dana Sherrill put on the oldest rag of an evening frock she owned. It was a short, clinging thing, months out of date. "Charming," said Gary absently.

"You know better," she told him. "You're wondering how it ever happened to be left out of the box that was sent to the suffering Armenians. Mere oversight, Gary. Or perhaps somebody thought they'd suffered enough. But where we're going it won't matter."

"Where's that?" They sat in the car under the dark porte-cochère, and he put one arm amiably about her shoulders. For a moment she entertained—and then stifled—an impulse to be kissed by a waxed mustache.

And she told herself inwardly: "Tonight I'll be sad, glad mad, bad—I'll be anything that's real! If he'll meet me halfway. Anything that isn't debutante-ish! Anything but that." She laughed softly to herself. "Tonight I'm incognito!"

She could have taken him, she knew, to Sans Souci and shown herself with him. Insanity to miss taking such a trick. Sans Souci was a road house, the summer equivalent of a night club. Everybody went there, when there was no other place to go, and played the roulette wheel. Sans Souci was almost an obligation—like the Lancaster Club. But not tonight!

Dana pointed. "I want to go over there! Please, Gary!"

Across the bay was a tent carnival, and for a week it had held the glamour of an unknown horizon for her. The still water, like a mirror of dull steel, reflected its flares and strings of colored lights. Snatches of music and a hum of merrymaking floated over on the breeze.

Gary did not demur, but he warned her, "It's a vulgar hive."

"I don't care. I want to be vulgar!"

"And full of fleas!"

"I've never seen a flea," she said wistfully.

He laughed and said she was adorable. "You're a darling, Dana. Oh, by the way—after I left you this afternoon I saw a puppy—so I bought him. For you. A little wire-haired fox terrier. I left him to be shampooed, but he'll be ready tomorrow."

"Gary, a square-ish one? Like a Noah's Ark puppy with whiskers? Who cocks his head on one side?"

"Very square-ish. And cocks his head till one eye is almost above the other!"

"Darling Gary!"

For just a moment she forgot and was a debutante again. Two debutantes. ("My dear, what a day! Have you been to Lucia's?" "Yes, wasn't it lovely! My dear, I've simply got to fly. I'm going to a little tea this afternoon. Come on, puppy!" "My dear, what a perfect lamb of a puppy! Wherev-er did—you get—him?" "Oh, Gary, you know. A little present." "Not Gary Webb! My dear!")

THEY reached the carnival by half an hour's drive round the shore road. A tenth-rate itinerant Coney Island, it turned out to be a rather meager affair. Dana was a little disappointed at first; she had dimly expected a sort of Edward German dance-tune atmosphere of simple joy. She concealed her chagrin and flung herself into whatever offered, darting from one booth to the next.

Gary laughed indulgently. She had popcorn and a hot dog, drank dubious messes in paper cups, collected a number of dolls and trashy objects by a profligate waste of dimes on the wheels of chance. Two very soiled little girls looked at her with popping eyes, and she filled their arms with her spoils.

She thought of something odd. Men like Gary, if they chose to gamble, went to a decent roulette wheel which took a mere five per cent of profit. They played, knowing what they were about. But these people here, who really needed their dimes, plunged hopefully and never stopped to think that these rackets scooped the ninety-five per cent end. She spoke of it to Gary.

"Yes. From him who hath not shall be taken even that which he hath. Let's leave these wheels and try some of the shows. Now here's some nice snakes. Well worth the price of admission, if you're fond of snakes."

A WOMAN in cotton finery, gold-toothed, inhumanly made up, twisted a very torpid reptile about her bare throat and arms.

Dana said no judicially. "Until they've been made into slippers I don't seem to care so much for pythons. What's over there?"

Across the midway a din was going on which promised something. She pulled Gary that way, and caught a snatch or two of the ballyhoo. "Defy the Laws of Gravitation! Risk their lives before your very eyes! Step up, ladies and gents, step up!"

On a platform behind the barker stood three young men with motorcycles. They looked out over the crowd with an air of princely ennui that was genuine and icy. The hauteur of the god of the machine. Behind them an elderly lion snoozed unhappily in a cage. Behind the platform loomed a cylindrical wooden structure.

"This is worth seeing," Gary nodded. "The ballyhoo man isn't lying—much."

The tall one of the three young men raced his motor free and yawned as the crowd winced at the backfires. Dana

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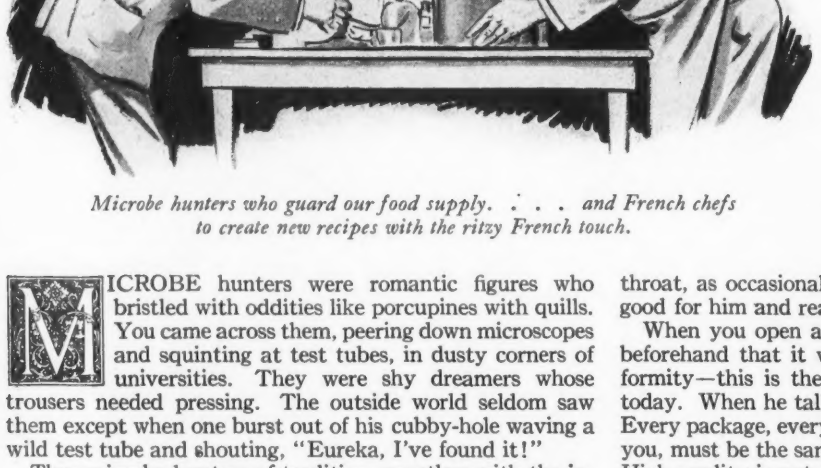
This New Era in Foods

Illustrated by Tony Sarg

By GOVE HAMBIDGE



Microbe hunters who guard our food supply. . . . and French chefs to create new recipes with the ritzy French touch.

MICROBE hunters were romantic figures who bristled with oddities like porcupines with quills. You came across them, peering down microscopes and squinting at test tubes, in dusty corners of universities. They were shy dreamers whose trousers needed pressing. The outside world seldom saw them except when one burst out of his cubby-hole waving a wild test tube and shouting, "Eureka, I've found it!"

Thus microbe hunters of tradition, wrestlers with the invisible who, as Paul de Kruif eloquently tells, first tracked down the microscopic hosts that bring disease and death.

Of the same breed but differently circumstanced are the microbe hunters who guard our food supply today. They, too, pit their brains against enemies more numerous than the stars, swarming enemies so small the eye cannot see nor the ear hear them. You find these guardians of a nation's food in sunlit laboratories of vast factories. Sometimes you find them, urbane, modern, trousers perfectly creased, laying down the law to hard-boiled boards of directors. This one-time shy dreamer, this microbe hunter, has in fact become indispensable to modern industry. He is beginning to be treated accordingly. Bank presidents have been known to bow to him. Magnates have solicited his judgment.

Peary went to the North Pole by dog sled, but Byrd took an airplane. Something like that has happened in the food industries. Today these business men are hand in glove with science. It is no longer possible for them to get along without their chemists and bacteriologists.

In the big factories these men guard each step of the manufacturing process from beginning to end. They test every bit of the raw material, and it is all bought on their say-so. They keep a hawk's eye on the finished product. What does not come up to their standards never reaches the public; out it goes, though it is measured by carloads.

In many companies—and this is becoming an axiom with the big fellows—these same scientists are called on to check all the advertising. Your advertising copy writer is a romantic optimist with an exuberant brain. He loves above all things to play with an idea. The scientist quietly pricks the bubbles and keeps him in line with fact.

Uniformity the Goal

A CEREAL company is trying out irradiated breakfast foods. These have been impregnated, to put it unscientifically, with that mysterious vitamin D which is found in egg yolk, cod-liver oil and sunlight. What a beautiful notion for a copy writer to juggle! But at the start cool scientific men behind this irradiation wrote out in one simple sentence what it is and what it may be expected to do. "Thus far you may go and no farther," they told copy writers. Another company bringing out a malt-and-milk drink which contains vitamin D submits its copy for check-up by a specialist in a university scientific school. Some advertising men themselves are prime movers in this new caution, aimed to prevent comebacks that undermine public confidence. Perhaps they realize that truth naked may be as attractive to the average man as fiction swathed up to the chin.

This is significant of the new era. But more striking is this extraordinary care taken to insure the use of pure ingredients, to produce foods of high quality. Go to factory after factory turning out widely distributed food products and the story is the same. It is taken for granted that no trouble is too great to secure the best. When it comes to making a laboratory analysis even of the paper in which your product is wrapped, and the wax that coats the paper, you are going some. Yet that very thing is by no means uncommon. They don't even boast about it any more.

Why all this trouble merely to produce a can of soup or a dill pickle, even granted that the soup is delicious and the pickle perfect? Common sense. The modern manufacturer with his immense public cannot afford to take chances. Suppose that, among several million cans of baked beans, some are not so good as others. Horrible to contemplate the results! A million of us turn up our noses and swear off that brand for life. Let a manufacturer get burned once that way, and he is ready to install a system of laboratory control. Even when science has to be forced down his throat, as occasionally happens, he soon realizes that it is good for him and readjusts his operations accordingly.

When you open a can of beans nowadays you are sure beforehand that it will have the old familiar taste. Uniformity—this is the passion of the food manufacturer of today. When he talks about it, there is a light in his eyes. Every package, every can, every jar of a product, he will tell you, must be the same as every other in flavor and quality. High quality is not enough; there must be absolutely uniform quality. And the only way to secure this uniformity, he knows, is by rigid scientific control.

Somebody ought to erect a monument to the rat.

Thus it is that bacteriologists are eternally on the alert for the little organisms that give food an off flavor. Thus it is that a manufacturer of oil from corn tests his product every hour in the making, and has a hundred points to be filled out on his inspection sheets. Thus it is that the big manufacturer goes beyond the standards of purity set by the Government or by the United States Pharmacopœia in buying his raw materials, and sets higher standards of his own. Thus it is that today the chemist is as mighty as the cook in making up recipes.

"Do you think we could depend on taste alone in making our tomato soup?" one man said. "Not on your life! Tomatoes vary in sugar and acid content from one season to another, even at different times in the same season. A tomato grown in California will be different in sugar and in acid from one grown in New Jersey. Even onions vary. In spite of these differences, our tomato soup must always be exactly the same through thousands of batches. We could not depend on so variable a thing as taste to secure the necessary delicate balance of ingredients. We analyze chemically the different things that make up the flavor—tomatoes, onions, what not—and we vary our recipe a bit here, a bit there, in accordance with what this analysis tells us."

Can any home cook tie that one? And how many households would take the trouble to make a vegetable soup, as this company does, using over a dozen different vegetables?

This same company has French chefs imported from Paris hotels to supervise its cooking, to test, to taste, to create new recipes with the ritzy French touch. But the man who started the company on its career to world-wide soup fame was himself a chemist, with a highbrow scientific education in Europe and America. He chose to make soup instead of teaching chemistry. He knew very well the value of science in the big kitchen.

A company whose products include catchup and tomato soup has factories set in the middle of tomato fields; the blushing fruit becomes soup while the dew is still on it. Seed, fertilizer, soil are studied for the sake of that tomato soup. Skilled plant breeders work constantly to produce strains nearer the ideal for soup; Mendel's laws of heredity have a practical bearing on the soup course at dinner. This company raises its own plants from its own pedigreed seed in its own greenhouses, distributes these plants to farmers to be grown for its product, and instructs the farmers in the subtler points of the tomato-growing art.

When I was a boy the climax of an evening's deviltry used to be a midnight visit to the town bakeshop. We found the bakers hard at work in the cellar, a gnomelike night-living race, ghostly with flour dust. I pass by certain unsanitary details observable in that cellar. The big bag of sticky jelly doughnuts we got for a dime and ate under the stars tasted good to us, and germs had hardly been invented then.

Quite a contrast with today. The modern bakery selling and advertising its products all over the country is a tiled, window-lined, sunlit sanitarium. Ingredients for bread go in at one end, and wrapped sealed loaves, perfectly baked, come out at the other without a finger having touched them. Small wonder the woman who bakes bread in her own kitchen is almost as extinct as the ichthyosaurus.

Bread and the Modern Miller

IT WAS no small job to develop the technic necessary for baking these millions of loaves of bread and having them all turn out absolutely the same day after day. It has involved close coöperation between engineer, chemist, bacteriologist, and constant study of every ingredient and every process; and that study is still going on. "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." There is enough science to the making of a loaf of bread to keep a man happily occupied all the days of his life.

Wheat, for example, is bought nowadays on chemical analysis. Every new crop from every section is a new problem. Blending to make a uniform grade of flour is in itself a complicated business. And then the flour must be tested for moisture content, quantity and quality of protein, bacterial count, mold infection, pH or acidity, action of enzymes, viscosity, plasticity, and I don't know what besides. The final test consists in baking up neat little loaves of bread in the laboratory, by which the expert judges the baking character of the flour. Yet only a short time ago wheat was bought and flour was made by the rough-and-ready sight-and-touch methods of the old-time miller. They were all right, too, but modern large-scale production has brought a change, made scientific accuracy absolutely necessary. The modern miller would lose his shirt, and his shoes and trousers as well, if he tried to do business in the old-fashioned way.

The baker carries on his tests, and everyone who makes anything that goes into bread does the same. One of the big yeast companies maintains a traveling school for bakers which goes round the country holding classes in various cities. Not only the millers of flour, but the producers of shortening, milk, even salt, are on the job to give the baker a

Manicurists busy all day . . . keeping in condition the hands of everyone in the plant who must touch food.

hand. So are such organizations as the American Association of Cereal Chemists, the American Society of Bakery Engineers, the American Dry Milk Institute, the Association of Official Agricultural Chemists and the American Institute of Baking; the last runs a thoroughgoing bakery school. They all contribute something to your daily loaf of bread. It ought to be a good loaf. And still the problems are not all settled; some of the things that happen in this bread mixture remain tantalizing mysteries, and the scientist's work will go on and on. A man with a profound knowledge of yeast tells me, honor bound, that a little group of scientists out in the University of Cincinnati are applying some of Einstein's ideas in a way that may affect bread making.

It is possible that home cake making will follow home bread making to oblivion. The surface has only been scratched so far, but big bakers are putting sharp brains to work on cake, and some excellent products can now be purchased off the grocer's counter. Sometimes the recipe is printed on the box for the home expert to see and criticize. Could anything be fairer?

Science the Handmaiden of Industry

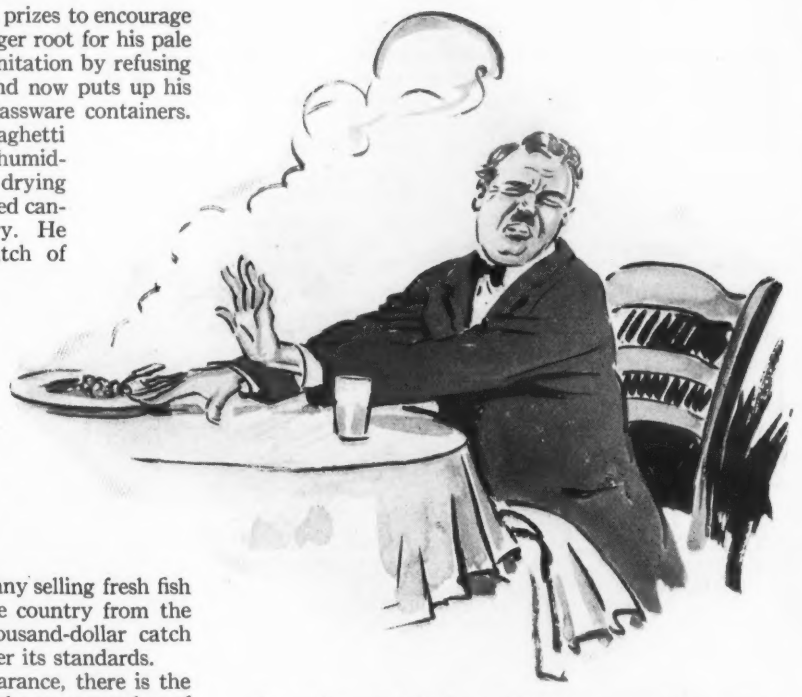
CANNERS are among the most assiduous students of science. They have to be. A technical treatise on heat penetration in canning looks like an exercise in higher mathematics; in fact, it is. The National Canners' Association in 1926 established a laboratory on wheels to help the canners solve their problems. This is a big truck outfitted with all the apparatus the laboratory man needs, and manned by chemists and bacteriologists. A hurry call comes from some factory; something has gone wrong, no one knows just why. The big wheeled laboratory rolls up to the door, its crew goes over that factory with a fine-tooth comb, they have that difficulty settled in a few hours or days of intensive work. Thus these motoring microbe chasers, who perhaps cover 14,000 miles in a season, recently found the source of certain troublesome microscopic blobs called by the jaw-breaking name of obligate anaërobic facultative thermophilic bacteria. These violate all the rules of ordinary living by never being really happy and prolific except in places where there is no oxygen to breathe and the temperature is as hot as Hades.

North, East, South and West you find this same safeguarding care to produce uniform products of high quality. A national coffee distributor makes a 36,000-mile trip through South America by mule and river boat to line up the best coffee growers for his brand. A maker of spicy sauces, catchup, worcestershire, tabasco, sends his buyers all the way to steamy Singapore or wherever necessary to select the cream of the spice crop when he might be satisfied with what he can get in the American market. A ginger-ale bottler keeps agricultural experts on the job in Jamaica and offers prizes to encourage the growing of especially nice bold ginger root for his pale dry ginger ale. Another pioneers in sanitation by refusing to take back used ginger-ale bottles, and now puts up his beverage in nothing but brand-new glassware containers.

A firm making a popular brand of spaghetti washes, filters, dries and automatically humidifies the air that goes into the spaghetti drying rooms. A maker of nationally distributed candies does the same throughout his factory. He makes photomicrographs of every batch of chocolate. Experts call on this man to find out how he can make chocolate of so high a grade at so low a price.

A firm whose brand is a household name has manicurists busy all day every day keeping in condition the hands of everyone in the plant who must touch food. Most of the big fellows have doctors and nurses on hand to look after the health of workers. A flavoring-extract firm sticks to an expensive and slow method of making vanilla because they believe it gives a little better product. A company selling fresh fish fillets and marketing them all over the country from the Atlantic Seaboard dumps an eight-thousand-dollar catch overboard because it seems a little under its standards.

Even in the matter of uniform appearance, there is the same care. A pickle manufacturer puts the same number of baby cucumbers in every one of millions of pickle jars, and, moreover, puts them all in in exactly the same positions. In Somaliland or Antarctica you would be able to identify this brand without the label, just by the pickle pattern.



The modern manufacturer with his immense public cannot afford to take chances. Suppose that, among several million cans, some are not so good as others. . . . A million of us turn up our noses and swear off that brand for life.

Most of the big fellows have doctors and nurses on hand to look after the health of workers.

The youngsters who got it from a can were as husky and well nourished as their bottle-fed brothers and sisters.

"Here is one on me," a chemist in a root-beer plant remarked. "When I first came to this place I had the idea that of course I would be called on to use all kinds of synthetic substitutes. I got a pleasant shock when I found I was all wrong. Our root beer is made entirely from selected plant roots and bark, with vanilla which we extract from the vanilla beans ourselves, pure cane sugar for sweetness and pure caramelized sugar for color. We have our own sugar plant in Cuba.

"Once I had the bright idea that we could save a pile of money—which we could—by using vanillin instead of making our own vanilla extract. A pound of vanillin at $6.25 could replace fifty pounds of vanilla beans, costing $225. I went in, all excited about it, to the chief.

"I never saw him so hopping mad. He glared. He pounded on the desk till the ink jumped out of the inkwell. 'I won't have any of that stuff in this plant!' he shouted. 'And what's more, young man, I am seriously thinking of getting someone else for a chemist who will be more in sympathy with what I'm trying to do around here!' I piped down on vanillin after that."

Incidentally the control of so apparently simple a product as root beer offers nice problems in chemistry—not for the man who makes it in a small way in a tenement cellar, but for the company with root-beer ideals and mass production.

Technical control for purity and quality and uniformity keeps the scientific staff pretty busy. But they are also busy all the time searching for new products and for ways to improve existing products.

They keep a weather eye out for everything new in science that might mean an improvement for them. One bacteriologist tells me, for instance, that he is putting a lot of time on the possible use of beneficial bacteria in the curing of meats, just as pure cultures of bacteria are used in making butter and producing various cultured milks. Another spent months at the strange job of analyzing smoke. He found that smoke has certain ingredients that are preservative, certain others that produce flavor, and others again that he calls harmful. He invented a method that would automatically separate these ingredients in smoke and eliminate the ones he did not want. When this man smokes haddock, he does a nifty scientific job.

"We try out perhaps three hundred new products a year," one laboratory man said, "and once every ten years we find one good enough to add to our line." But new products do keep coming out all the time. Sometimes it takes long, slow work to develop them; then there is usually a considerable period of trial in selected communities before they are widely advertised, as theatrical producers try out a play in the sticks before it goes to Broadway.

A firm making a new flaked-rice cereal mulled over this idea and worked on it for some twenty years, and only now have it ready to market on a large scale, after complete laboratory and feeding experiments. Another firm spent a good five years developing a method of cooking whole boned ham in the tin before they decided it was ready to be put on sale nationally. A cereal company spent ten years developing a new breakfast food of puffed hollow squares.

A company selling citrus fruits worked four years to find the right way to can grapefruit juice. A cheese company with a reputation for pioneering is putting out a combination of cheese, milk sugar and milk minerals on which laboratory scientists poured much thought and energy. A yeast company with laboratories that would do credit to any university turned these men loose on the production of a new protein food made from yeast, perhaps an opening gun in the much-discussed chemical food supply of the future. A man up in Boston has been working and dreaming for the past year on three new babies not yet publicly born—a banana malted-milk powder, a banana-and-bran cereal, and a banana flour made by new methods of his own.

It is not always science that produces these new foods. Sometimes it is æsthetics. Some of the meat packers, knowing the part the eye plays in hunger as well as in love, are getting out new kinds of fancy ready-to-eat meats gay with green pickles and pistachio nuts and red pimientos.

The Manufacturer's Enlightened Selfishness

CERTAIN sentimentalists give the impression that solicitude for the public is what keeps the manufacturer so very careful, so very much on his toes. This is hooey. Modern industry is founded on service, but this is not because manufacturers suddenly became swollen with the milk of human kindness. Service is good business. Just so high wages and economic security are desirable because they keep the wheels of industry moving by enabling large numbers of us to buy the manufacturers' products. There are sound business reasons for speeding along the arrival of the millennium.

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Mirrors for Charm

By CORNELIA CONGER

PHOTOGRAPHS IN NATURAL COLOR BY W. O. FLOING

UNDOUBTEDLY some exasperated husband was driven to invent the first mirror. Can't you imagine the scene? He waited impatiently outside for his aboriginal mate to join him to go to some prehistoric gathering, and when she emerged from the smoky depths of their tent he exclaimed irritably, "Just look at yourself! Your garland is cocked over one eye"; and she wearily responded, "But darling, don't you see it is so windy that I couldn't see a thing in the pond in the forest—it was nothing but ripples. I should think you could use a little ingenuity and rig me up a reflecting pool indoors." So he burnished the first sheet of polished metal for her to gaze into.

"To see ourselves as others see us" was the primal urge for mirrors, and for that purpose woman avails herself instinctively of every bit of glass she encounters, from the vast sheets of the show windows in our shops to the miniature pocket mirror in her purse.

But the use of mirrors to enhance the charm of our homes is one of those happy combinations of wedding utility to beauty that is an unfailing satisfaction to feminine psychology. Much has been done in recent years to develop their possibilities both for giving a fictitious sense of spaciousness to the small room—now that space is at a premium—and also to give brightness and gayety to a dark and dull one. How this simplifies the woman's task! If she longs for an especially lovely mirror she does not need to dilate upon its æsthetic possibilities to her husband to obtain his consent to the purchase. She simply has to state, "It will make the living room seem twice as large." Or "It will cheer up that poky little hall." Therefore, as spaciousness and cheer are essential to the masculine ideal of home, consent is given with alacrity.

What is the special contribution that a mirror can make to each room in the house? In the entrance hall,

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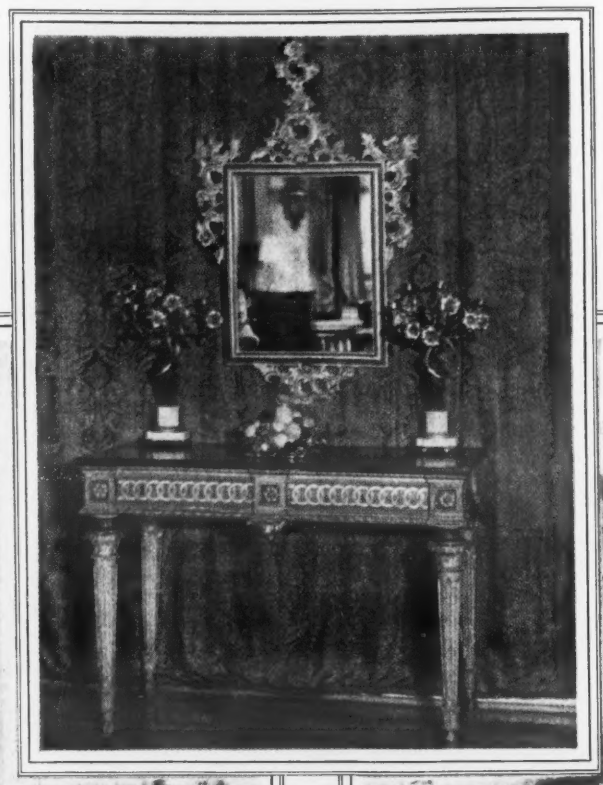
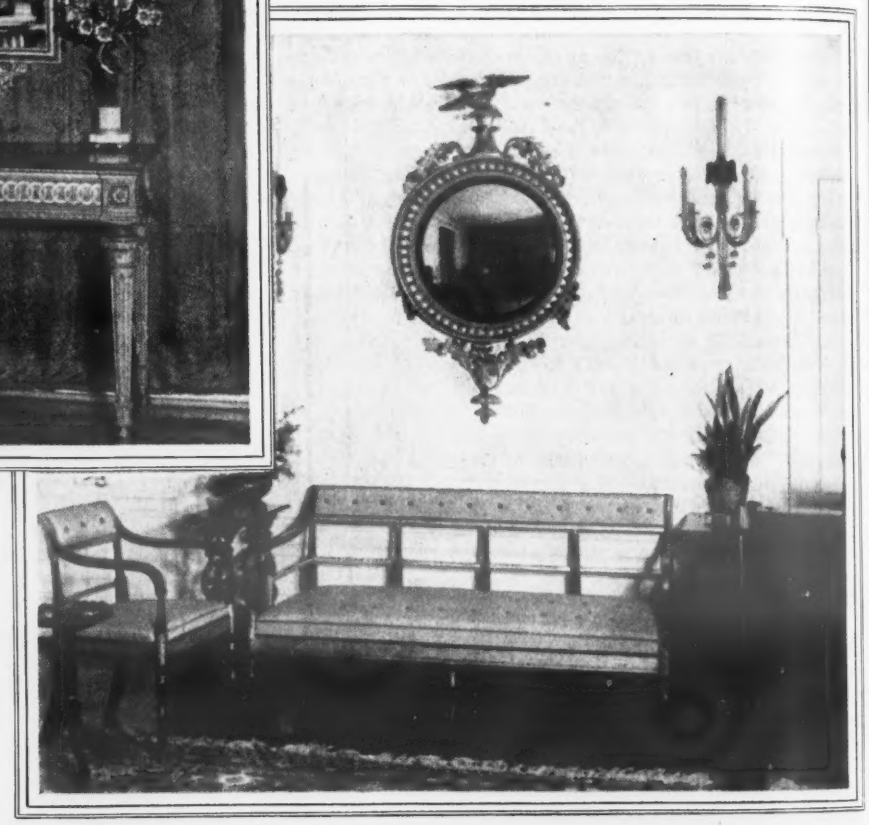
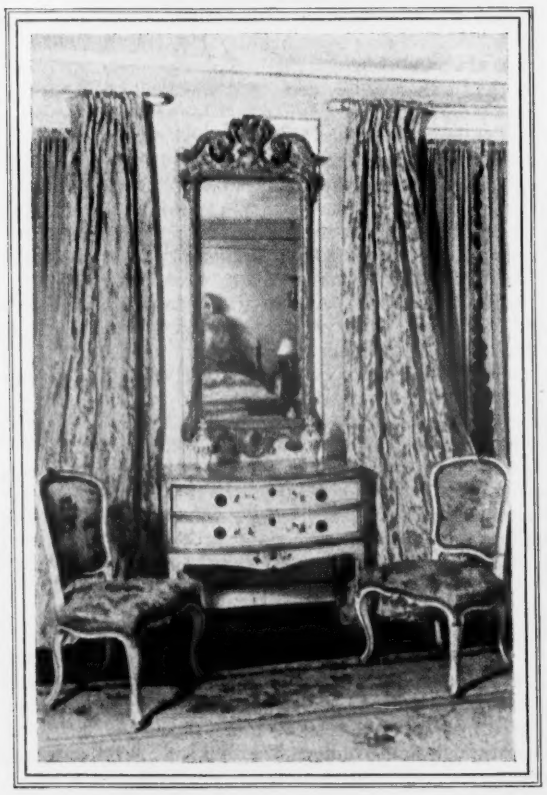




Left above—Louis XV trumeau above a Louis XIV commode. Courtesy of Mrs. I. Newton Perry.

Center above—Baroque Spanish mirror against old Italian damask. From the drawing-room of the author.

Right above—Convex mirror, Regency, above settee which belonged to Raeburn. Courtesy of Mrs. Clive Runnells.



Early Georgian mirror between windows in bedroom, illustrating how beauty and utility may be wed. Courtesy of Mrs. Robert Rutherford McCormick.

End of dining room in the Directoire manner lined with etched mirror. Courtesy of Mrs. Charles Harrington Chadwick.

The use of a very large mirror over a dressing table to enlarge a small room and a mirror top to give a brilliant reflecting surface. From the home of the author.

"MRS. GREELEY, I'M AFRAID I MUST TRY TO MAKE YOU CARE!"

Young Mrs. Greeley

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

Illustrated by George Wright

XIV

FOR coffee the gentlemen remained at the table, smoking, while the ladies withdrew to a room of palatial spaciousness with walls painted a faded apple-green and an elaborately colored, paneled ceiling upheld by tall pilasters of dull gold. The faintly gleaming parquetry floor had no rugs and at one end of the room were two magnificent pianos of the type recognizable to Stella as concert grand; but the lustrous darkness of these two great cold shapes was warmed by a glowing presence near them. An old Venetian cabinet, lofty and capacious, showed forth in a faded gorgeousness that once had been too gay in red and green and blue and gold but now was happily mellowed by a couple of centuries; and it was to this receptacle that Mrs. Cooper led Mrs. Leahart and Mrs. Raymond, the wife of the ruddy young man who liked Matisse.

"I'll show you two those missals my husband spoke of having collected," the hostess said, "and those old loose sheets of Gregorian chants. Crystal knows them by heart and she and I have tried to play them over together any number of times. Besides, she must be about ready to stretch herself out on two chairs, I should think, after the dissertation she gave us upon the relation of folk songs to jazz. Help me, will you?" As she spoke, she began to take from the cabinet heavy old volumes bound in brown and ponderous portfolios stuffed with yellowed sheets of music; the two ladies assisted her to spread these out upon a table, and then, seating themselves beside it, began to examine the music and to chatter busily among themselves, a group sufficiently detached.

STELLA, at the other end of the room, thought that she had been purposely left to herself, and for a moment this seemed the last straw; then she perceived to her great surprise that she had not been left to herself, but in the care of Miss Crystal Nelson.

"Let's sit down where we can't even hear them," Crystal said affably and, alluding to a chair that she pushed toward the stiff and staring guest, she continued, "There, that was made in the reign of a dainty old French king, and it looks charmingly appropriate to you." She moved another chair close to it and set a slim table between them. "We can put our coffee on that, when it comes, and be quite comfortable. Shan't we sit down?" Then, as she set the example suggested and Stella followed it, she laughed. "Laura Cooper, over there, is perfectly happy showing those women thousands of little black squares made by a lot of old monks as notes for the musical scale. I'm glad this room's sixty feet long, aren't you? I do think we've had about enough music for one evening, and I'd rather talk N. K. U. for a change, wouldn't you, Mrs. Greeley?"

"Not necessarily," Stella returned. "I guess I don't have to talk about the N. K. U., Miss Nelson. There *are* a few other subjects I'm familiar with, I believe!"

Her tone was not encouraging; but Crystal Nelson showed no sign of being repelled by it. "Laura's a dear, of course," she said. "And so is he, too, for that matter. Such warm-hearted, kindly, real people! They're tremendously interested in your husband, Mrs. Greeley, and so is everybody else in the N. K. U., naturally. We all feel proud of him that he's made such a splendid start in his new position; but then of course we all knew that he was just the man for it—Mr. Cooper particularly, because he's been watching Mr. Greeley for a long time, always with increasing faith in him. You must be immensely proud of him, Mrs. Greeley."

This assumption was too much for Stella; she was unable to fall in with it. "Me? Proud of him?" she said coldly. "Oh, I don't know."

"But of course you are," the smiling Crystal assured her warmly. "You're just putting on airs with me about it, Mrs. Greeley."

"What!"

"Of course you're proud of him," Crystal insisted, and she laughed placatively. "Here's your coffee." And then when the two small cups had been placed upon the table and the colored man who brought them had withdrawn, she laughed again. "Mr. Greeley's so good, so simple and true, and yet so tremendously intelligent and energetic in his work that I know in your heart you feel ——"

BUT Stella was unable to contain herself any longer. "You don't! You don't know anything about what I feel in my heart. I wouldn't be very likely to show anything I felt in a place like this, and before the kind of people Mr. Cooper's got here to-night, would I?" And she turned toward Crystal a hot face; angry tears stood in her eyes. "Would anybody show what was in their heart before such a lot of highbrow, frozen-face ——"

"Mrs. Greeley!" Crystal leaned forward, protesting in a gentle voice. "It's too bad; but I was afraid you felt a little like that. You mustn't ——"

"Why mustn't I? What have you got to do with it?"

"You poor thing," Crystal said, and her tone was so patently one of genuine and friendly compassion that Stella listened. "You mustn't think it of us, Mrs. Greeley. I've

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Clay Versus Transportation

By David Thibault

Illustrated by Raymond G. Sisley

"A BARGAIN'S A BARGAIN. GOT THE MONEY?"
"I GOT TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS OF IT"

"I DON'T see why we can't have a car like everybody else." Clay's voice was a little dogged. He stirred his iced tea aggressively and avoided looking at Jake, who read souls to his own wicked ends. "Even a common laborer has a car nowadays."

All major, minor and intermediate crises in the Prather household were fought out at the dinner table, over which Cissily, the elder sister, presided. Cissily had mothered the turbulent group since the death of both parents years before. Clint was big brother and nominal head of the family. Jake, Mary and Clay, born in the order named, made up the rest of the family circle, which sometimes had more angularity than circles are supposed to have. Clay was seventeen, because one must be before reaching a more desirable age.

"All right, Clay," Clint suggested curtly, "buy a car with the money you make this vacation. It's yours, you know. You can get a secondhand one that will nearly run for a hundred dollars."

"You can get 'em cheaper than that right here in New Orleans," Clay responded too swiftly. "They're selling some of 'em as low as ninety-five dollars—so new, some of 'em, that you still smell the paint when the engine gets hot."

Jake suddenly fixed Clay's eyes and smiled with complete and soul-killing comprehension. "So you've been nosing round the used-car lots? You've had better sense than to make a deposit on any of those busted-up frames, I hope."

"Who, me?" Clay glared across at his brother and reddened. "I know better than to start anything progressive in this family. Why, even a common laborer has a car. You and Clint would let Cissily and Mary walk forever. It looks like you'd have some sense of pride, or something."

"What did he make you put up to hold it?" Jake's smile spread as his blue eyes gimleted in and in. "Five bucks?"

"Who, me? You think I don't know you and Clint better than to do anything progressive hopin' you'd help any?" It had been exactly five bucks. Therefore Clay was doubly resentful.

"You've said that already," Clint reminded him. "We believed you the first time—didn't we, Jake?"

"Yeah. All the same I bet you Clay's been nosing around those used-car places on Baronne Street."

"LET him nose." Clint rolled his napkin methodically. "His nosing won't hurt anybody but whoever's fool enough to sell him a car."

"I'll bet you"—Clay paused and really believed that he was looking reflective and calm—"I'll bet you money neither of you would help out one penny on a car, if somebody just about practically almost nearly bought it and gave it to the family."

"Why this big itch about the well-worn family?" Clint queried.

"Because if you and Jake ain't got any pride seeing your sisters walk, I have." Clay glared at his elder brother. "Why, even a common laborer has a car nowadays."

"No, I haven't any particular pride seeing my sisters walk," Jake admitted placidly; "though both of 'em are pretty high steppers, considering how they've spent the last fifty years moanin' for a car to ride in." Cissily and Mary laughed; but that cut Clay only a little, since his chivalry, quite real while he gave it utterance, still had the taint of an ulterior motive.

"Sometimes I get sick of it all," he volunteered, twisting his mouth expressively. "Everybody has a car, but we've done without things so long we don't even miss 'em."

"I've noticed we don't," Clint drawled. "You're talking so big—why don't you save your money this vacation and next, and then you can get you a secondhand flivver?"

"'This vacation and next!' My lord, won't any of us be living! But then, we don't live anyhow. Other folks do; we just exist. Why, even a common laborer has a car." Clay's highly specialized pleading was not merely propaganda; throughout his convulsive efforts, deep within, certain experience-burnished reactions were gauging family temperature upon this matter of a car. The returns were about all in now, and he was willing to concede defeat. His diaphragm registered the same stress it had registered years ago to Cissily's firm No in the matter of pie and such.

And just as then he had always asked at least once after the ultimate ashes of hope were burned out, so now he turned on Clint and demanded sullenly, "What if I make a payment on a car with what I'm making now?"

"NOT much you won't!" Clint shot back. "Any money that's to be wasted around here can just go for something better to eat and wear than a secondhand car. Get that straight for this time and the next time."

Clay kicked back his chair, his eyes dry and hot with the adolescent tear hunger. "All right! Let 'em walk! Let everybody laugh at them on the street! I knew how it would be, if anybody started anything progressive around here. You don't care what becomes of your sisters or what everybody thinks of them. When even a common ——"

"Laborer?" Jake supplied softly. "Why, Clay, my son, you're a regular little Socialist."

"Who, me? Well, even they have cars, some of 'em; but we don't. I know it's funny to you and Clint, but everybody don't feel the same way when they see their sisters walking ——"

"How about when they see somebody else's sisters walking?" Jake asked with engaging earnestness. "Or on roller skates, or in baby buggies, for instance?"

Clay whitened, his slim body tense. (He'll dash off through the door now, thought the family in chorus.) "I just wanter say ——"

"That even a common laborer has a car?" Jake suggested helpfully.

"Shut up!"

"Clay!" Cissily tried hard not to laugh aloud. "Don't holler that way."

"All right!" Clay wheeled upon her. "If you and Mary want to keep on walking, it's all right with me." He left. His course through the trembling house could be distinctly traced by slammed doors, bumped furniture and tragic footfalls. (I'm creeping off like a poisoned rat, taking my bitter disappointment with me, mocked by those I would help.) But to those whom he would help his departure sounded much more like an elephant hastening to a hot date through impenetrable jungle.

CLAY had no particular flair for mathematics. But three vacation months' work in the shipping department of Holderman's department store supplied a sum of money which had at least the advantage of being easily and quickly accounted for. He realized this next day, when he was whipping off his overalls in the washroom and feverishly preparing for his visit to the Baronne Street used-car emporium.

Let's see: This was August twelfth. Pay day would be day after tomorrow—no, the day after that. He had drawn from the bank his savings account of twenty-five dollars, and in his pocket were three dollars and fifteen cents besides. He could cut out picture shows and maybe trim his lunches down. He could get by easy until the fifteenth. The twenty-five would hold the car until the fifteenth. Then he could easy put ten dollars more in. Ten and twenty-five's thirty-five, and the five he had deposited with the dealer made forty dollars.

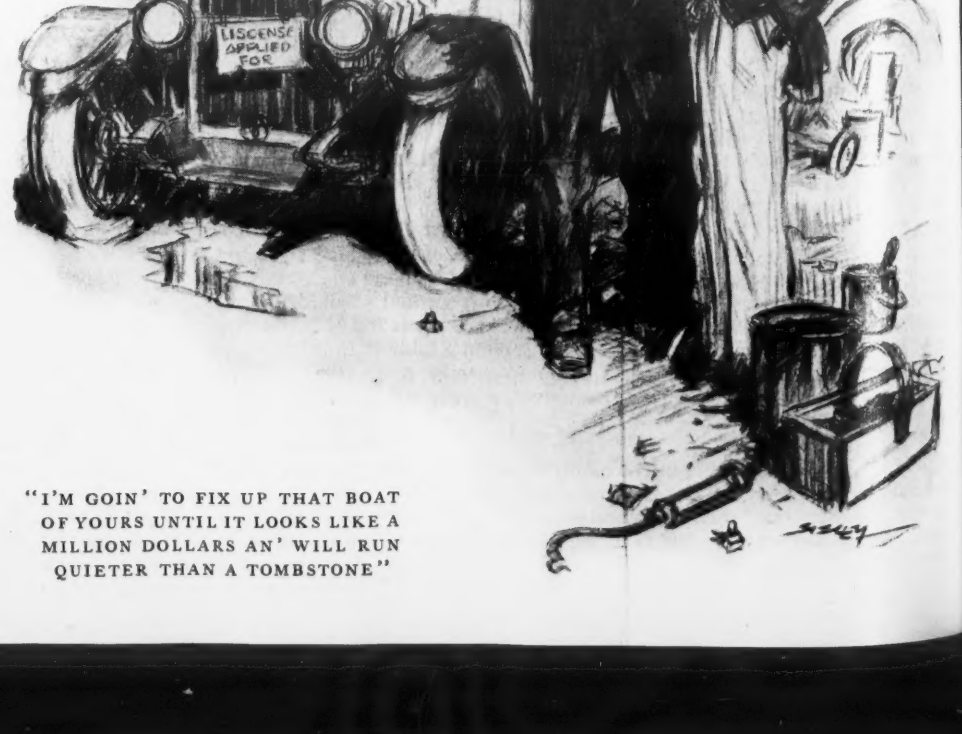
There would be one more pay day after that; then high school opened. He could easy put nearly about almost practically all of his last salary into the car. Just say all of it, to make the figuring easy. Forty and fifteen's fifty-five dollars ——

Clay's agreement with Clint was that the vacation earnings should be Clay's without comment or cavil but that he must purchase from them a new suit, a pair of shoes and six shirts. Clint loyally furnished whatever else was needed. In fact, he furnished more than he himself ever suspected in the way of surreptitiously borrowed ties, handkerchiefs and collars.

Recalling this feudal contract was no more than a passing shadow upon the luster of Clay's optimism. Getting the car was the thing. After that it seemed to him they would all be so happy nothing else would matter much; and somehow money troubles way off that way didn't seem to be hard to handle, like those that were right on you.

He reached the used-car lot on Baronne Street at twelve-thirty precisely.

"If one man's tried to buy that car since this time yesterday," the stubby Mr. Blocke greeted him, "I'll bet yer two



"I'M GOIN' TO FIX UP THAT BOAT OF YOURS UNTIL IT LOOKS LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS AN' WILL RUN QUIETER THAN A TOMBSTONE"

"ALL RIGHT!" CLAY WHEELED UPON HER. "IF YOU AND MARY WANT TO KEEP ON WALKING, IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME"

hundred has." He wedged his hands deeper into his pockets, and the top button of his trousers registered the strain. "But I held her for yer, just like I would for the Prince of Wales. A bargain's a bargain. Got the money?"

"I got twenty-five dollars of it. That makes thirty, counting my deposit. I want to talk to you about the rest." The exigencies of the case, the heroic yearning for self-expression as it can only come through motor ownership, swept from Clay his usual diffidence. He clipped his words right out and gave the pocket-manacled salesman eye for eye.

"Terms? Didn't say anything about terms yesterday."

"You said your customers could make their own price. I took your price—ninety-five dollars—and put up five dollars. So you oughter let me have some kind of terms. Besides, I'll pay you the twenty-five spot cash."

"Well —— What prospects yer got of paying the rest?"

"I'm working till high school starts. I'll get paid on the fifteenth; I can turn over ten dollars to you then. At the end of the month I can pay you fifteen more. Then I kinda expect my family will be sure to take over the payments."

"Oh, your family will! Say, can you drive?"

"Who, me? Sure. Why?" This was true; Clay had spent one ecstasy-crowded month on the Gulf Coast with the son of a family far wealthier than the house of Prather. He had learned to drive several kinds of cars. It was then the itch to own had been implanted.

"I kinda thought we might work out some scheme that'd make it so you could work out maybe a part of what you owe on this car. See?"

"Who, me? I'd like it, if you can figure out some way."

"WELL, look here: I'm manager of this section of our used-car department, see?" The salesman swung his head upward and outward in a gesture toward the huge sign which streamed across the three lots devoted to rows upon grim rows of meretriciously painted vehicular carcasses. "I'm always havin' work done at a garage up on Millaudon Street, see? If you could come to work a hour sooner in the morning and run up there in your flivver and bring out any car that's been worked on, you could help. You could leave your car up there and drive one from here evenings to get your own, see? I could allow yer maybe three dollars a week. Whadyer say?"

"All right. Say ——"

"You say it," encouraged Mr. Blocke.

"Could I leave my car up there in that garage? I haven't any place at home fixed up yet." It had occurred to Clay that it would be very injudicious to ask Clint to build a garage for a car the purchase of which he had expressly forbidden.

The small eyes of the sawed-off Mr. Blocke twinkled. "You gettin' this boat as a kind of surprise for the family, ain't yer?"

"Who, me? Well, kinda that. Anyway, we haven't a garage yet."

"Suits me. It's Higgins' place, but there's oceans of room, an' you're welcome to park her there every night. How'll three dollars a week look to yer?"

"All right, I guess." The arrangement was a windfall to Clay. He foresaw no reason why he could not continue to earn that three dollars a week even after school started.

That evening Clay made his first trip to the Millaudon Street garage, driving a sporty runabout which seemed to him peerless in every respect. The uptown garage was a ramshackle frame building which had once housed a neighborhood store of some kind, and Clay believed the place deserted until his knock brought out a tall, stooped tapeworm of a man who smiled behind an irregular picket fence of tobacco-stained fangs. "All right, buddy! All right! Mr. Blocke phoned about you. Wait'll I open up these doors. Drive her in. I know all about 'em, but I hate to drive 'em."

The talk went on, but Clay missed some of it by racing the engine of the car preparatory to driving in. He was to learn that Mr. Higgins' talk always went on.

Inside was the equipment common to the devious industry of finding things wrong with motor cars and fixing them.

"I'm Higgins," Clay's new acquaintance volunteered. "I fix 'em up, and Mr. Blocke, he sells 'em. Mr. Blocke's some talker, ain't he? An' smart as a whip. All his cars come here for reconditioning."

"I guess maybe you fixed up a little touring car I bought there today," said Clay, describing as temperately as possible The Car.

Mr. Higgins seemed slightly embarrassed. He even missed a word in his monologue but used the epochal hiatus in disposing of the product of his tobacco chewing. "W'y, that one wasn't —— I mean it was in such good shape mechanically, understand, that I just gave her a dost of paint for luck. I ain't worked on it; but I know the car. I go out the back way, an' if you don't mind, will you close the front doors and lock 'em? It's a spring lock."

A CONSTANT finger upon the pulse of family opinion throughout the remaining twenty days of vacation warned Clay Albert Prather that The Car must remain a secret ecstasy, a hidden vice, for an indefinite period.

He still drove cars back and forth at the behest of Mr. Blocke, and he had earned the undying friendship of Mr. Higgins through having one day found and returned the mechanic's pocketbook. That these things and the possession of the car remained so long unknown to the family was a source of felicitation to Clay throughout the remainder of a long life. But successful as the enterprise was in fact, there was a Dead Sea fruit quality in it; for neither his most skillful propaganda nor his finest and most furious eloquence moved the family one jot toward acceptance of the hypothetical car constantly offered them with such enthusiasm "just for argument's sake, we'll say."

"You monkey," Mary blazed at him after his last magnificent effort, "if you could keep your mouth shut maybe we might get a car. Clint's weakening. Any fool could see that. Then you have to go talk to him about sense of duty and common laborers having cars. And you ought to know nothing we two younger ones ever start is right."

Mary was twenty and an unblushing turncoat in family politics. Her succeeding apostasies were always managed with charm and logic; her instinct for victory was perfect.

Clay treated her temporary allegiance with proper contempt. "Weakening! He hasn't failed once to shoot off his head about the expense and the danger, and all the rest of those Spirit of '76 arguments."

"Of course he has—because he's weakening, I tell you. He wasn't that way about your tuxedo, was he, or about my

(Continued on Page 106)

Modern Stuff

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

Illustrated by Grant Reynard

A HAPPY home had been wrecked in a day. In an hour! Osgood, lost and bewildered, fumbled for his bearings in the chill fog that had replaced the normal home atmosphere and breathed hard through a mouth that hung heavily open under sick, hurt eyes. His handsome head, usually so contentedly up, sagged on his short neck, his shoulders were rounded humps. And wrecked by what ought to have been the best possible news. That was what Osgood could not get over. Wrecked by good fortune!

It was the morning after his Aunt Georgia's funeral, and he was not going to town, as they were both expected to hear the will read at ten o'clock. This was purely a formality, as he and his aunt had been on frigid terms for years. A childish woman who could not stand being set right, not even when she served mayonnaise with alligator pears or bid no trumps with two singletons. The rest of the family had kowtowed to her and would get their reward. All right—they could have it. He was not pretending any grief, and Alice had seen little of her, as she could not go where her husband was not welcome. The leisurely breakfast together should have been a pleasant occasion, a little holiday.

And for once Alice might have produced a flawless meal! But breakfast was just as usual. She served the eggs underdone and the coffee too weak—the day before the eggs had been overdone and the coffee too strong. It was funny that after cooking his meals for five years she could not get them just right. Osgood dwelt on that at some length when she had made fresh coffee. He had insisted on eating the eggs, though he let her see that he found them distasteful. They could not afford to throw away eggs.

"Why can't you learn to do things exactly?" he asked, judicially but without temper. He was tried, but he could swear that he had never been ill-natured with her. "I work hard all day, my meals should be right. That isn't much to ask, is it?"

Alice was watching the electric toaster, which had burned the first two pieces while she made fresh coffee. She did not dispute it, but her vague "I'm sorry, dear," sounded inattentive. Osgood insisted on his point.

"IF YOU could learn to be more efficient, I could bring my friends home more freely," he pointed out—not at all unkindly. "I'm hospitable. I like to say, 'Come on home with me.' But I can't count on what I shall find. There is always some dish that is not just right, that I have to apologize for. Last time, the tomato bisque ——"

"Hadn't enough salt," she put in, and sighed. "And the time before the stuffed potatoes were chilled. I know—I'm a frightful disappointment to you, Osgood."

He could not honestly deny it. "But you need not be," he told her. "If you aim at perfection, refuse to be satisfied with anything less ——"

"But I haven't any gift for cooking," she said, which was a clear evasion. He was not asking her to be gifted; simply to be exact. "If I went to work, I might earn us a cook," she added, but without much conviction. "Surely there is something that I could do well. I have brains, Osgood."

His hand went up like a bear's paw to end that. "Mrs. Osgood Findlay does not go to town every day and work for other men! Besides, you are too inaccurate for a business office. Dinner is not on the moment of seven once a week. If it isn't five minutes after, it's three minutes before."

Alice's small face looked desolate. "Oh, to earn—the power to earn ——" She breathed it like a prayer. Then she jumped for the toast. Burned again.

"It is fortunate that I have plenty of time this morning," Osgood said resignedly. "If I could have just one unburned piece of toast before my coffee is quite cold ——"

"You shall," Alice said with renewed cheerfulness, and put aside her breakfast to give it proper attention. "I don't wonder you get bored with me, Osgood! You are really very patient."

He liked that. He was patient with her. And she had improved immensely, in cooking and in many other things—notably bridge. Her bridge at first had been impossible. By pointing out to her every mistake, never letting one pass, he had made a very fair partner of her. All she needed now was really to like the game, so that she would find occasions for playing instead of dodging them. She ought to get up little bridge dinners, not leave all the initiative to him.

And she ought to take more interest in the house. He did not like to have her buy things for it without him, for he could not trust her taste—he was still teasing her good-naturedly about the rusty iron stick that she had picked out for a floor lamp; but he was always ready to take time off and go with her. He had thought that shopping together would be part of the married fun. But Alice hung back from it. She really was not very nice about shopping. As they were spending his earnings, he naturally had a right to the deciding vote, but she might have come along to indorse his choice. Alice said the right things about what he did buy, but there was a trace of reserve—he could almost call it sulkiness.

WITH a different attitude she might have had many more pretty things for herself too. Their first year he had brought her surprises of scarfs and blouses and once even a dress, but she had acted so queerly—cried, and told him over and over how kind he was, and cried again, and never worn the thing—that he had left her to get her own clothes after that. He did not mean to be vindictive, but if she was going to act hysterical she could not expect him to take an interest in decking her out. She probably remembered this when she was stitching away for dear life on a new frock.

They had time for a stroll after breakfast, but Alice made the eternal excuse of housework to be done. He began his favorite remark that if men ran their offices as women ran their homes, but she went off without letting him finish. He could have planned the housework for her so that it took only a fraction of her time, but women were hopelessly rule-of-thumb-minded. She was breathless with haste when they set out. He scolded her for it humorously, and she said, "I know, dear," and, "You are quite right," and commented on how becoming his new suit was and drew him on to tell her again things that he loved retelling—like how he had outwitted a competitor in a business deal. And so they had a thoroughly pleasant half hour—their last!

They came in among the assembled relatives like young happiness personified. Osgood, complacent with his lot, looked at them over his collar with an untroubled smile. They could keep the loot that they had toadied for so ardently; he preferred the memory that he had never missed a chance to tell that conceited old lady where she was wrong. Osgood did hate conceit.

IT WAS a queer will. It provided for canary birds, left legacies to cats and servants and old friends. Then three nephews got twenty-five thousand dollars apiece, the fourth nephew being pointedly left out, while everyone took pains not to look toward Osgood. Two nieces followed, fifty thousand each. Charlotte was openly startled, touched, but Ada, who had devoted herself to Aunt Georgia, showed an impassive mask—mad as a hornet inside, Osgood bet. He was so amused that the next item was late in registering; he would have missed it altogether but for a subdued

HE LOOKED UP FONDLY INTO HER FACE, MEANING TO GIVE HER SOME REWARD IN LOVING SPEECH, BUT A FAINT QUIRK THERE CHECKED AND STARTLED HIM. IT WAS NOT EXACTLY A SMILE ——

"YOU TALK LIKE A FOOL!" OSGOOD BLUNDERED ABOUT THE ROOM, HITTING CHAIRS, BLURTING OUT HIS ENRAGED PROTEST. MODERN STUFF!

start that went through the room. "To Alice Findlay, as the wife of my nephew Osgood Findlay, the sum of one hundred thousand dollars."

Of course decorum was observed. They did not even look at each other. When, later in the reading, Osgood shifted his position so that his eye could fall naturally on Alice, she was white, visibly trembling. The thing was evidently as inexplicable to her as it was to him. That odd clause, "as the wife of my nephew"—if the old lady meant to apologize for her childish resentment, why not do it straight by leaving the money to him? Was there a final fling hidden somewhere? Osgood felt some such thought, something malicious and underground, reflected in the eyes of the relatives afterward when they congratulated Alice and turned their chilly smiles on him.

"Alice will be quite independent now," they made a point of saying. He was hurt by the covert unfriendliness. He had always felt kindly toward his relatives, even though he had not much time for them.

No family car had offered to bring them, but several were eager to take them home. Alice was too dazed to move. Ada evidently thought that she had been running in there at odd hours, making capital with Aunt Georgia behind their backs, but Aunt Miriam, who was the residuary legatee, gazed blandly at Osgood and said, "I think I understand it, dear!" Alice flushed to her hair, and, putting her hand through Osgood's arm, said that they would walk. And so they got away, walking fondly linked until they had turned the corner. Then Alice withdrew her hand and demanded a taxicab. She was beginning to be different already.

OSGOOD had to keep an appointment in town, but he was back early to discuss the glorious news. Alice was in bed with a headache, and a note begged him not to disturb her. He would have gone to dine with one of the family but for that something queer and ill-natured that he had felt just after the reading of the will. "As the wife of ——" What the dickens had the old cat tried to say? And why were they hostile? He could not be expected to run around to their houses all the time; silly to resent that.

"I must make more time for them," he decided, and dined at a tea room on creamed chicken that was half cold, and gritty spinach.

"Why not have things right?" he asked the waitress, who stared stupidly and offered to warm up the chicken. These places had no standards. They did not know what a perfect meal was.

In the morning Osgood came down at the usual time to find a house still shaded and an empty kitchen. He opened Alice's door to protest, but she was sleeping so heavily, so exhaustedly, that she was not awakened. And it would be no kind of breakfast if she did get up now. Osgood had to go off unfed, which was hard on a man after last night's dinner. Never before had Alice shown herself so indifferent to his comfort. But he excused her; one did not inherit a fortune every day. And the brilliant idea that had kept him awake half the night made him feel tenderly indulgent. If she would put the money into his business and forgo the interest for a few years, he could see a prosperous life ahead for them. He was so sure of her consent that he spent a happy day over the details of expansion. Alice could consider herself a silent partner. At night he fairly ran home to tell her.

As he sprang up his front steps, the door opened, and he had called out a hearty "Hullo!" before he saw that it was not Alice but a strange woman in a maid's uniform. For a moment he thought that he had come to the wrong house. But she stood on the bright Oriental rug that he had given Alice for Christmas, and Alice herself was coming down the stairs in a new dress, a queer little green business, shorter than he liked. There was something different about her hair too. He stared at her in dismay. One did not want changes in one's wife!

"What in thunder have you done to yourself!" he demanded.

She smiled down at him from the third step, an odd half smile that was new too. It made him feel sick and lost, as though he had indeed come to the wrong house.

"Dinner will be ready as soon as you are," she said, and passed on into the drawing-room, serenely oblivious of his state.

He went halfway up the stairs, then came back.

"Who is that woman?" he began, standing over her, brows drawn.

"Our cook." Alice stretched in her chair, stirred all over like a happy cat. "A pearl of great price! You are going to get perfect meals, on time to the minute, from now on. And if they are not perfect or on time, you can have it out with Thelma. That is considered in the wages."

"You mean that you have engaged her without consulting me?" He did not often let himself get angry—Alice herself admitted that he was patient; but this was a little too much.

Yesterday even a good-tempered reproof had cast her down; tonight she had an air of finding him funny. Thirty-six hours had done that!

"I certainly did. The legacies are to be paid right away, you know," she added, as though it was to be taken for granted that only money was involved.

"And you intend to blow in ——"

"Osgood, if you are late for dinner it won't be perfect," she cut him short. "Now trot along and get ready. We shall have all the evening to talk."

Osgood actually did go. He had so much to say that nothing would come. He had to have time to get hold of himself and to shape his seething protest into words. The money had gone to Alice's head and she was acting up. He was disappointed in Alice. If she realized how she was hurting his idea of her, she would drop these new tactics in a hurry. A woman should be, above everything, womanly. He must let her see without harshness that she was on the wrong tack. So he came down fresh and handsome and outwardly tranquil, and made no comment on her dress beyond a careful avoiding of it with his eyes.

THEY had to keep to impersonal things at dinner because that woman was in and out of the room. The food was beyond criticism; Osgood tasted in vain for a flaw and found a flatness in the unfailing competence. Alice had never served a course that he could not find something wrong with. Simply to indorse and admire irked him. He had small appetite, but Alice was eating like a little glutton. He had never seen her tuck in like that. While she cooked she had not seemed to care what she had, if only he were satisfied. Now she left him to eat or refuse with cheerful indifference. Again he felt that sickish sense of loss.

"I must have put on ten pounds," Alice said when she reluctantly left the table. "I can afford ten more, and then I shall have to pull up. I had forgotten that eating was so heavenly."

She was not in the right mood to hear his project, and yet he could not let the situation run on like this. He had spoken to his head man about the new capital that was coming in, and by night it was all over the office; he was committed to expansion. Surely Alice must see that a rich future was better than present indulgence. It seemed well to begin by retelling his favorite tale about how he had outwitted a shrewd competitor in a business deal, but Alice, playing with her new gown, admiring her silken legs, was so plainly not attending that he broke off to ask coldly:

"This bores you?"

(Continued on Page 111)

This Colonial house with a front porch has a shorter living room and no fireplace. With these exceptions, it is identical with the floor plans below, so far as interior arrangement is concerned.

This English-type house provides an interesting variation for the floor plans shown below. It, too, has a corner fireplace, as in the Colonial house shown in the center of the page.

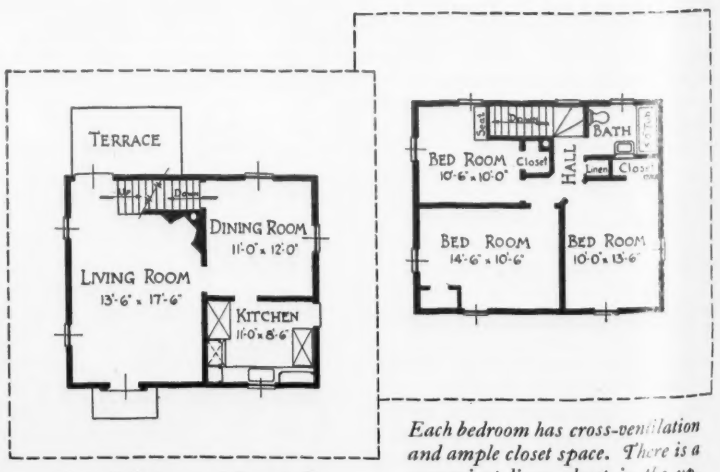
This Colonial house has the twenty-two-foot side facing the street, and has a corner fireplace. The arrangement of the rooms is identical with the floor plans below.

Eight Distinctive Houses

Each Set of Four With a Single Floor Plan

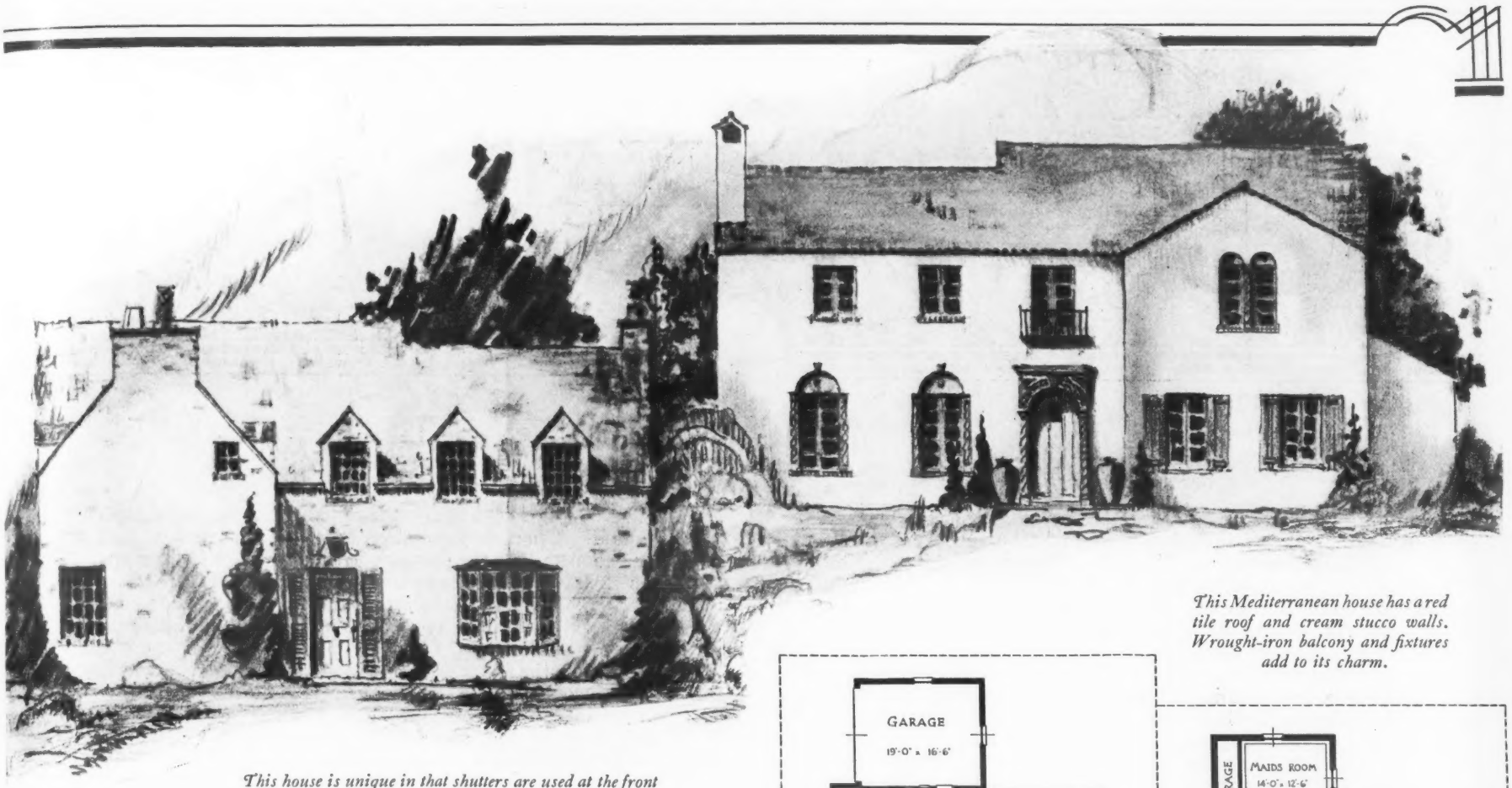
THESE four really little houses, just twenty-two by twenty-six feet in size, show what can be done with modest space carefully planned. Each house has three bedrooms, two of which will accommodate twin beds! These houses should cost, under average conditions, from $5000 to $7500, depending upon materials used. For particulars about plans and specifications, address Architectural Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

In this French-type house the fireplace has been moved to the outside wall, whereas all the others have centrally located chimneys.



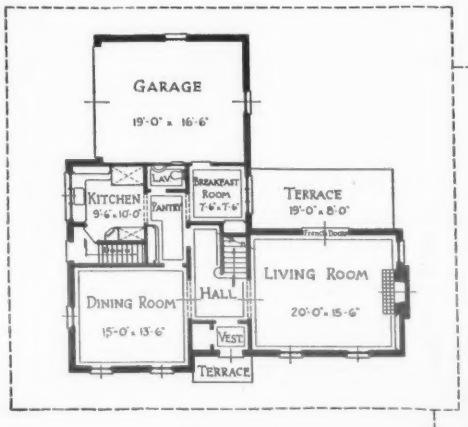
These little houses follow the Journal's "garden home" method of planning—living quarters to rear, overlooking the garden, with service quarters and entrances nearest the street.

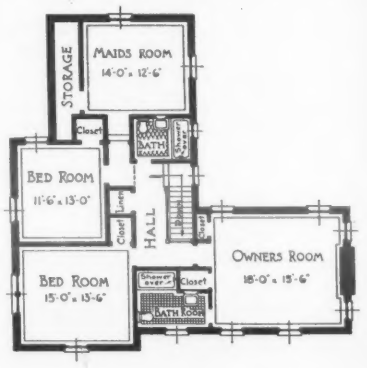
Each bedroom has cross-ventilation and ample closet space. There is a convenient linen closet in the upstairs hall.



This Mediterranean house has a red tile roof and cream stucco walls. Wrought-iron balcony and fixtures add to its charm.

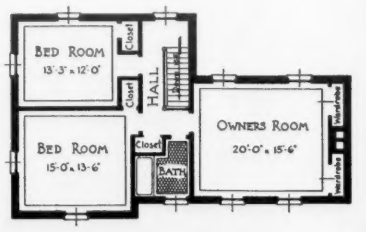
This house is unique in that shutters are used at the front door, with entire success. Either common or face brick would give excellent results for this exterior.



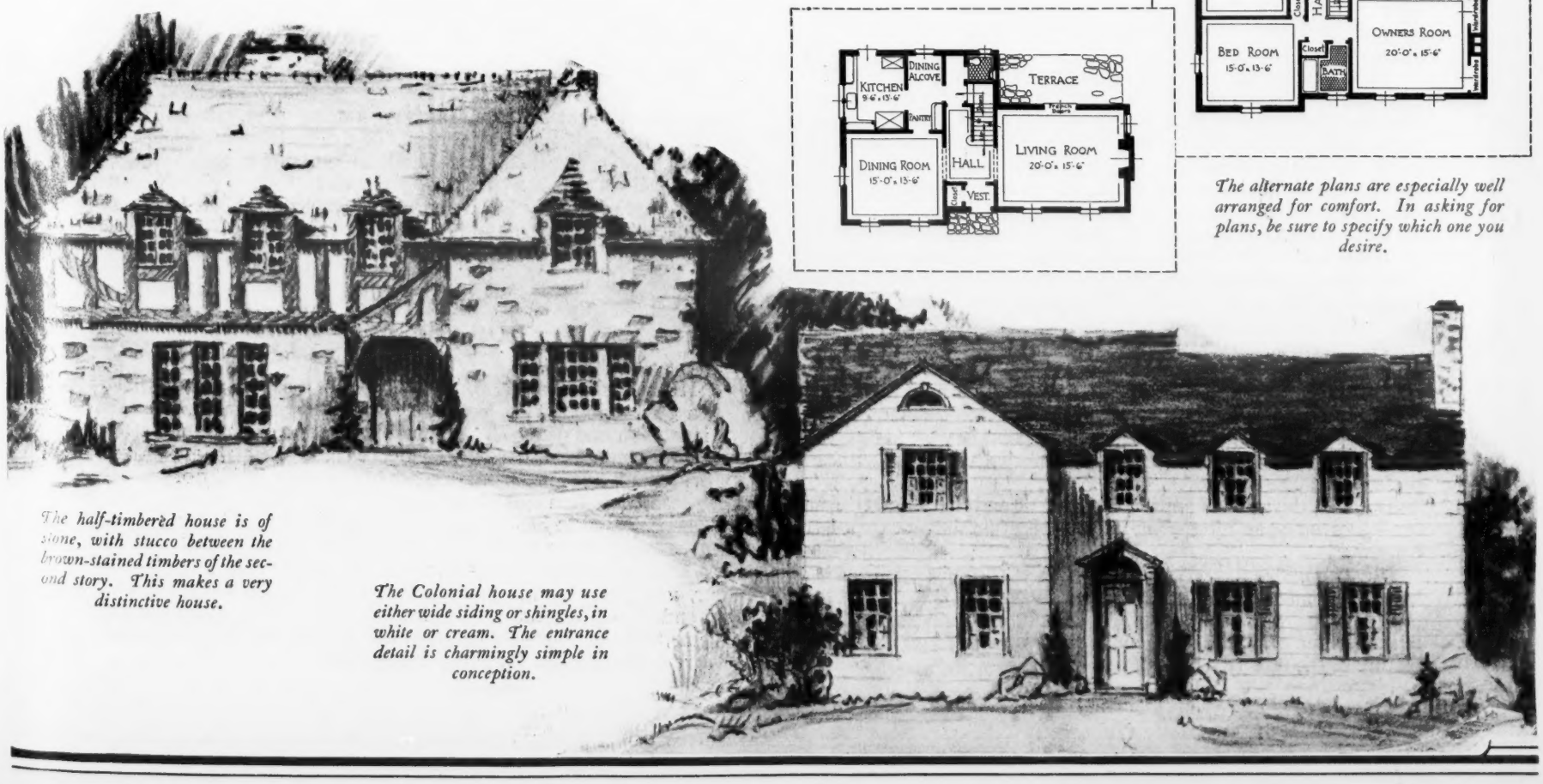


ALL four of these more commodious houses may be built from the same floor plan. Two different plans are shown, the larger one, at the top of the page, providing for an attached garage, also maid's room and extra bath. Plans and specifications may be secured upon payment of a nominal fee by addressing Architectural Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Designed by Louise Gilleo



The alternate plans are especially well arranged for comfort. In asking for plans, be sure to specify which one you desire.



The half-timbered house is of stone, with stucco between the brown-stained timbers of the second story. This makes a very distinctive house.

The Colonial house may use either wide siding or shingles, in white or cream. The entrance detail is charmingly simple in conception.

LADIES' HOME
JOURNAL
LORING A. SCHULER, EDITOR

Farm Relief

CONGRESS in special session is struggling with the perennial problem of farm relief. Some sort of new law will be passed; how well it will work remains to be seen. Yet several millions of farm men and women are hoping that Uncle Sam will find a way to ease the burdens many of them have borne for nearly a decade past.

American farming, like the American home, is in a period of transition from handwork to the machine age. For a long time, while industry was readjusting itself, both the farm and the home were neglected by the inventors and the engineers. Today they are the cynosure of all ingenious eyes. Electrical devices in the home, to make work easier and quicker; tractors and combine harvester-threshers and corn pickers and six-row planters on the farm, to make it possible for one man to do the work of two or three or maybe six, and at the same time ease the labor of the woman in the kitchen of the farm home.

The viewers-with-alarm howl dismally over the continued exodus of farmers to the cities—just as they rage over the increasing influx of women into business. Yet one means as little as the other—and neither is anything more than a manifestation of changing times in which machinery is creating new levels of efficiency for the inefficient.

Farm relief is needed. Housekeeping relief is needed too. And both are coming on the wings of more and better machines.

Practical Home Economics

NOT so many years ago certain of the women's colleges began to graduate students in what was then called domestic science, and these young women went out into the world, long on theory and short on practice, but filled with a righteous zeal to make better homes. And they have succeeded mightily, though not at all in the manner they anticipated.

Has it ever occurred to you that your groceryman is one of the greatest distributors of home economics practically applied? Or that the neat packages on your pantry shelves are the results of home economics plus manufacturing efficiency? Or that the advertising pages of this magazine, as well as the homemaking department itself, offer a liberal education in the practical results of home-economics training? It's true.

Gove Hambidge has recently been visiting manufacturers of food products and household equipment, talking with chemists and home economists in factories, observing laboratory tests to prove that every product is right and that every item is like every other item. And this is the net of what he has found:

That there is scarcely a big manufacturer of any food product, or of any housekeeping article, who is not employing a staff of home-economics workers to prove and improve whatever he is making.

That no new product is advertised or put into distribution until it has been tested and retested from every point of view for one year, or two, or maybe five years—in other words, until it is as nearly perfect as it can be made.

But that the work of improvement—test and check and trial and use—goes on year after year, to the constant advantage of the consumer.

Mr. Hambidge has written the stories of this new application of home economics in two articles, of which the first is in this issue of the JOURNAL. Reading them will take you behind the scenes of the business that most concerns our homes—and will give you a new picture of the integrity back of advertising.

Air-Minded

AS WE sit writing this, a mail plane roars past in the night, high overhead. A miracle yesterday; today a commonplace that excites one no more than the passing of a motor car. A letter spans the continent in two days' time or less, for five cents. Dutch flowers and berries are being speeded by air from Holland to London, and similar service on perishables is forecast from Florida and California to the big cities of North and East.

On our desk lies the folder of an air-transport company. You can leave here at such-and-such a time and arrive there a few hours later. And you get there—right on schedule. This, of course, is in the West, but service in the East will come within a year. In San Francisco an air-passenger service announces reduction of rates to bring the cost of flying within the means of more travelers. Every big city in the country is picking a site for its airport—some of them are planning space for as many as forty-four planes to arrive or leave at once. Aviation country clubs—to make flying a sport along with golf and tennis—are being organized.

Don't say "I shall never fly"—because in all probability you will, and sooner than you now expect.

A Boy and a Dog

A LITTLE boy lay at full length upon the floor, poking baby fingers between a bulldog's teeth. A full-grown man looked on in horror and amazement. "Surely you don't let that baby risk his fingers in a big dog's mouth!" he exclaimed.

The youngster's mother smiled indulgently. "Why not?" she asked.

"But the dog might bite him," said the visitor.

She watched the two on the floor a moment before she answered: "I'm not afraid of that. The baby's not afraid. You see, they're friends."

Immemorially a boy and a dog have been friends. The two belong together, in play or sleep, on country roads or city streets. For the boy, ownership of a dog gives early training in responsibility, in loyalty, in friendliness, in kindness. To a dog, the comradeship of a young master gives happiness and an outlet for that sense of protectiveness that is a part of dog nature.

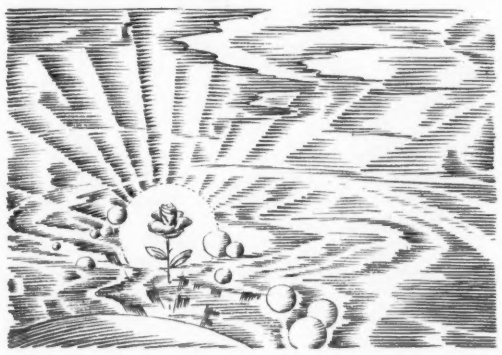
One is always sorry for a boy who grows to manhood in fear of man's best friend. Whatever other advantages he may enjoy, it means that he was brought up wrong.

The First Goal

THE most dissatisfied people as a rule are those who do not have a goal in life. They beat their wings forever against the bars of indecision and delay. They move in circles and come out at no end. And out of this endless experience there arises at last a sense of defeat and a helplessness—a sense of the utter futility of the life they lead that often embitters.

The first goal in life for the family is a home that it can call its own; a place where it can hug to itself the security that can be earned in no other way—a place where the burden lifts, if but for an hour, and peace and happiness and contentment, which are the real end of our dreams, can be realized. There is no substitute for a home, and the family that has not learned this fact will never find that real contentment for which it contends.

From Contemporary Poets



Makers

By Margaret Widdemer

I MAKE my poems pacing in the dark,
Out in the lighted dark, as a wind blows
Whirling my little griefs to one more spark
Lit to illumine the Eternal Rose.

And other men and women pace, like me,
Shaping their griefs and loves to some small line,
Or wake from sleep at midnight hurriedly
Before some word shall fade that seemed divine.

And yet all lovely words are old and dimmed
That paced in bright procession long ago;
We torture them to make them leap, wild limbed,
Or pull them, drilled and flagging, to and fro.

Who can say more of love than Shakspere said,
Or more than Keats of gladness or despair,
Or speak of beauty, Shelley being dead,
Or, after Chaucer, how the spring is fair?

Yet always poets shall transpace the dark,
Lifting their faces where a strange wind blows,
And God shall need forever one more spark
Lit to illumine His Eternal Rose.

Crystal

By Witter Bynner

I AM too simple for these other ways
Of love than love itself, and you too young.
Nights are a darker carnival than days,
Days are a brighter joy. Beloved, I have sung
The intricate night like many a lover before me,
But never till now have I known that day can bring
A song of love almost too sweet to sing.

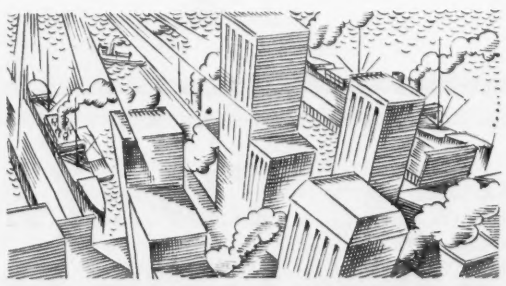
Initiate me newly to the sun,
Light all the little corners with your face,
Let every secret that the night has spun
Glitter with crystal in an open place.
For love, though beautiful enough at night,
Is far more beautiful in morning light.

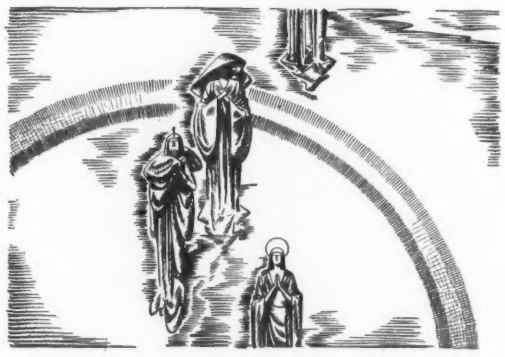
Willie Stavey: Shipping News

By Edgar Lee Masters

LITTLE Willie Stavey, coming from Ipava
Out in Illinois where the tall corn grows,
Way up twenty stories is looking at the glories
Of New York on his toes, at the rows and the rows
Of the houses all in rows on his toes;
At the gray and red blocks, at the gilded weathercocks,
At the gardens on the roofs, at the shuttles and the woofs
Of the sunlight and the smoke which is over city folk;
At the miles and miles of streets, at the squares and retreats;
At the iron-tangled lanes of the Elevated trains—
But mostly at the ships that have left the river slips,
Sailing when the tide's out to reach the upper bay:
Masts above the houses as Broadway arouses,
Ten o'clock at night when the city is at play;
Masts above the high signs, gliding past the sky lines,
Masts that dip their lanterns from star up to star;
Off to the Moluccas, Nigeria and Zanzibar;
Off to Buenos Aires, off to the Canaries,
Off to Algiers, Kamaran and Funchal;
Off to Polynesia, Finland, Rhodesia,
Borneo and Cuba, Hong-Kong and Senegal;
Down past the docks, the freight houses, ridges
Of boxes and bales, beneath the great bridges;
Down past Wall Street, sailing over tunnels,
Loaded with merchandise up to the gunwales,
With corn, wheat and cotton, pig iron and pork.
The world wants girders and Fords and boards,
So the ships take them from the port of New York.

But to Willie every lantern is weaving some pattern,
Is writing with fire fingers a message on the sky.
The masts bow and topple where the night mists stopple,
Like ghost fire fingers they seem to prophesy.
And little Willie Stavey from far away Ipava
Thinks of Belshazzar and the glory that he won,
Of Nineveh and Sidon and Tyre and Babylon!

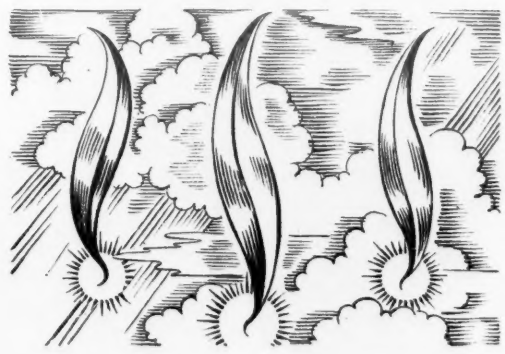




Sonnet

By John V. A. Weaver

WHAT is this cry for immortality?
Neither in fame, nor in the fact, do I
Hope that my name or spirit will not die.
Oh, I shall not go gladly. It will be
With rage that I shall face the Ultimate.
There will be songs unsung; there will be Mays
Not smelled; there will be flaming autumn days
Not seen; and suddenly will cease the spate
Of words. . . . But I give thanks that, on the grass,
Among the waves, within the crowded town,
I felt a lyric Something hover down,
And, with my senses clear, I watched it pass.
And if, after long years, one among men
Should say, "Why, he touched Beauty once!" Well . . . then . . .



Three Things Like Flames

By George Dillon

NOW God be praised that I have known
Three things like flames in dingy places:
Friendship, burning in a zone
Of surly words and sullen faces;

Song, from the mind's obscurest ball
Of tangled dreams unwound to light;
And love, that moonlike over all
Made a strange morning out of night.

Sometimes within a sudden dark
When the blood goes cold, and the breath catches,
And courage sickens to a spark,
I strike these memories like matches.

Irfé

Champcommunal

Jean Patou

Jean Patou

Lenief

56 FAUBOURG ST. HONORÉ, Paris.

Paris Creates for Spring and

ONCE more Paris dresses the world for its spring and summer gayeties; being French, her innovations are subtle, her decrees are not at all obviously made. But changes there are.

In sports clothes? The great designers have created costumes as chic as they are practical for specific sports; and though sports clothes are no longer smart for every hour of the day, Paris provides for the morning innumerable sleeveless frocks, chiefly in white silk, to be worn with a bright jacket in red, yellow, orange or blue, or in a gay printed pattern such as Jane Régny shows. On occasion the jackets, too, are sleeveless.

Washable woolen sports frocks are featured *chez* Jean Patou; washable striped men's shirtings are shown both by Worth and London Trades, and at Worth's one also sees charmingly designed frocks of washable cotton voile in light stripes. The sports sweater, of course, is still with us, in new versions. Schiaparelli's "hygienic" model is possibly the most interesting. Knitted very loosely in washable wool made exclusively for Madame Schiaparelli, it is sleeveless or

Summer: By Richard E. Myers

The scarf is an important item again this summer, and, like the jacket, begins in the morning for sports and goes around the clock in many variations. Rodier's printed tuslikasha flag scarfs, often of the Royal Navy of Great Britain, have taken Paris by storm, but not only as scarfs. Nicole Groult and Worth use them, among others, for blouses, and London Trades insert one as a half lining in a sports coat. Milliners appliqué them in triangles on hats.

The daytime mode—*pour la ville*—takes on greater importance than for many seasons past, with the passing of the sports costume. Interpretations of the tailleur vary from the "sporty" and unusual type such as J. Suzanne Talbot's "Smart," illustrated on page 54, to O'Rossen's more classical with cap sleeves, and is frequently, like so many of the new blouses and sweaters, worn inside the skirt. Among Schiaparelli's innumerable practical but intensely chic innovations is the yoke on her tweed skirts, knitted from heather mixtures which exactly match the tweed.

(Continued on Page 67)

Five Street Dresses

Reflecting News From Spring Openings

THE street dress, *plus habillée* than the sports dress, was of such marked importance at the openings in every dressmaker's establishment in Paris this spring that we selected these five enchanting models for summer wear on the street, or for informal afternoon occasions.

Sans atout, Design No. 1137, created by Joseph Paquin and shown at the extreme left below, combines black and white with the effect of striking elegance dear to the heart of every chic French woman. Skirt and blouse are joined with a rising movement, indicating but not exaggerating the higher waistline; the black of the crêpe de chine or crêpe-satin skirt is repeated in the flaring cuffs—important in the spring openings—and the white of the blouse appears again as a facing for the set-on circular pieces which lend an interesting movement to the otherwise very plain frock. Notice the length of the gown—about two inches below the knees. Navy may be combined with white instead of black for this frock, and gloves, shoes and bag should match the color of the skirt, whether it be navy or black. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 46.

Particularly when one is much in town during the summer months, Design No. 1136, from Philippe et Gaston, shown at the right below, is a godsend. If it is made in a "street shade" it may be worn around the clock; in pastel georgette or printed georgette it is a charming afternoon frock for town or country, for informal summer dining. The long, graceful jabot, the circular skirt, uneven in line, the fitted hip band are all notes of fashion importance confirmed in Paris. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 46.

Joseph Paquin Creation *Philippe et Gaston Creation*

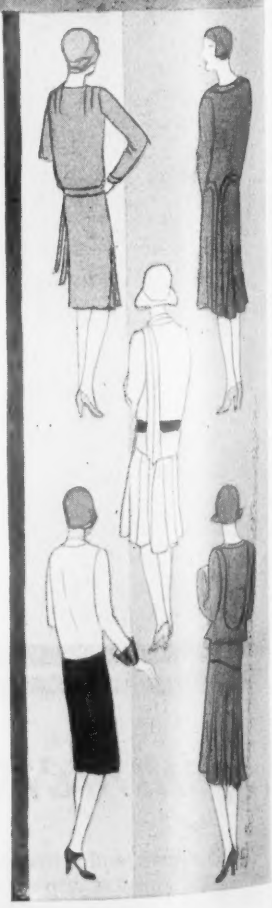
1137 1136

Dœuillet-Doucet Creation 1134 *Nicole Groult Creation* 1133 *Redfern Creation* 1135

Ecolière, Design No. 1134, shown at the left above, features the vest about which one hears so much in Dœuillet-Doucet's interpretation. Cut out in a half-moon effect just under the two little bows which trim it, the vest and its matching cuffs add a charming lingerie touch to the dress, which was created in navy blue silk, but might also be made up in lightweight wool. A clever arrangement of small and large pointed circular sections in the skirt adds a chic movement to the skirt. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 38.

Nicole Groult has a flair for smart street frocks with simplicity as chic as it is deceptive. Caniche, Design No. 1133, shown above in the center, introduces the attached-scarf motif, which is important this season. Attached to the diagonal crossing of the waist, this scarf-end winds about the neck, slips under itself and hangs loose in the back. What appears to be a rather flat tunic over an underskirt in front becomes, in the back, a circular, rather full skirt on a deep, rounded hip yoke. Created in green crêpe de chine—green was the favorite color for Madame Groult's spring collection—with a black suède belt, the frock would be attractive in any becoming color, and should be worn with a matching hat and black suède slippers to match the belt. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 44.

Dolores, Design No. 1135, shown at the extreme right above, was designed by Redfern in navy silk with a large white dot. The circular longer-in-the-back motif of the skirt is repeated in the full sleeves, and both the sleeves and the high-fitted princess effect are very up-to-the-minute in their fashion interest. The model would be quite as chic in soft, light wool. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 38.



Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Les Authentiques Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents.

Let us cook and blend them into a delicious soup for you!

NOT some of these vegetables—*all of them* are enjoyed in Campbell's Vegetable Soup . . . . Just think of the time and expense of selecting, purchasing and preparing all these different vegetables—15 of them—in your own kitchen! . . . Yet you delight in soup that contains them all . . . Add an equal quantity of water to Campbell's Vegetable Soup, bring to a boil, simmer a few minutes—and it's all ready—"a meal in itself." 12 cents a can.

Ask your grocer to supply you with any of these Campbell's Soups

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Bean	Mulligatawny
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
	Tomato
Clam Chowder	Tomato-Okra
Consommé	Vegetable
Julienne	Vegetable-Beef

Isn't it dandy
How lively you feel
After a piping-hot
Soup for your meal!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Lanvin Creation
1143
1144

Worth Creation
1145

Cuffs and Sleeves are Important This Summer

ONE of the great delights of shopping in Paris which is shared by the woman who selects the models for her summer wardrobe among these designs from the great Paris houses is an ability to choose the establishment where her particular type is especially designed for and considered. This page of frocks from three famous houses—Jenny, Worth and Lanvin—is an excellent case in point. If one is a trifle unusual in type, distinguished and able to carry unusual—but not at all bizarre—clothes with an air, one may choose a Lanvin frock with great sleeves flaring from the elbow. Equally distinguished but easier to wear is the charmingly dignified Worth frock shown in printed silk. "Sportif," tailored, the Jenny frock at the left below suits a type exactly the opposite of the feminine, vivacious dress beside it from the same house. And a young, chic type is excellently suited by the Worth dress at the right, with its deep, striking collar and cuffs. Personality and type are immensely important things to consider in choosing a frock—but fortunately the great designers provide for every type in their huge collections of hundreds of models. A little thought and serious analysis of one's features, good and bad, and one can be sure of being becomingly dressed.

Whether she dresses an exquisite actress for a new rôle or designs a frock as part of an ensemble, Lanvin is apt to make sleeves of unusual importance. This year she is followed by many of the great couturiers, and the variety of interpretation of a mode which has decided to emphasize the cuff and sleeve is fascinating. Lanvin's charming ensemble which appears at the left above shows "La mousse," Design No. 1144, a delightful one-piece frock in green crêpe de chine, with deep circular extensions added to the sleeves below the elbow, and echoed in movement by set-in circular sections in the skirt. Incrustations of black and white crêpe trim the sleeves and form an attached tie at the neckline. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

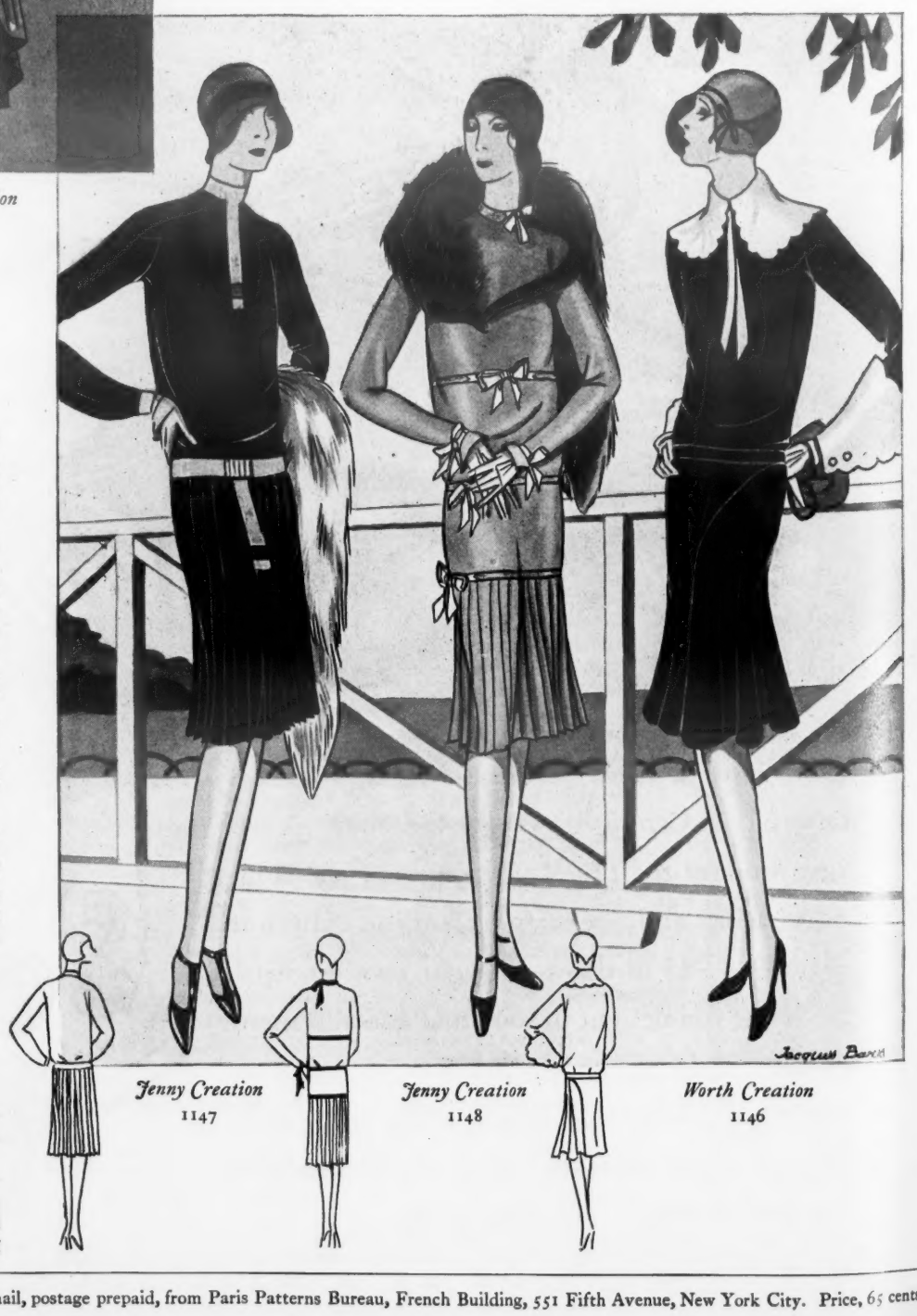
"Le lierre," Design No. 1143, is the coat worn over it. It echoes the color of the dress, but in wool, flares slightly, dipping in the back, and crosses in front with an upward movement. The shaped cuffs, deep collar and tie—which fasten in a bow with long streamer ends—are of gray baby lamb in the original, but could be carried out in the same material, possibly darker in tone. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

The slightly belled cuff extending over the hand is in keeping with the simplicity of Worth's "Rosalinde," Design No. 1145, shown at the right above. Closely fitted hips and full, long-in-back skirt are interesting details. Created in a soft red silk with a tiny pink-and-blue figure, the two latter colors being repeated in the narrow bands of binding at neck and cuffs, this dress is a particularly suitable style for the innumerable exquisite printed silks which have been brought out this summer. You will find photographs of some of the very smartest designs in these new silks on page 50 of this issue. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42.

"Gamine," Design No. 1147, which is shown at the extreme left below, finds Jenny using a full bishop sleeve and featuring the important high neckline. The dress is designed in navy blue crêpe de chine, the blouse being plain and the skirt pleated all around. The white tab with its stripe of brilliant red and blue which completes the collar is repeated at the belt. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

In "Colinette," Design No. 1148, shown in the center below, Jenny brings the cuffs down over the hand in a bell-shaped extension, finishing it with a band and bow which echo the trimming of the blouse. The high neck again appears and the long tunic fits closely about the hips, where it joins the all-round pleated skirt. This dress, too, is green crêpe de chine and the brown taffeta ribbons look as if they had been run through the bands on the frock, being allowed to appear and be tied wherever the wearer fancied. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

The great gauntlet cuffs of Worth's "Voltigeur," Design No. 1146, which appear at the extreme right below, extend almost to the elbow and, like the deep collar, are scalloped. An inset circular section at the left side gives motion to the skirt. The dress was designed in chocolate-brown crêpe de chine with soft beige collar and cuffs, but a flowered georgette crêpe would be equally appropriate with collars and cuffs of lace or lingerie. For ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.



Jenny Creation
1147

Jenny Creation
1148

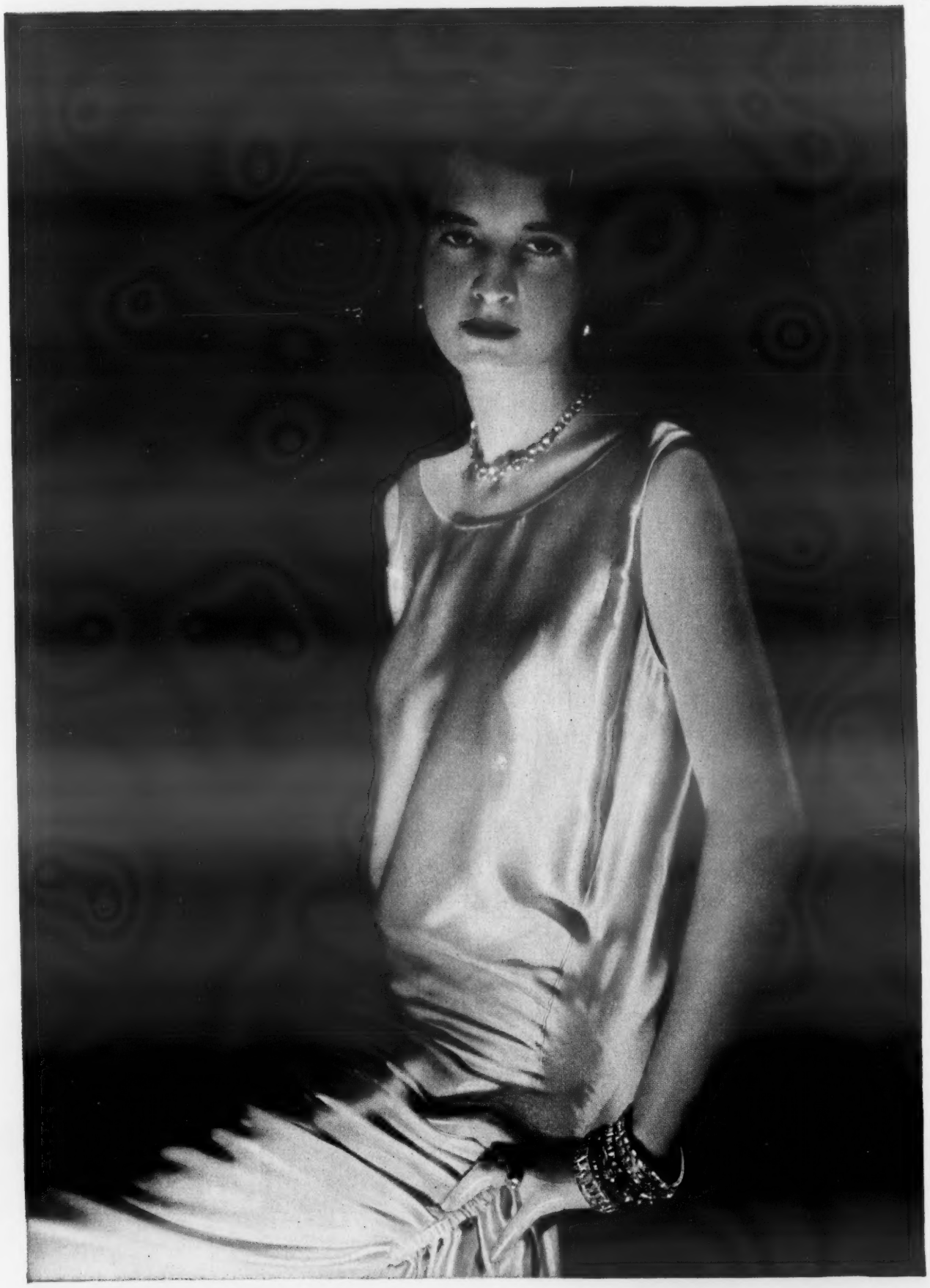
Worth Creation
1146

Voted the Loveliest of *WIVES* by

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

JOHN BARRYMORE



Mrs. Hester, snapped beside the Plaza fountain in New York City. She has used Woodbury's ever since she can remember, and has the loveliest, most child-like skin in the world.

Mrs. George Franklin Hester of Richmond, Virginia • • • chosen from Woodbury beauties of 48 States as the loveliest of wives

SHE is tall, slim as a wand, with beautiful bright brown eyes, full of golden lights, and a skin like a Maréchal Niel rose.

Her face, seen in repose, is grave and rather dreamy. When she smiles it breaks into a look of enchanting mischief—of lovely archness.

She was born in Richmond, Virginia, and comes of a long line of Southern beauties. She made her debut at eighteen, and four years later she married—a young Southerner like herself. She is still in her early twenties.

The things that interest her are music and books, beautiful color, texture, line, and what the imagination can make of them. She is a musician, and has studied the violin since she was five. She has beautiful little "violin" hands. She plays golf to please her husband and the piano to please herself. "*Butterfly*" is her favorite among modern operas; "*The Bridge of San Luis Rey*" among recent books.

She opens her eyes in wonder at Northern women—their energy, dash, ambition. "They all *do* things—in the South we just live."

Marriage seems to her an absorbing career in itself. She doesn't see how married women find time for outside jobs—"especially when they have babies." She says she isn't an old-fashioned wife or a new-fashioned wife—"just a wife!"

She has used Woodbury's Facial Soap ever since she can remember, and she has the loveliest skin in the world; soft as a child's, dazzlingly white, with deep, vivid color in lips and cheeks.

"I am thrilled at being chosen a Woodbury beauty by three such distinguished men," she declared. "I love Woodbury's Facial Soap. To me it is the perfect soap for the skin. It has a special delicacy and mildness that I've never found in any other soap."

OUT of hundreds of beautiful Woodbury users, on whom we called in big cities, in little towns throughout the country—three distinguished judges—John Barrymore, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.—are choosing the loveliest of each type... Each month their photographs will appear, together with a brief story of their personality ... They represent thousands upon thousands of women throughout America who today owe the charm of a fresh, clear, beautiful complexion to daily care with Woodbury's Facial Soap ... Commence, now, to take care of *your* skin with this wonderful soap! Begin, tonight, to gain the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch!"

WE SHALL BE HAPPY to send you a delightful Woodbury set, containing a trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder, the Cold Cream, the treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial, for 10 cents and your name and address. The Andrew Jergens Co., 1809 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. For Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1809 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

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1132 *Lucile Creation*

1131 *Lucile Creation*

1130 *Jane Régny Creation*

1128 *Nicole Groult Creation*

1129 *Jane Régny Creation*

Paris Shows Jackets or Capes With Wool Frocks

NICOLE GROULT designed the youthful tailored frock, Design No. 1128, on the extreme left, in brown Rodier wool. The three-quarter-length blouse gives a tunic effect and extends to the knee on one side. A long scarf of brown kasha buttons on one side of the blouse, crossing in the back and hanging in a scarf-like end on the right. The model was designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 40.

The second model on the left, Design No. 1132, a Lucile creation, has bands of almond-green trimming on gray wool. The straight, clinging skirt is a contrast to the loose bolero line of the blouse, which hangs like a cape in the back and forms a jabot in front. The sleeves, made with deep-pointed cuffs, open at the forearm. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

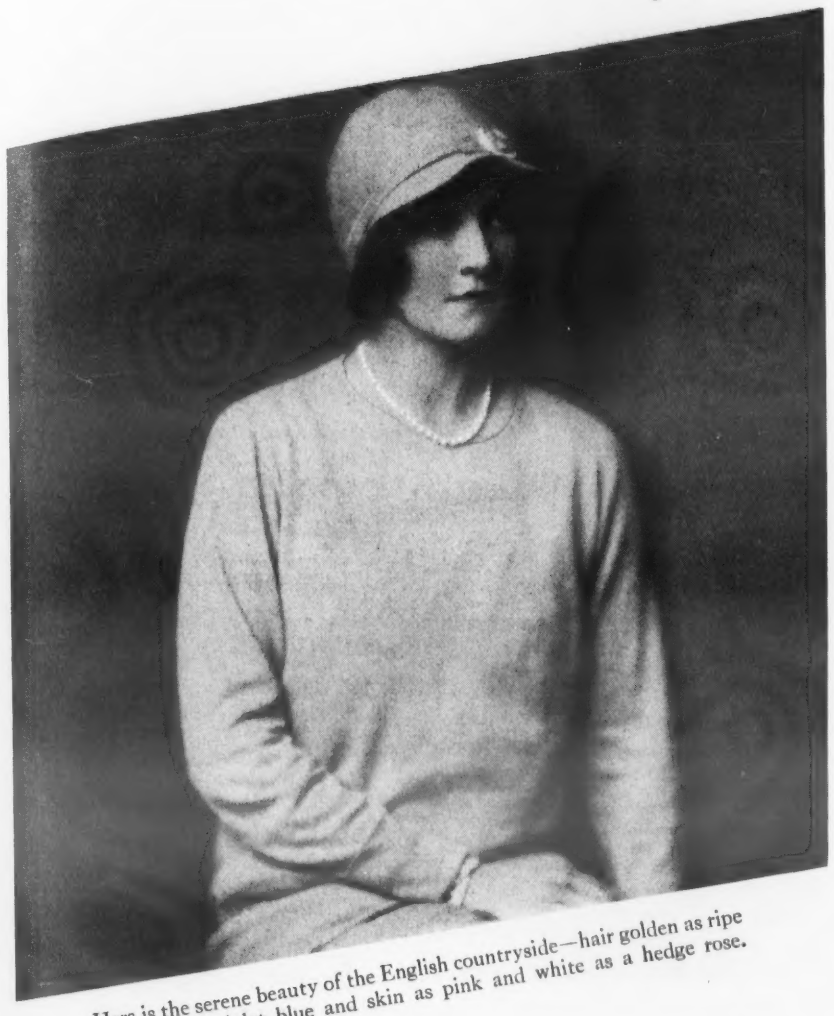
The Lucile model in the center of the page, Design No. 1131, shows the gray kasha cape designed to go with the frock just described. The lily-shaped collar stands away from the neck, and the bottom of the cape is bound and scalloped. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42.

Jane Régny made the model second from the right, Design No. 1130, a three-piece ensemble in light wool. The plain-fitting blouse with embroidered design has a V-neck and a gilet with turnback collar. The skirt has circular sides, with plain panels front and back. The jacket fits with a jaunty looseness, the straight sleeves widening at the cuffs. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42.

The chic little turnout in mixed blue-and-gray jersey cloth, shown on the figure at the extreme right, Design No. 1129, is a sport suit from Jane Régny. The coat has a soft, high collar formed by a loosely wound scarf, an amusing row of buttons down the front, and a two-buckled leather belt. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 44.

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Les Authentiques Paris Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Dresses, 65 cents; Capes, 65 cents.

Lady Violet Astor



Hers is the serene beauty of the English countryside—hair golden as ripe wheat, eyes violet blue and skin as pink and white as a hedge rose.

Lady Violet Astor is one of the most beautiful and brilliant hostesses in England. She often entertains royalty in her magnificent London house.

AN ENCHANTING ENGLISH BEAUTY

BEARS A GREAT AMERICAN NAME

LOVELY, lovely Lady Violet Astor! Hers is the serene beauty of the English countryside. Her hair is golden as ripe wheat, her eyes are violet blue, her skin is pink and white as a hedge rose.

Daughter of an Earl, Lady Violet grew up amidst the pomp of vice-regal courts. Now she is one of London's most brilliant hostesses. But she loves best country life—gardens and flowers, fishing, golf and riding to hounds. She is a devoted mother and a lady of mercy whose good deeds bring sunshine into countless lives.

Sweet as her shy name-flower, Lady Violet is yet a woman of definite convictions. It is no shallow vanity that has caused her to give her skin meticulous daily care with Pond's. She has lived amid Canada's snows and under India's blazing sun, yet kept the bloom of that marvelous English complexion. She is outspoken in her praise of the "wonderful service Pond's have done for women."

"They've put in our hands the means of making our skin look younger each year," she says.

"Those Two Creams! They keep my skin so perfectly cleansed and protected. And now the Freshener—refreshing as spring rain on the cheeks—and filmy Tissues for removing the Cream—all four of them are practical—delightful—effectual."

THIS IS THE POND'S METHOD for home treatment:

First, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck morning, evening and always after exposure. Pat on with firm, upward, outward strokes.

Then, with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, wipe away the cream and dirt. What an economy in towels and laundry!

Next, after a daytime cleansing, dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over your skin. It firms, tones, closes the pores and banishes oiliness.

The finishing touch—a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base.

Give your skin this care during the day, and always at bedtime thoroughly cleanse with Cold Cream and wipe off cream and dirt with Tissues.

Lady Violet in formal English habit leaving her London mansion for a ride in Rotten Row, Hyde Park.

You can buy them everywhere, Pond's four delightful preparations—Two famous Creams, Cleansing Tissues for removing cold cream and new tonic Skin Freshener. Use them always and your skin, like Lady Violet's, will "grow younger every year."

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Floor fashion finds no higher expression today than that so superlatively shown in the latest creations of Armstrong designers. Perhaps you have longed for floors of marble beauty like this new Handmade Marble Inlaid Linoleum, design No. 62. It only looks *expensive. Perhaps, too, once your new Armstrong Floor is trimly cut and cemented in place, you'll discover that your own dining-room hides a cozy nook for just the sunny breakfast setting you've dreamed of so many, many times.*

Setting the style for floors of Tomorrow...

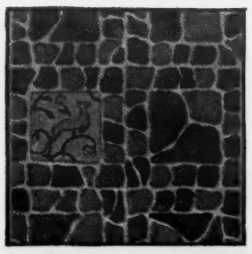
Again Armstrong Artists dip deep into modern beauty to create fashionable floors for American Homes

THERE'S a fashionable future for every old-fashioned floor . . . a new floor style that re-styles *all* floors. You'll see it the moment your eyes rest on the new-day floor effects in Armstrong's Linoleum — now showing for the first time at department, furniture, and linoleum stores near your home.

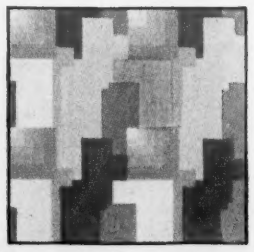
These new achievements of master designers are upsetting floor habits, changing floor ideas. Colors hitherto thought too elusive, too mistily tinted for floors, have been captured—designs undreamed of, patterns never before attempted, have been skilfully created.

Visions of a new home beauty are mirrored for you in these style-setting Armstrong Floors . . . You'll see loveliness surprising. You'll feel the lure to plan for yourself smart, spirited rooms . . . And you can!

With all their rich beauty, Armstrong Floors are practical. Ask about their wear, care, and cost. Regardless of shape or size of room, any design you select will be trimly tailored to fit every nook and cranny. Once cemented in place over builders' deadening felt, your new Armstrong Floor needs no constant care. Its beauty is built in . . . its surface sealed and protected by the Accolac Process. That means cleaning ease—no spotting, no staining—just a light waxing and polishing when needed. Even in kitchens where tracked-in dirt may call for frequent washing, all you need do to keep the surface satin-smooth is to occasionally apply Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)



One of the new Armstrong Embossed Inlaid designs, No. 6101, first introduced this Spring



"Building Shadows," a prize-winning design in Armstrong's Moulded Inlaid Linoleum, No. 3195

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Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

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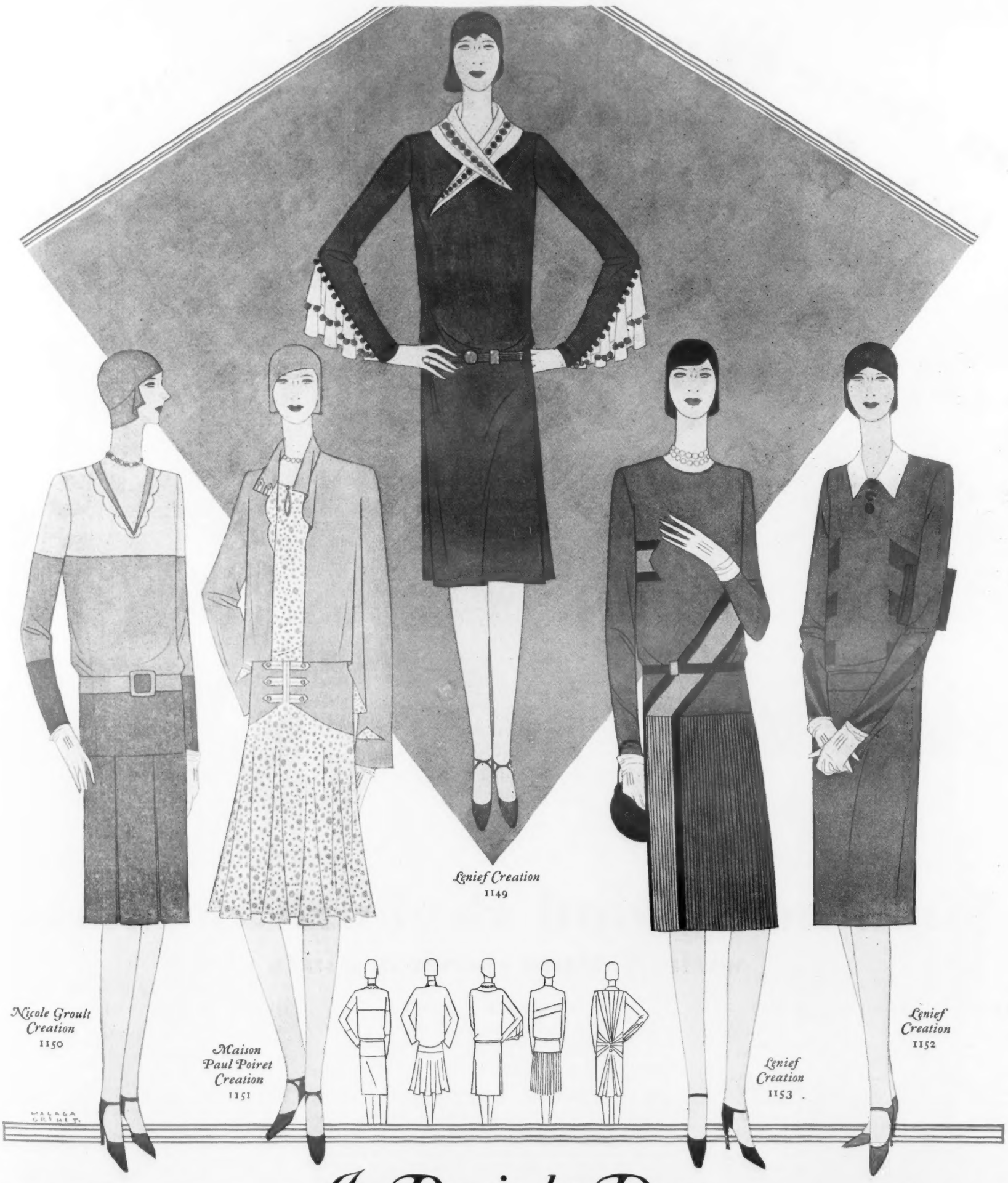


In Paris by Day

NICOLE GROULT'S two-piece sports dress at the extreme left shows a blouse in three tones of the same color, with a collar appliquéd and scalloped, worn over a skirt with a wide box pleat giving fullness in the center front. A colored belt in grosgrain silk lends chic to the ensemble. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42.

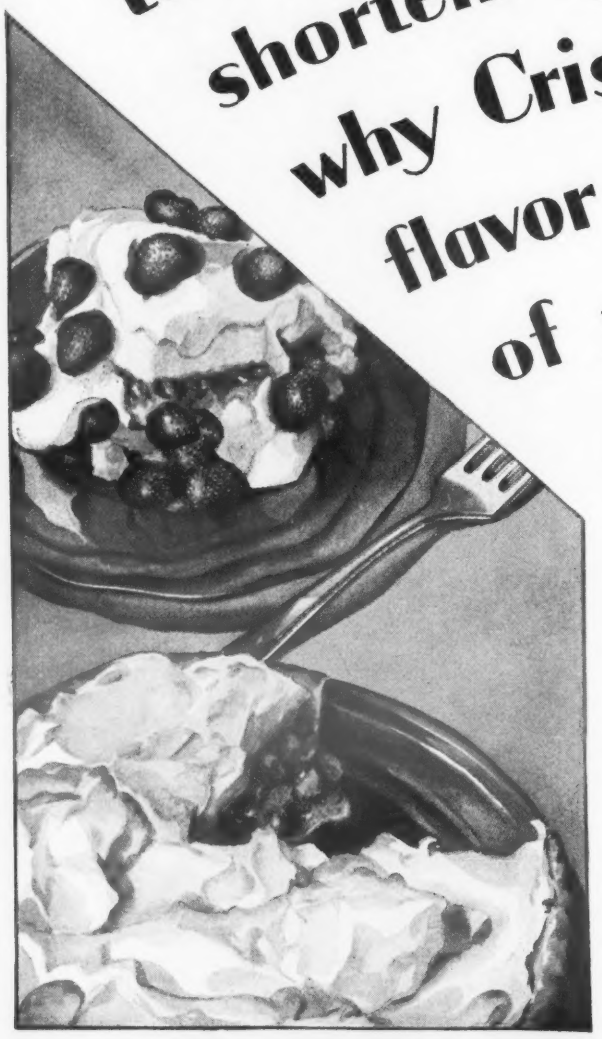
The costume to the right of it comes from the Maison Paul Poiret and combines a dress with an absurdly smart little bolero jacket. The fitted hip band, with its pointed upward line in front, accents the chic of the dress. The skirt is circular, the blouse plain and fastened at the neck opening with one button. The bolero is longer in back than in front and has a standing scalloped collar. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

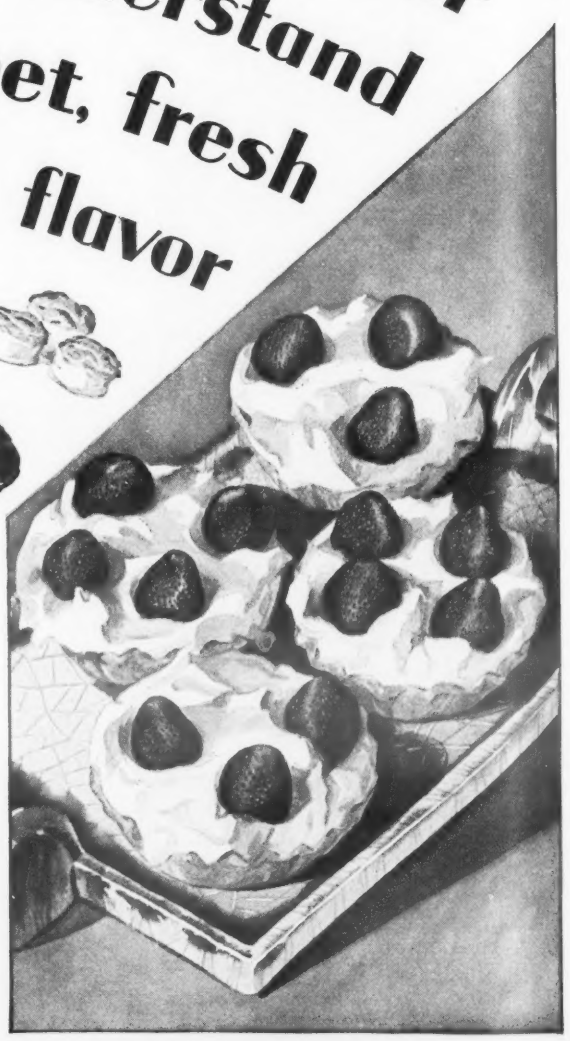
Lenief's striking model, centered on the page, features the unusual wrist-to-elbow cuff effect which was noticeable at so many of the spring openings. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38. Also from Lenief is the gown shown second from right. The blouse of the two-piece model is appliquéd with two bands in contrasting color, and the band of the same contrasting colors inset at the right of the all-around pleated skirt extends the effect of the diagonally banded blouse. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Another Lenief two-piece design is shown at the extreme right. The bands of applied, contrasting color, which are arranged in an unusual sunburst effect on the back, show only a few inches on the simple, slightly bloused front of the frock. An appealing little Peter Pan collar draws attention to the simple neck line, the severity of which is accentuated by three prim buttons. Set-in sleeves, long and tight, wrinkled purposely below the elbow, repeat the striking trimming of the frock and add a decorative note to the whole. In Paris these street gowns are often made in a heavy crêpe de chine. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Les Authentiques Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents.

You taste milk. You test eggs. Now, taste Crisco ... then any other shortening. Then you'll understand why Crisco's own sweet, fresh flavor so improves the flavor of your





RHUBARB COTTAGE PUDDING

Cottage Pudding is a homey-sounding name picturing a dessert that's simple and easy to make. This rhubarb cottage pudding fulfills that promise and has just the tart, invigorating tang one wants in a Springtime dessert. Crisco blends easily with the other ingredients in this quick dessert and its own sweet fresh flavor makes the cake fresh flavored.

½ cup Crisco — 2 cups flour — ½ teaspoon salt
1¼ cups sugar — 2 teaspoons baking powder
1 egg beaten — ½ teaspoon ginger
1 cup unsweetened cooked rhubarb

Blend Crisco and sugar. Add beaten egg and rhubarb. Sift dry ingredients and add to mixture. Beat thoroughly. Bake in Criscoed loaf tin in moderate oven (350° F.) for 1 hour. Serve hot with favorite pudding sauce.

Flaky Pastry (plus a short-cut)

Sift 1 cup flour, ⅜ teaspoon salt. Cut ⅓ cup Crisco in well with two knives. Add only enough water to hold mixture together (3 to 5 tablespoons). This recipe makes 6 tart shells, or one single crust. You can double or quadruple the recipe and keep Crisco pastry, already mixed, in the ice-box—ready whenever you want a pie. It stays sweet, because Crisco itself stays sweet.

Strawberry and rhubarb desserts

[with 3 time-saving hints]

RHUBARB MERINGUE PIE

6,000 years ago a Chinese emperor grew rhubarb for its beautiful foliage. Later scientists found its roots had medicinal value . . . But when housewives tasted rhubarb, they exclaimed, "It's a plant for pie!"

Now housewives taste Crisco's pure, sweet flavor and exclaim, "It's *the* shortening for pie crust." Not only is Crisco pastry as sweet flavored as Crisco itself, but it is tender and flaky, too.

3½ cups rhubarb — ½ teaspoon salt — 2 cups sugar
2 egg yolks, beaten — 7 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon cinnamon — 2 tablespoons Crisco, melted

Wash and cut rhubarb in thin slices without peeling. Add egg yolks well beaten, melted Crisco and sifted dry ingredients. Mix well together. Roll Crisco pastry ⅛ in. thick on floured board. Line Criscoed pie plate with pastry, put in the rhubarb filling and bake in hot oven (450° F.) about 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake until rhubarb is soft. Cool. Cover with meringue (2 egg whites beaten stiff with 4 tablespoons sugar) and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 15 minutes until meringue is browned and cooked through.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL: Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trademark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Co.

STRAWBERRY TARTS

If there's anything better than strawberry shortcake, it's a strawberry tart like this—red, ripe strawberries nestling in whipped cream and surrounded by a crinkly Crisco crust. Crisco crusts are sweet tasting, too, for Crisco itself tastes sweet and fresh just as it comes from the can.

½ cup sugar — 1 cup water — 3 cups fresh strawberries
¼ teaspoon salt — ½ cup powdered sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch — ¾ cup sweet cream whipped

Mix sugar, cornstarch and salt. Add water and cook till thick, stirring constantly. Spread a little of this filling in the tart shells and add fresh strawberries mixed with the powdered sugar alternately with filling until crust is full. When cold, cover with sweetened whipped cream.

For tart shells, roll Crisco pastry ⅛ in. thick on floured board. Cut in small rounds, then cover inverted Criscoed muffin tins with the rounds. Prick well with fork to insure perfect-shaped shells. Bake 15 minutes in hot oven (450° F.).

QUICK STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

Two little children are responsible for this extra-quick Crisco shortcake. With their puppy they wandered out one afternoon to hunt wild berries and returned, tired and bedraggled, after supper had been put on the table. "They wanted their berries in a shortcake," writes their mother, "but I couldn't stop to make it the usual way. So I melted the Crisco, changed the recipe a bit and before we'd finished eating, the cake was out of the oven, brown and crunchy as any made the old slow way."

Crisco always imparts a fresh crispness to shortbread made this new quick way or by your old favorite recipe. For Crisco is both as rich and as sweet and fresh-tasting a shortening as you can imagine.

1½ cups flour — 3 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt — ⅓ cup melted Crisco — ⅔ cup milk
2 tablespoons sugar — 1 egg, well beaten

Sift dry ingredients together and stir in milk and melted Crisco which has been added to beaten egg. (Mix lightly, do not beat.) Spoon into Criscoed cake tin, and bake for 15 minutes in hot oven (450° F.). Let cool slightly, split cake and fill with crushed sweetened strawberries. Serve with plain or whipped cream. Any fresh fruit can be used with this shortcake.

Free! 12 dozen Time-saving Recipes

Here are 144 recipes for dishes that are simple and easy to prepare—recipes with ingenious little wrinkles that cut time in the kitchen and save labor. In no case has the deliciousness of the food been sacrificed in the cause of easy preparation. Busy mothers and business housewives will find these recipes invaluable. Free: simply fill in and mail the coupon at right.

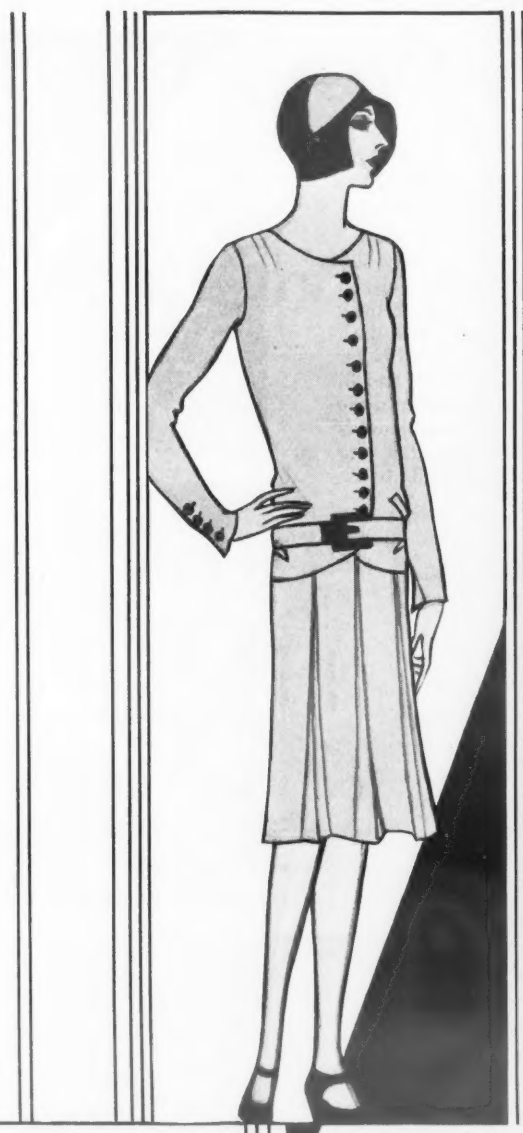
© 1929, P. & G. Co.

Winifred S. Carter (Dept. XJ-59), P.O. Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.
Please send me free the cook book,
"12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes."

Name_____

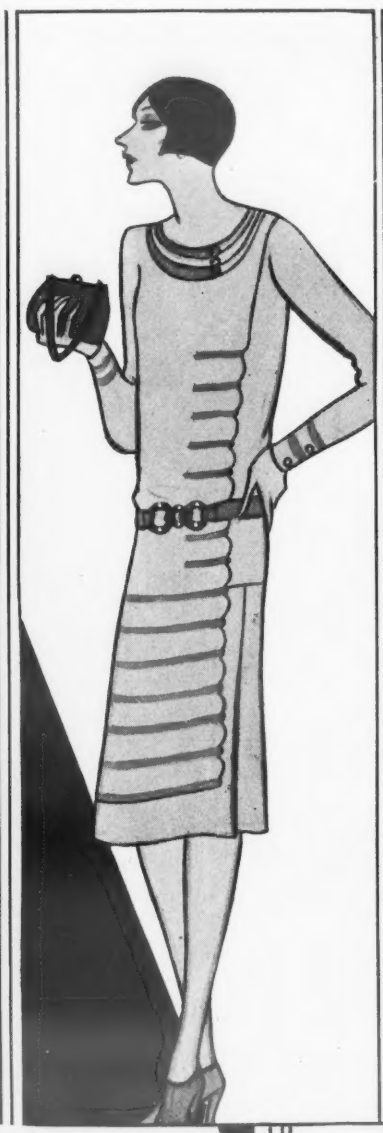
Address_____

City_____ State_____



Drecoll-Beer Creation
1139

Doeuillet-Doucet Creation
1142



Drecoll-Beer Creation
1138

New Paris Arrivals

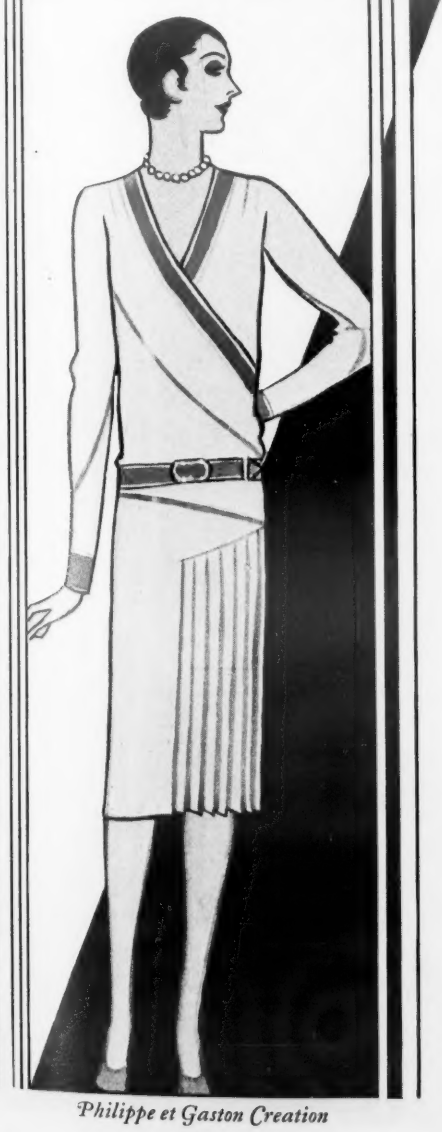
THE tailored gown in the lower left-hand corner, No. 1141, with its popular crossover blouse, is banded in a contrasting color and trimmed with diagonal lines to correspond. Designed by Philippe et Gaston for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 and 36.

In the upper left-hand corner is a two-piece gown, No. 1139, from Drecoll-Beer. The blouse overlaps the skirt in a rounded line in the back and pointed in front. Attractive appliquéd bands at the hips are almost hidden by the belt, and the skirt is made with inset circular godets pressed into plaits. For ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 44.

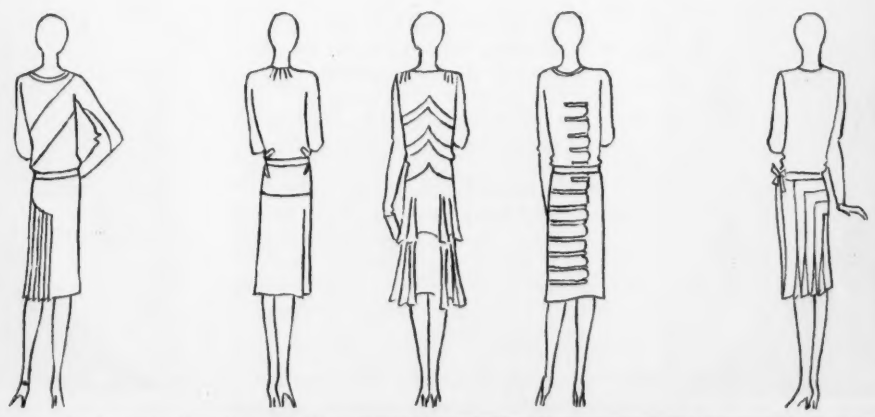
The afternoon frock in the center of the page, No. 1142, from Doeuillet-Doucet, has reverse bands of the material for trimming. The lower flounce may also carry out this idea. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

Drecoll-Beer creates the tunic dress in the upper right-hand corner, No. 1138, trimmed with applied bands of a contrasting color, and rounded off at the edges in scallops. The dress fastens on the left shoulder and opens straight down the side to the lowest appliquéd band. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and sizes 32 to 40.

The Premet model at the right, No. 1140, has a collarless blouse slashed in front with a tucked gilet. Applied bands form the hipline, the upper one tying in a bow at the side. In the back these bands run downward forming godets and in front the skirt is circular. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42.



Philippe et Gaston Creation
1141



Premet Creation
1140

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Les Authentiques Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents.

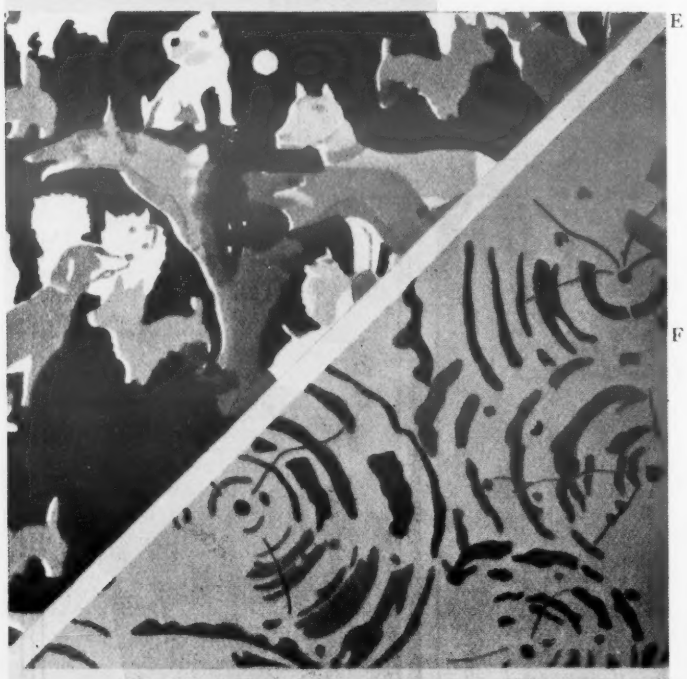
New Printed Silks for Every Hour of the Day

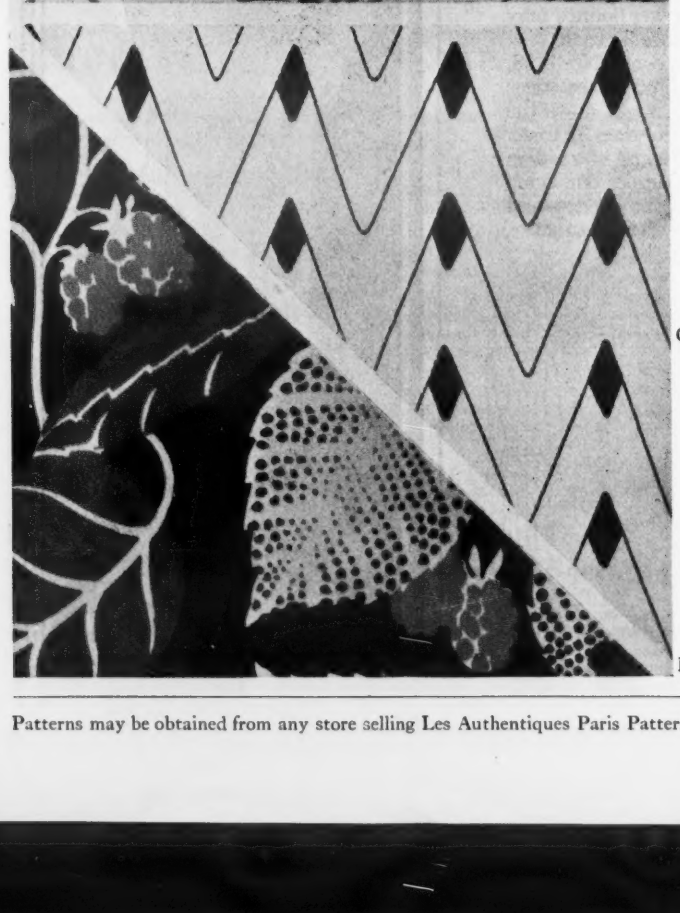
UNCHALLENGED in chic for summer wear, whether in town or country, silk prints have appeared this season in a fascinating variety of distinguished designs and unusual color combinations. There are small designs on dark grounds, such as A, C, D, E, J, L and P pictured here; larger designs with dark grounds, picked out with brilliant color, such as H, or soft colors like M and N for afternoon; sports designs, such as O; and smartly eccentric designs, like F and G.

The smart Premet dress, Design No. 1091, which is sketched in the center of the page, shows one of the many possible versions of the printed dress. The blouse is sleeveless with a low round neck; the skirt is pleated all around; the jacket has long sleeves and buttons at the left. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42.

A

B C D


E F

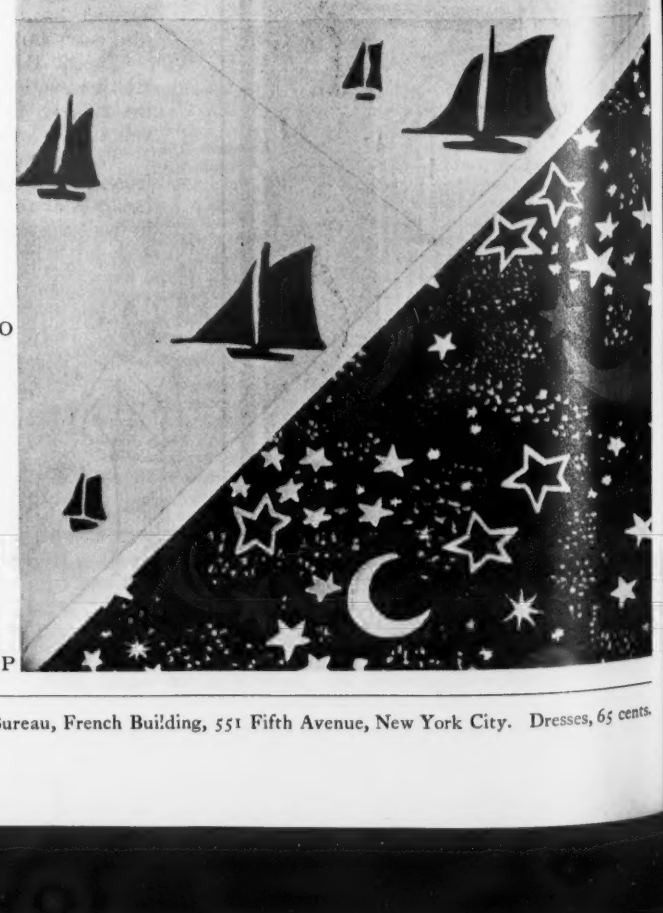

G H

Premet Creation 1091

I J

K L

M N


O P

A—Cheney "Paysanne" series; B—rayon "Penanink" print from Marshall Field & Co.; C—Cheney "Lady Bug"; D—Celanese printed "Rosanese"; E—"Lots o' Dog," designed by Zug Brunner for Stehli; F—"Wood Print," Marshall Field & Co.; G—"Chevrons," designed by Georges Le Pape for Stehli; H—Cheney; I—"Down East," Mallinson's printed Pussy Willow; J—rayon-and-cotton Moray Dresden print from J. Grossman Co.; K—all-rayon Viennese print, Marshall Field & Co.; L—"Zinnete," another printed Pussy Willow from Mallinson; M—Cheney; N—Stehli, "Pine Cones," designed by Benito; O—Cheney; P—Stehli's "Stars," by Guy Arnoux. All prints are shown here slightly reduced.

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Les Authentiques Paris Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Dresses, 65 cents.

New facts about CLEANING TEETH

DO YOU KNOW ....

that there are thousands of tiny crevices in healthy, normal teeth and gums?

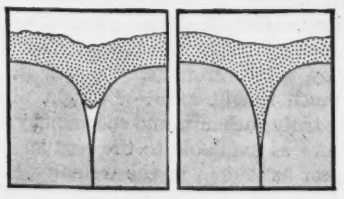
that no toothbrush can get down into these microscopic places?

that food particles and mucin deposits lodge in these crevices and may start decay?

that the real test of a toothpaste is its ability to cleanse these crevices?*

**How Colgate's Cleans Where Toothbrush Cannot Reach*

Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate down where causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

A remarkable scientific discovery has recently brought to light some new facts about cleaning the teeth.

A scientist carefully measured the power of toothpastes to penetrate the tiny crevices in teeth and gums where food particles lodge and where decay begins.

He found that some dentifrices merely scrub the outer surface of the teeth. Others go partly down into the larger crevices. *Then he discovered that Colgate's has a higher penetrating power than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today.*

This is the secret of Colgate's remarkable ability to clean—it gets down deep into the hard-to-clean places where the toothbrush cannot reach.

Colgate's superior penetrating power is due to the fact that it contains the world's greatest cleansing agent. When brushed, this cleansing agent bursts into a sparkling, snow-white foam that sweeps over teeth and gums. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to go deep down into the tiny tooth crevices where decay starts. There, it dislodges clinging food particles and mucin, washing away these impurities in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk-powder—a polishing material used by dentists—which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly. Thus Colgate's cleans and beautifies; purifies and refreshes the entire mouth, restoring natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

The one function of a dentifrice is to *clean* the teeth. No dentifrice can cure pyorrhea; no dentifrice can permanently correct an acid condition of the mouth. These are things only a dentist or physician can do. Any claim that any dentifrice can do them is misleading. The highest dental authorities support this statement.

... and only 25¢

The famous 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter. This is because Colgate's is the largest selling dentifrice in the world—and volume production, everybody knows, means low price.

Try Colgate's *one week* FREE

COLGATE, Dept. B-1660, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name .....

Address .....

The Only Authentic Patterns From Paris

Bring the Great Designers' Chic Direct to Journal Readers

By PAMELA COYNE

Fashion Editor of the Journal

56 FAUBOURG ST. HONORÉ, Paris.

THE names of the great French designers spell magic to the ears of every woman who loves charming clothes, for she knows that they mean chic, individuality, a creative genius bending its energies to make women more charming, more lovely. But of late the word "authentic" finds its way into every conversation, every advertisement which mentions the couturières. Well it may. For years the world has acknowledged the supremacy of Paris in the fashion world. The dressmakers have shown their collections—products of months of research, thought, labor, desperation and loving care—to a fascinated world and have awakened the next morning to find their cleverest details, their greatest inspirations reproduced in the small shops of Paris, pirated for America; to find totally unknown designs reproduced under their names in magazines of which they have never heard. Under the circumstances, it has been discouraging, to say the least.

This year has brought a change. Tired of piratical copying, the openings have been held under the most rigid limitation of guests; personal introductions and elaborate identifications are necessary.

Of course it is obvious why authenticity is to be desired if one is interested in wearing clothes of Parisian inspiration. It is the sum of the details, the clever work, the piece of trimming which may startle you by its daring or originality, but which is, as the woman who knows clothes immediately realizes, the perfect inspiration which makes the dress. For those of us who can afford

Madame Nicole Groult is sketched in the modernistic workroom of her establishment on the Rue d'Anjou in Paris, at work on a new frock.

Madame Jenny was sketched supervising the creation of a dress for her successful collection of spring models, in her great establishment on the Champs-Élysées in Paris.

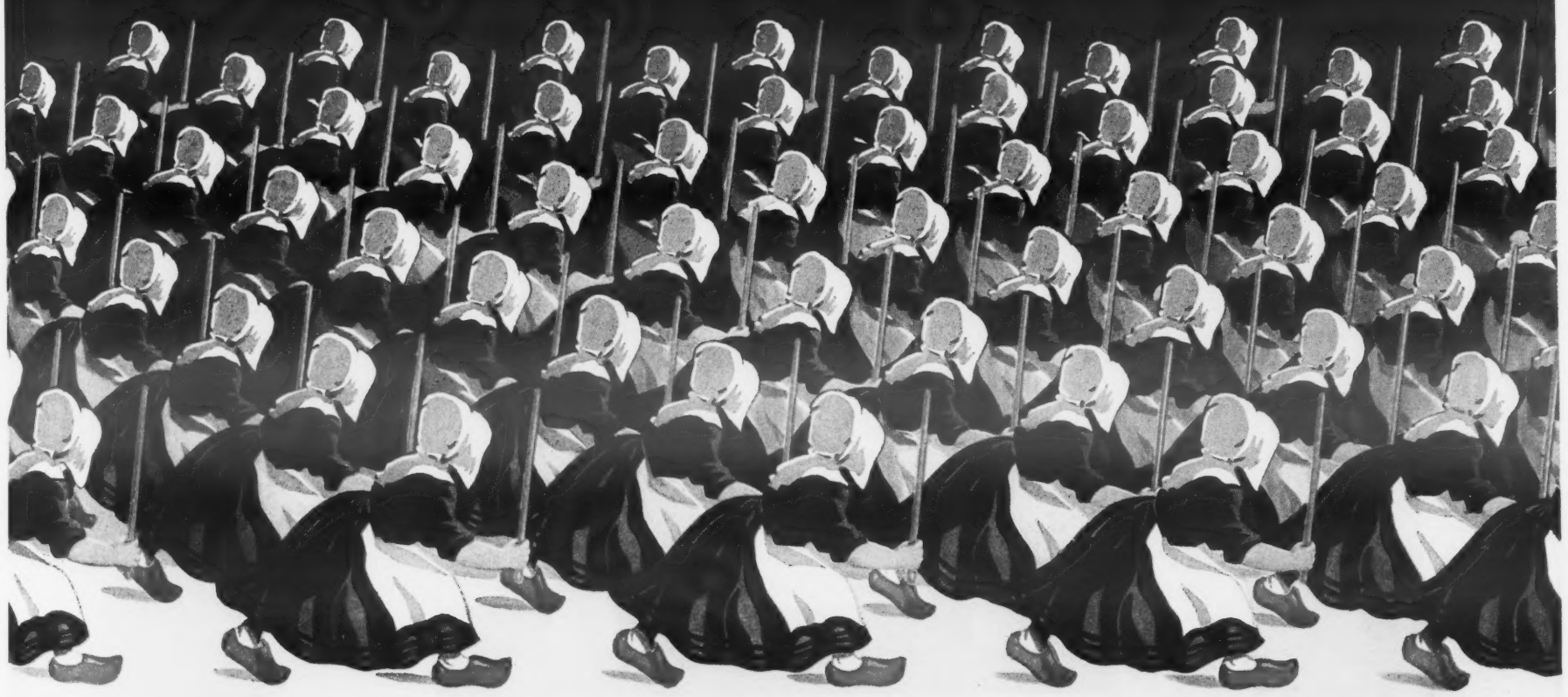
expensive copies the problem is not so hard. But it is inevitable that the manufacturer who copies Paris models at a price must sacrifice something not only in quality of material but in handwork and detail. And anyway, the fact that it is the fitting and the handwork which really count in a Paris frock is so true as to be proverbial.

It is because we are able to offer patterns direct from the great dressmakers of Paris to the woman who makes her own clothes, enabling her to be as smartly and as individually dressed as the woman who carelessly orders half a dozen frocks from a great dressmaker with no thought of cost, that we feel we may well be proud of our contribution to the American woman's rapidly growing reputation of being the best dressed in the world. Our patterns are not inspired by Paris, they are not adapted from Paris; they are actually designed, created and shown in the salons of the French *haute couture*. Every detail shown in the minutely careful drawings, and in the made-up dresses which are rushed to us by the fastest steamers, is meticulously reproduced, so that to all intents and purposes you are assured of an authentic copy of a Paris dress, as authentic as though the signature from the head of each house, which each sketch sent to us bears, appeared on your own particular pattern.

WE SHOW here two drawings which were made in Paris for us. At the top, Madame Nicole Groult, whose patterns appear each month in the JOURNAL, and in whose exotic and chic salons some of the most individual, unusual and distinctive clothes in Paris are shown, is seen sketching a model for her new collection. Below, Madame Jenny, whose unique and charmingly feminine touch is as recognizable in the patterns which we show under her signature each month as it is on the dresses from her collection, to be seen wherever a smartly dressed world gathers on the Continent, was sketched pinning up a dress which, when completed, will be inimitable and charming.

Even in prosperous America, economy is chic. Dresses made at home insure careful cutting, with adequate seam allowances and other protections against wear and tear; they permit adjustments to one's own peculiarities of measurement, of type; achievement of one's favorite fabrics and color combinations. But, desirable as all these elements are, the smart, alert women of today want something more. Chic, smartness, individuality—by whatever name you call it, it is recognizable at once and it is much sought after. Brought directly within her reach by means of these truly authentic and enormously smart patterns, the chic of Paris becomes as available to the woman whose budget gives her two dresses a year as it does to the woman who can have twenty every month.

Old Dutch Cleanser brings *Healthful Cleanliness* - the greatest advance in modern cleaning efficiency



The Great Modern Advance!

Old Dutch brings Healthful Cleanliness, so essential to the well-being of your family. This notable Old Dutch achievement is the greatest advance in modern cleaning efficiency. Old Dutch also institutes quicker, easier and more economical standards of housekeeping.

There is nothing like Old Dutch. It contains no harsh, scratchy grit, acid or caustic—it is not a chemical. Its marvelous efficiency is derived from "Seismotite"—a natural cleanser endowed with scientific cleaning principles. The flaky, flat-shaped particles of Old Dutch possess distinctive, detergent energy. They capture and remove the invisible impurities as well as the visible dirt; assuring wholesome, hygienic cleanliness.

Old Dutch preserves the modern beauty of the home. It is perfect for sinks and bath tubs of snow-white or gayly colored porcelain or enamel; painted walls or woodwork; pots, pans and cooking utensils of all kinds. Tile; floors; nickelplate; windows and mirrors; refrigerators; enameled or painted furniture, etc. The fact that Old Dutch does not harm the hands is convincing proof of its purity and safety.

You will be agreeably surprised, when you use Old Dutch, at the small amount of work and time required to keep the home spotlessly clean and beautiful—safeguarded with *Healthful Cleanliness.*

Old Dutch Cleanser Homes are Healthful Homes

Chases Dirt
Protects the Home

© 1929 The C. P. Co.

Heim

Dœuillet-Doucet

J. Suzanne Talbot

Maison Paul Poiret

Variety Returns to the Street Mode

ONE may wear a cape, a short or a long jacket, a street frock with a fur—or a scarf—in Paris today and be equally chic, provided only the costume suits one's own type and style. For the day of the "uniform" for smart women has passed, and individuality brings back feminine charm to the modern mode. The outstanding success of small houses this season explains it in part, for many creative geniuses contribute their own interpretation of the correct, the chic, the feminine and, above all, the becoming thing to the season's fashions, and so each interpretation reflects an entirely different taste, genre and personality.

We see this charming variety of possibility illustrated on this page. The small cape appears frequently enough in this summer's collections to make it smart, but never so persistently as to make it banal or common. Heim, hitherto a house showing a collection exclusively of furs and coats—each one a masterpiece—this season adds a few dresses as recognition of the ensemble mode. "Spring," at the extreme left above, buckles its swagger, exquisitely proportioned little cape to the belt of the dress worn beneath it. Cape and dress are of soft-blue wool georgette, and the tucked vest is of white silk.

The woman who realizes that feminine frocks are more her type than tailleurs finds a variety of them, especially designed for summer wear in town, among the new collections. Individuality of detail—such as the ivory buttons, the cream-colored silk ruffles tucked under the buttoned tabs, the white leather belt with its gold-and-ivory buckle—marks Dœuillet-Doucet's "Kitty," second from the left, as very French; and the low, circular flare of the skirt movement, the fitted hips and the natural waistline of this model in figured black-and-white crêpe marocain, as very definitely of this season.

Because sports clothes are no longer chic for every and any hour of the day, because she knows she may wear a tailleur without its being a *classique* model, the Parisienne chooses J. Suzanne Talbot's "Smart," one of the highlights of an unusually distinguished collection, for a morning of shopping or a day of travel. The black wool coat shows a collar of the black-and-white-plaid wool crêpe from which the skirt is made, and—important note in this important collection—the white silk shirtwaist and red silk tie are exactly like a man's.

For coats that are not merely coats but are in truth creations, individual, striking, distinguished, the woman whose type permits it goes to the Maison Paul Poiret. This season "Boucala," shown at the extreme right, enjoyed a success which is not hard to understand. The beige reps of the coat is set off by bands of brown-and-gold ciré braid; the large buttons are of gold and the sleeves are lined with dark-brown crêpe de chine. The natural waistline effect, the great wide sleeves, and the uneven, circular movement of the skirt of the coat are interesting details.

It will be noticed that no fur collars appear on these street costumes. Coats without fur are undoubtedly extremely smart this season. Louiseboulanger did not show one fur collar in her collection, but substituted vastly becoming collars of marabou, dyed to match the fabric of the wrap. These were shown for day and evening as well.

Follow your nose to a BARGAIN

WHAT, smell a bargain?

Certainly!—for Fels-Naptha's clean naptha odor says plainer than words, "Here is *extra* help"...and of course you know that the real bargain in laundry soap is not how many bars, but *how much help* you get for your money.

That's what makes Fels-Naptha such a find!—because it gives you the *extra* help of two effective cleaners instead of one. Not "just soap," but *good golden* soap, and plenty of naptha, the safe, gentle dirt-loosener used by dry cleaners.

So, when you wash with Fels-Naptha you get the *extra* help of these two active cleaners working together. Naptha, the dirt-loosener, and good golden soap, the dirt-remover, joining hands to bring you clean, sweet-smelling, home-washed clothes without hard rubbing.

Fels-Naptha is gentle both to clothes and to hands. Use it in machine or tub—in hot, cool or lukewarm water; or for soaking or boiling your clothes, if you wish. Use it for household cleaning, too. But, *use* it—and discover for yourself the *extra* help it gives—the *extra* help that makes Fels-Naptha a real bargain in value!

SMELL THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha. Order it from him today—by the bar or in the ten-bar carton so many women find convenient. Fels & Company, Philadelphia.

© 1929, Fels & Co.

Nicole Groult *J. Suzanne Talbot* *Maison Paul Poiret*

Inspired Individuality Marks the New Mode

ONE may achieve all the points which mark the mode for the season's frocks and yet be at once elegantly feminine and individually distinguished. The gradually lengthening skirt, the slightly, discreetly picturesque quality, the higher waistlines, the faint reflection of Victorian silhouettes and the distinguished colorings which met the eye at every spring opening are reflected in various ways in these costumes from three great houses.

Nicole Groult combines a fascinating print in two shades of green and white with solid-green crêpe in Verdurette, which is shown at the extreme left. The waistline, though natural, is not exaggeratedly so. The matching hat shown with the frock is one of the successes from her second collection of hats.

J. Suzanne Talbot's striking Ermenonville, shown on the two center figures in black, and in black-and-white-plaid taffeta, emphasizes the flare below the knees, the Victorian bustle silhouette, the natural waistline and the short cape, which is cut circular with a deep round flat collar. With it is shown her typical and enchanting bonnet of black taffeta, faced with stitched pink taffeta, the short veil reaching only to the tip of the nose. A tiny row of artificial blond curls, attached to the hat, curl up over the short back.

Printed satin had a great success at the spring openings, but appeared nowhere more happily than as a border of brilliantly colored fruits on the black-and-white dot-scattered crêpe de chine of Pomone from Maison Paul Poiret. Distinctly 1929 as to length and unevenness of skirt, as well as to silhouette, it is nevertheless an afternoon gown which is both wearable and picturesque. With it is shown J. Suzanne Talbot's Ritz, a fascinating and alluring hat of black horsehair, trimmed with gold-and-black ciré ribbon and a tiny veil. Gauntlet gloves with flaring cuffs, worn with either long or short sleeves, are the newest accompaniment to chic clothes, as seen at the Paris openings.

How Science Ends the Uncertainty of Old-Time Hygienic Methods

And gives women freedom, comfort, standards of health never before possible

THE woman of today is—at all times—an active participant in the world's events. She travels, she goes in for sports . . . her social activities continue, free of former handicaps . . . since the light of scientific frankness has been thrown upon woman's oldest hygienic problem.

Already, within just a few years, millions of women have learned to take the comfort of Kotex for granted. The first scientific sanitary napkin, it is constantly being perfected in details which make for added comfort and better health!

What Kotex Means

This is what Kotex provides: a super-absorbent, soft protection, fashioned to give greatest possible comfort. Cellucotton absorbent wadding—the super-absorbent filler—actually takes up 5 times more moisture than cotton; it is disposable just like tissue . . . (this, in itself, would be enough to recommend it universally); the gauze is soft, specially treated; the layers of filler are adjustable, can be removed as one's requirements alter.

Now—Deodorized, Shaped-to-fit

An important discovery in Kotex Laboratories! Kotex is treated to deodorize safely, completely. This process has been patented* and is to be found in no other sanitary pad.

Corners of each pad have been rounded and tapered so as to leave no evidence of sanitary protection. This is just one of the ways in which the new Kotex will please you.

Buy a box of Kotex today . . . 45 cents for twelve. All drug, dry goods and department stores sell it; also in vending cabinets in rest-rooms through the West Disinfecting Company.

Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

SUPER-SIZE KOTEX

Formerly 90c—Now 65c

Some women find Super-size Kotex a special comfort. Exactly the same as the regular size Kotex but with added layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587.)

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Prices slightly higher in Canada.

In Paris: LINA CAVALIERI

Portrait, by Argnani, of Lina Cavalieri, the beautiful opera star, who now conducts a smart beauty salon in Paris. Mme. Cavalieri's own loveliness is proof of the wisdom of her beauty advice.

celebrated beauty specialist

advises washing for beauty with this palm and olive oil soap

"In addition to my own beauty products, I always recommend the soap blended of palm and olive oils. It leaves the skin in a smooth, healthy condition."

Lina Cavalieri

61, Avenue Victor Emmanuel III, Paris

Cavalieri's Salon de Beauté, 61 Avenue Victor Emmanuel III, where she advises famous beauties of two continents on the care of the skin.

LINA CAVALIERI has stepped off the operatic stage to share her beauty knowledge with the world's smartest women.

Ensconced in her sumptuous salon, on the Avenue Victor Emmanuel III, Lina Cavalieri tells her patrons of a simple home beauty treatment. "I find," she says, "that a soap blended of palm and olive oils, by cleansing the pores thoroughly, leaves the skin in a smooth, healthy condition."

Madame Cavalieri has made an extensive study of beauty methods in both Europe and America. "I am visited by some of the most famous beauties of two continents," she says. "In addition to my own beauty products, I always recommend them to use Palmolive Soap."

When dirt, dust, oil, powder and rouge get into the pores they are choked up. To these poisonous secretions Madame Cavalieri attributes blackheads, pimples, enlarged pores, blemishes.

Palmolive lather, Madame Cavalieri feels, frees those hardening masses of dirt and make-up, leaves the complexion soft and glowing.

This opinion has long been held by beauty specialists of prominence throughout the United States. They, too, recommend this famous twice-a-day treatment which Cavalieri suggests to her discriminating clientele:

With both hands make a bland lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. For two minutes, massage this well into the skin. Then rinse, gradually cooling the water to icy temperature. For dry skin, a touch of cold cream. Oily skin is refreshed by an astringent lotion and day cream before make-up is applied.

Not only in America but in Vienna, Berlin, London, Rome—everywhere one finds the same approval and recommendation of this 2-minute beauty treatment. France has made Palmolive one of its two largest selling soaps . . . think of it, France, the beauty dictator of two hemispheres! And in forty-eight other countries, of all soaps it is the choice, just as it is here in the United States.

Retail Price 10c

4244

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Child Mannequins—Phenomenons of Style and Grace

Perfect Imitators of the Chic, Professional Models

By Rosemary Carr Benét

MANNEQUINS, like dancers and moving-picture stars, should start young. They must start while they are still fresh and pretty and vigorous. In the Russian ballet child stars begin at seven or younger. Moviedom has produced its infant wonders, its Baby Peggys and its Jackie Coogans. And now the business of mannequining has its juvenile branch, its child apprentices, its infant phenomenons.

Paris, this past season, has seen the rise to popularity of children's modes shown on children, exactly as their mothers' chic creations are displayed on grown-up mannequins in the big dressmaking establishments. Two of the leading houses devoted to Lilliputian inspirations—Mignapouf and Jenny Billioque—have formal openings. A score of infants of varying ages trip by with all the airs and graces of grown-up models. Lanvin at her regular opening had one little-girl mannequin, aged about seven, to show the children's things. She was poised and amused and composed and did not trip in her flat-buckled patent-leather slippers. For her, this was a new and fascinating game—a glorified dressing-up contest where grown-ups instead of neighbor children helped and admired and were absurdly interested.

What are the essential qualifications for these child mannequins? First, pretty legs. It is more important for Mimi, the beautiful cloak model, to have legs like a china dolly than to have a profile that photographs well. If the profile is there, too, so much the better. She must also have a straight back and carry herself well when she walks. This is easier to teach children than their elders. They have no faults to unlearn. Where an older mannequin must take a whole course of lessons in how to walk gracefully, without slouching or simpering, the child's chief difficulty is not to wiggle too much. Next the aspirants must be docile and teachable. Children are born imitators—all embryo actors and actresses. But some are more unself-conscious in their movements than others. These make the raw material for mannequining. Finally, they acquire prestige from beautifully arranged mops of hair. This is not only Nature's gift—they are still at an age when baldness has no terrors—but also an expression of devotion on the part of their admiring mothers. French mothers have a way of seeing that their offspring's hair is tended like a formal garden rather than allowed to grow in the wild unhedged spontaneity that we admire. For us, these heads are perhaps too waved and arranged, but let us not be captious about a charming group of infants, serious and intent on getting on in the world. Many of them come, by the way, from the ranks of children who pose for photographers.

The work they do is not long or hard or confining. It can easily be combined with lessons, as the collections are usually shown only in the afternoon, and for only a month or so continuously twice yearly. The rest of the time, the little dresses and coats are displayed on painted hangers, not half so effectively, however, as when trotted by on fat legs. There are, in addition, occasional fittings; here the "no-wiggling" edict becomes all-important. The names of the dresses, by the way, come straight from the paths of fairy tales. They include many Little Red Riding Hoods. That is perhaps the favorite, but there are also Puss in Boots, The Good Child and the Savage Cat!

Whether these pioneers in infant-mannequining will rise to be the stars of their grown-up profession, we shall have to wait ten or twelve years to find out. In any case, inured to the admiring murmurs of the spectators, few will suffer from that modern spoilsport, the inferiority complex. Our children may watch them in the early 1940's, a few feet taller, but no more skillful, showing "the latest thing from Paris." Possibly a few may wander to the even more profitable daisy fields of the stage or moving pictures.

These rich suds *last*

In washing clothes you *always* have to do two things. First you must *loosen* the dirt, then you must remove it. But to get dirt out you need soap that gives *lasting suds* . . . suds that last until the dirt is *all* loose. The richer, longer-lasting the suds, the better the dirt comes out.

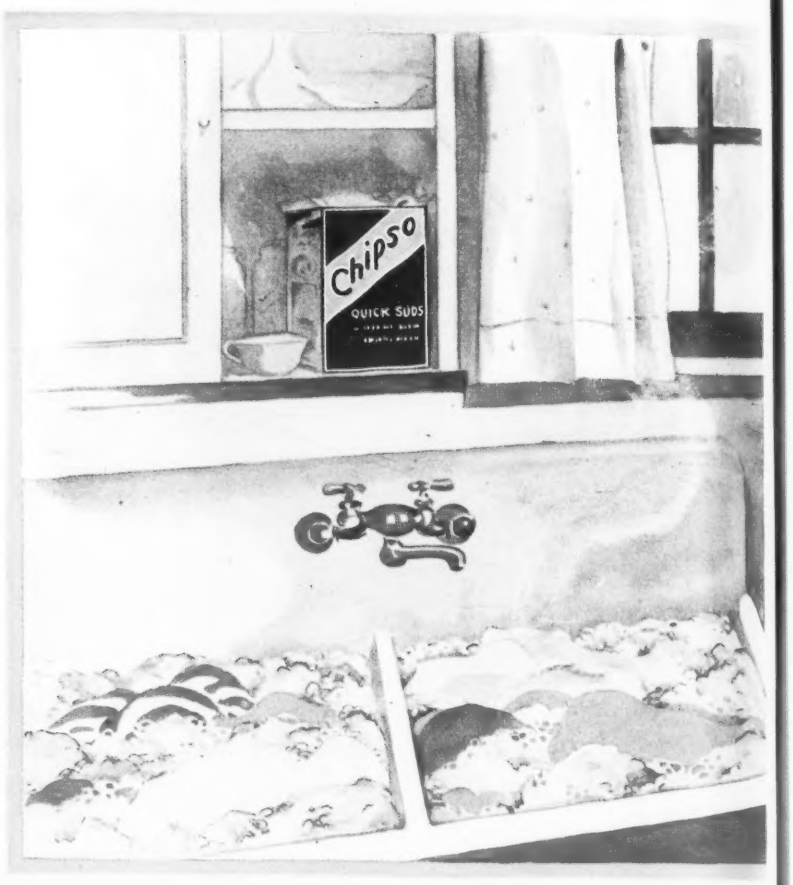
The suds of some soaps come quickly—and fall quickly. Such light, puffy, momentary suds cannot loosen dirt thoroughly. Chipso gives you rich, tenacious suds that last. This is natural, because Chipso is made of materials that are especially chosen to produce rich, hard-working, lasting suds.

Chipso's instant suds are so rich and thorough—yet safe, too—that they get all the dirt loose, without harm to colors or fabrics, in a 20-minute *soaking* or an overnight soaking—you may take your own choice.

This is why Chipso takes the burden of washday from you. Chipso's rich, lasting suds banish that hard rubbing on the board . . . that long boiling in the steamy kitchen. All you need to do after soaking is to squeeze the suds through the clothes a few times, rubbing the extra soiled spots a little.

One rinse in hot water and then in cold—wring, and your Chipso washday is over. It's really as simple as that! Best of all, you have saved strength, time, clothes and soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



Why so many millions of washing machine users insist upon Chipso

Hot water poured on Chipso in the machine makes instant rich suds. This is the quickest and most convenient way we know of to make rich, lasting suds. We find that though the suds of many soaps fall within a few minutes after the machine is started, Chipso suds last throughout the run.

Chipso can save you power, too: a 20-minute soaking right in the machine thoroughly loosens the dirt. Then the machine works the same suds through the clothes, and in half the usual time the dirt is out.

Free! *Saving Golden Hours*—"How to take out 15 common stains . . . save clothes by soaking . . . lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with the newest laundry *methods*, are discussed in a free booklet—*Saving Golden Hours*. Send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. CJ-59, P. O. Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Machine washing: Chipso is the most convenient soap we know of for making quick rich suds to use in your washing machine . . . suds that last throughout the run.

Soaks clothes clean
Dishes ⅓ less time

© 1929, P. & G. Co.

The most amazing success in

until the task is *done!*

"Chipso is my choice forevermore"

writes Mrs. W. E. Waters of Lexington, Kentucky.

"When Chipso came on the market," said Mrs. Waters in a recent unsolicited letter, "I had just bought a small washing machine. I have two small children. My husband wears white shirts. Needless to say, there were always loads upon loads of dirty clothes at our house.

"I used Chipso in the washer. Sometimes little stockings or bloomers were so dirty it was necessary to put them through two washings. But I could wash *three* groups of clothes in the same water and same suds using Chipso . . . for the suds last! I never boiled my clothes. My washing was always beautifully white, even in the winter when it had to be hung inside.

"Dishwashing was the same. With Chipso it was only necessary to add a little hot water from time to time to have live suds.

"Chipso rinses out of my clothes and off the dishes more quickly than other soaps. I believe this is because its superior dissolving quality makes it blend with the water more thoroughly.

"In other words, a practical comparison shows that Chipso is far more economical, is much more satisfactory to handle, and is away and above more efficient than other soaps."

Chipso suds last until every pot and pan is clean

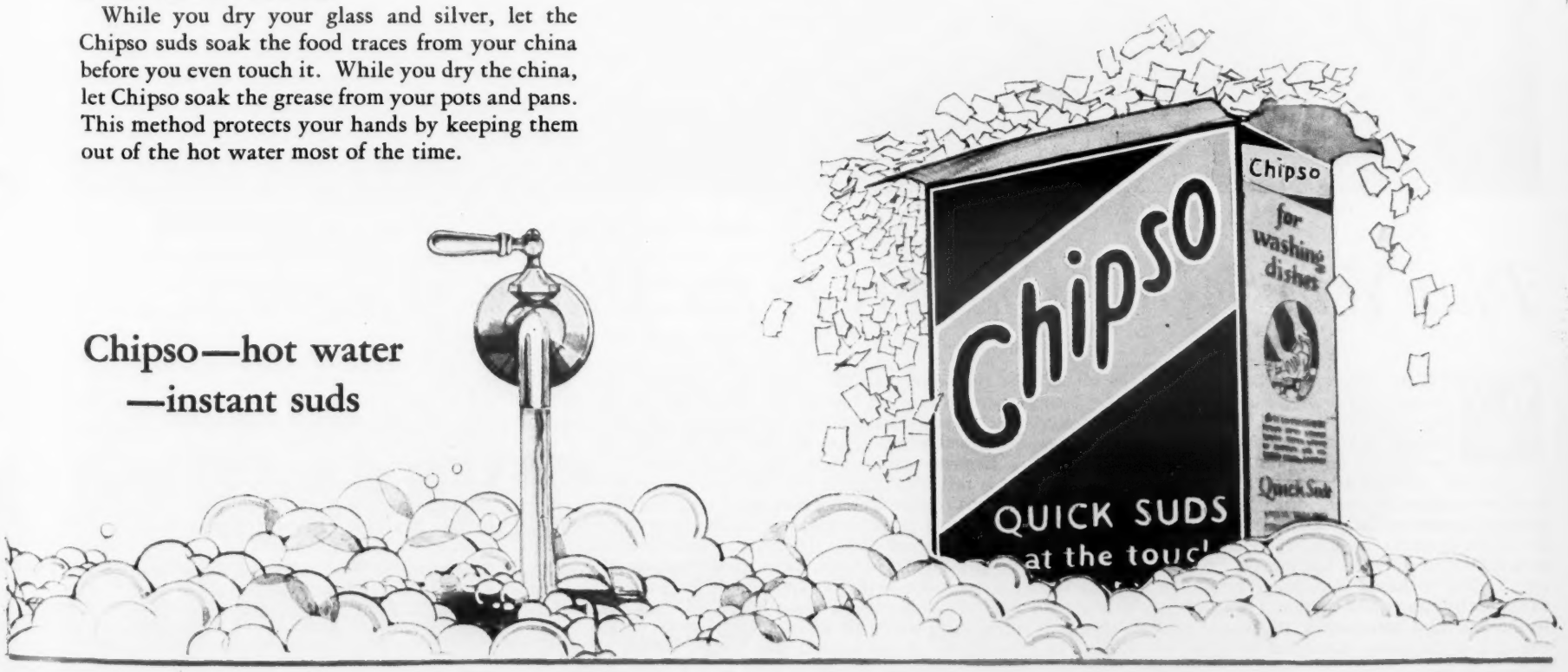
You waste no time or soap when you use Chipso for your dishes. Your suds are lively and efficient when the dishes are done.

While you dry your glass and silver, let the Chipso suds soak the food traces from your china before you even touch it. While you dry the china, let Chipso soak the grease from your pots and pans. This method protects your hands by keeping them out of the hot water most of the time.

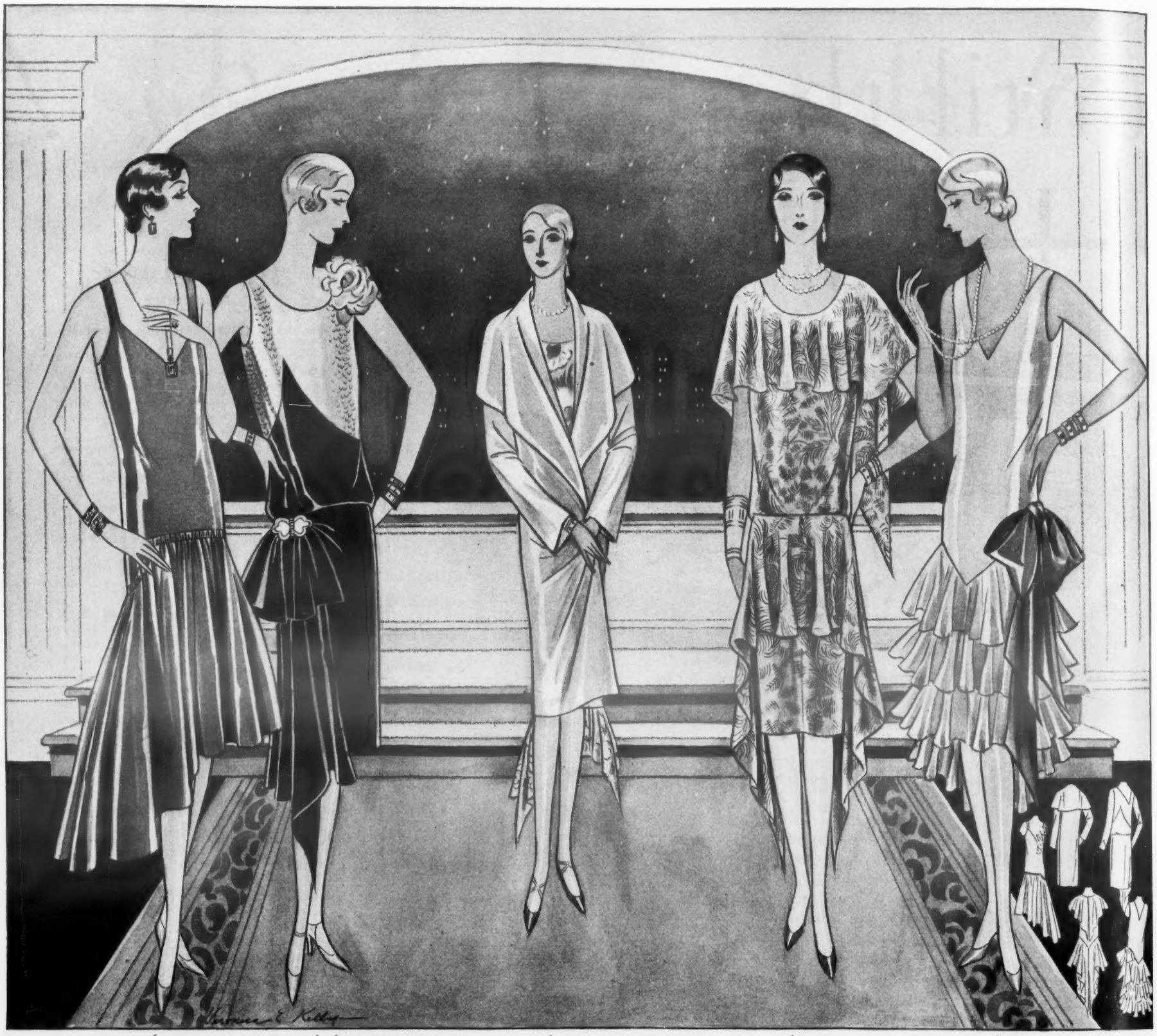
What "Chipso value" means

You will find that a 25c box of Chipso will do about 5 average family washings—unless your water is very hard. This same size package will do a month of dishwashing at a cost of less than *one cent* a day.

Chipso—hot water —instant suds



the history of household soap



6149 6146 6147 6145 6148

Plan Your Wardrobe Wisely for Warm Summer Evenings

WITH the approach of the summer parties we cast an anxious eye over our evening wardrobe, for a long winter of social activities, or even a steady number of peaceful evenings at home, will play havoc with these flimsy cobwebs of the present-day fashion. The gown on the left, Design No. 6149, is an excellent suggestion for a formal satin or taffeta evening gown of an easy wearable kind. Its long bodice follows the line of the figure to the hips, where a full skirt, gathered on with a band of shirring, dips low on one side in a becoming sweep. The V-shaped décolletage is held in place at the shoulders by straps, and the line of the neck may be adapted to the line most becoming to the wearer without changing the style of the gown. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42.

Charming in its sophistication, the gown second from the left, Design No. 6146, differs from the others by its two-piece arrangement of blouse and skirt. A top of flesh-colored mousseline de soie sprinkled all over with crystal beads joins the crêpe-satin under part and blouses softly at the waist. The skirt, tight fitting over the hips, drapes effectively on one side in two loops caught at the top by a buckle, and extends on one side in a point almost to the floor. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42.

Evening wraps in the summer are often a problem to solve. It is rather difficult to find one appropriate for many occasions. In the center of the page, Design No. 6147, is shown a charming, straight-lined coat lapping over on the left side, giving a draped effect. Its fashionable little shoulder cape, slightly circular in front, hangs over long, loose sleeves, giving the coat a formal air appropriate for evening, and making it also wearable for formal afternoon occasions. A heavy crêpe satin would be an excellent material to use for this model, but if one longs to look truly Parisian, a coat in a plain mousseline de soie to wear with a gown of matching printed mousseline, would give this desired effect. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 46.

Charming is the gown beside it, second from the right, Design No. 6145, made in the softest chiffon or feathery lace. The round neck and sleeveless blouse are relieved by a circular cape extending in two long points at the back, and a circular flounce on the skirt repeats the idea in a graceful line and trails behind in flowing ends. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42.

The gown at the extreme right, Design No. 6148, bespeaks youth and freshness in taffeta and tulle. A billowing skirt of tiered, circular flounces dips low at the back to a becoming length. The plain molded blouse joins the skirt in a point in front and back and a satin or tulle bow of a deeper shade or contrasting color is tied at the hip. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Colorful accessories worn with evening gowns can ruin or make a charming effect. Whether jewelry, scarfs or flowers, they should be selected with the utmost care to grace rather than decorate the gown. Paris is featuring more than ever this season "bouquet ensembles" and long graceful or fluffy petals are made out of the material of the frocks and placed on the shoulder or hip. Crêpe de chine slippers dyed to match the frocks were worn at the openings and sometimes black or white ones piped in gold or silver kid.

Patterns may be secured from any store selling LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 261 Fifth Ave., New York City. Dresses, 50 cents; Coats, 50 cents.

IT'S CALLED "The Wake-up Food"

NOT JUST BECAUSE YOU EAT IT WHEN YOU *wake up*
BUT BECAUSE YOU *wake up* WHEN YOU EAT IT

Every bowl of crisp Post Toasties you enjoy is rich in quick new energy. Isn't that cheery breakfast news for the millions who like to eat Post Toasties every day for its delicious, mellow flavor?

Here's a cereal as rich in energy as it is in flavor—as easy to digest as it is to serve. And *because* it is so easy to digest, its stored-up energy is quickly released to the body. That's why it's called "The Wake-up Food."

Pure white hearts of the choicest corn, deliciously flavored, and toasted to delicate crispness—what an ideal energy-breakfast to start off those growing youngsters on their active day of work and play! And what an ideal energy-lunch for that busy husband who *wants* something tempting, and who *needs* something wholesome, easy to digest, and rich in energy for the strenuous business of the day!

Don't forget—there's just one way to get "The Wake-up Food." Ask your grocer for Post Toasties—in the red and yellow wax-wrapped package.

POST TOASTIES

© 1929, P. Co., Inc. *The wake-up food*

Dressing the Boy

By SCHUYLER WHITE

A tweed coat worn over a white pull-over sweater and Jodphur trousers of heavy gaberdine are an ideal riding outfit for the young horseman.

A tan polo coat of camel's-hair wool is a very smart and practical topcoat for cool spring and summer evenings in the country or at the seashore.

THOUGH much has been written on the subject of boys' clothes and how that impressionable age of from ten to sixteen should be dressed, the fact still remains that their style of dressing differs very little from that of their older brothers and favorite uncles.

One hears from time to time that the age of hero worship is dead and that in the days of "our" youth things were quite different. But, nevertheless, that impressionable age of from ten to sixteen fundamentally remains unchanged. The Norfolk suit, Buster Brown or Eton collar and the Windsor tie have given way to the more comfortable and far more practical suit of tweeds worn with a soft-collared shirt, even as the heroes of the once popular Henty and Alger books have now been replaced by the heroes in the movies and the more exciting exploits of our flesh-and-blood heroes of the air.

The thrilling business of hero-worshiping still goes on among the youth of today and, if the heroes are no longer invested with the old-time romantic glamour so cherished by us in our memories, the modern-day heroes are nevertheless a potent factor. And so what more natural than that the modern youth should try to emulate the style of dress affected by these heroes?

Perhaps at no other time have sports of all kinds been so uppermost in the minds of all. Not only is an active participation in some sport encouraged among older people, but in the majority of schools an active part in sport is required as part of the curriculum. So, consequently, the stars of the sport world come in for their share of interest and emulation, not alone because of their proficiency in the sport itself but as to how they dress for that individual sport. Regardless of the sport, whether it is golf, or tennis, or horseback riding, the attire of the boy varies not one whit from the garb that is considered correct for that sport were it played by an older man. Therefore, because sports occupy a considerable part of a boy's life and because sports clothes are so comfortable and practical, it has come about that the average boy's wardrobe is composed largely of sports clothes.

Starting with the boy of about ten years of age, we find him wearing shorts—the short trousers that are cut rather full and which end just above the knees. With these shorts a two or three button jacket may be worn. Sometimes the jackets are cut with a collar and lapels, just like the jacket of an ordinary suit. Sometimes the jacket is finished without a collar, in which case the rather wide collar of his shirt is worn outside the coat. This, however, is a style more suitable for the very young boy and, when the lad has arrived at the age of ten, if he is at all large for his age, his preference will undoubtedly be the jacket cut like the jackets of his seniors.

With boys of this age, as well as older boys, the important thing to remember is that their clothes are subject to unusually rough wear and tear. Therefore, the clothes should be cut comfortably enough to permit of the utmost freedom of action, and the materials of which they are made should be the kind that will stand up under the hard wear they will get. Tweeds and homespuns are the types of fabric most satisfactory, but corduroy is again coming to the fore as a fabric for boys' suits after having been more or less in the background in recent years.

Golf stockings are worn with shorts. In winter they should be of heavy wool, but during the spring and summer the lighter weights are worn. Sturdy, broad-toed brown shoes are recommended. First, because brown is a better color for shoes worn with clothes of the sports type, and secondly, because scars do not show up so plainly on brown shoes as they do on black. This is an excellent point to remember because we all know that boys' shoes cannot help but get scuffed up with all the chasing and running about that they do.

From twelve to fourteen the shorts are succeeded by knickers, worn with golf stockings. The knickers are buckled just below the knee and the stocking drawn over the buckle so as to show the cuff of the stocking, which is usually of a fancy pattern. Round or crew-neck sweaters are usually worn under the jacket. These sweaters are most practical. They keep a boy warm in cold weather when, more often than not, if he is at all active, he is running about in the cold without his overcoat, and in ordinary weather, worn without a jacket, they are perfect for play. The shirt worn by a boy of this age has a soft collar attached. This collar is cut the same as that worn by men for sport.

It is when the boy puts on his first pair of long trousers that perhaps his interest in clothes is really aroused. At no other period in his life is he so conscious of his appearance. It is then that he really begins to think of accessories—his neckties, his handkerchiefs, and last, but by no means of least importance, his socks!

Now, this interest in clothes, even though it is most apparent in socks, is one to be encouraged in the minds of the young. It is a healthy sign. It is the outward and visible sign of a quite natural pride in one's habiliments. Parents no longer frown upon children who take an interest in their appearance by admonishing them that clothes do not make the man, because the fathers, at least, realize the importance of a good appearance and a corresponding lack of self-consciousness.

Let your son have a voice in the selection of his clothes. If left free to make a decision as to what he should wear, the average boy will seldom make a mistake—especialy if he has arrived in his early teens. He has a dread of being conspicuous. He wants to be like

(Continued on Page 67)

Youthful devotees of an old Scottish game feel that their handicap is not increased by wearing a sweater in the band of which is their school letter.

This correct young man, dressed for a junior dance, has not forgotten his white handkerchief for his breast pocket, nor his white boutonnière.

These interesting youngsters who are part of the gallery at a school tennis match, are excellent examples of well-dressed boys, and the turnout of the youthful tennis player is a faithful replica of that worn by the international tennis stars, topped by a cap in his school colors.

Illustrated By Earl Sargent

A collection of socks like these has a rightful place in the wardrobe of the young man and the man who stays young.

Not many people dared the deck of La France

— *that misty, squally morning*

A handful of hardy ones—mostly men—breasted the buffeting wind, as they trudged the deck for exercise—ten rounds to the mile!

A lull in the wind—I raised my eyes—and the plodding procession of mufflered men ceased to exist for me—

For towards me, down the swaying deck, came a *Sea Sprite*—if ever there were one!

She swept past with exuberant buoyancy, with the effortless ease of a cresting wave, with the joy of life echoing from every light footfall!

Anxiously, I awaited her reappearance and was *rewarded* for waiting—from her chic little cloche to the tips of her trim ties, she was all poise, all lightness—all *grace!*

* * *

We were watching the tiled roofs of Cherbourg break through the morning mists, before I gathered courage to tell my Divinity of the Deck how much I admired the lithesome grace which was hers.

Modestly, she disclaimed any credit. The secret, she said, was shoes—shoes gloriously snug at every step and gloriously *free* as well—shoes that fitted the feet *perfectly* in action as well as in repose—"Red Cross Shoes," she added.

* * *

Since then I have learned a lot about Red Cross Shoes.

For instance, that every pair of these remarkable shoes is shaped over the famous, exclusive "Limit" lasts, derived from averaging the measurements of thousands of active feminine feet—*so they can't fail to fit!*

Then, too, they have the exclusive Arch-Tone support—*exactly* the *right* support, they

tell me, for flexing insteps . . . and the Natural-shaped heel that hugs so cozily, without rubbing or chafing.

Clothe such advantages as these in the Parisian *chic* that only French designers can create, and you have Red Cross Shoes—marvels of modishness and marvels of ease, whether for street, sport or formal wear.

CARLOS

BARBA

The very smartest shoe store in town will show you Red Cross Shoes, at prices ranging from $10 to $16.50. There are also Sub-deb models from $6.50 to $8.50, and Junior models from $3.50 to $6.00.

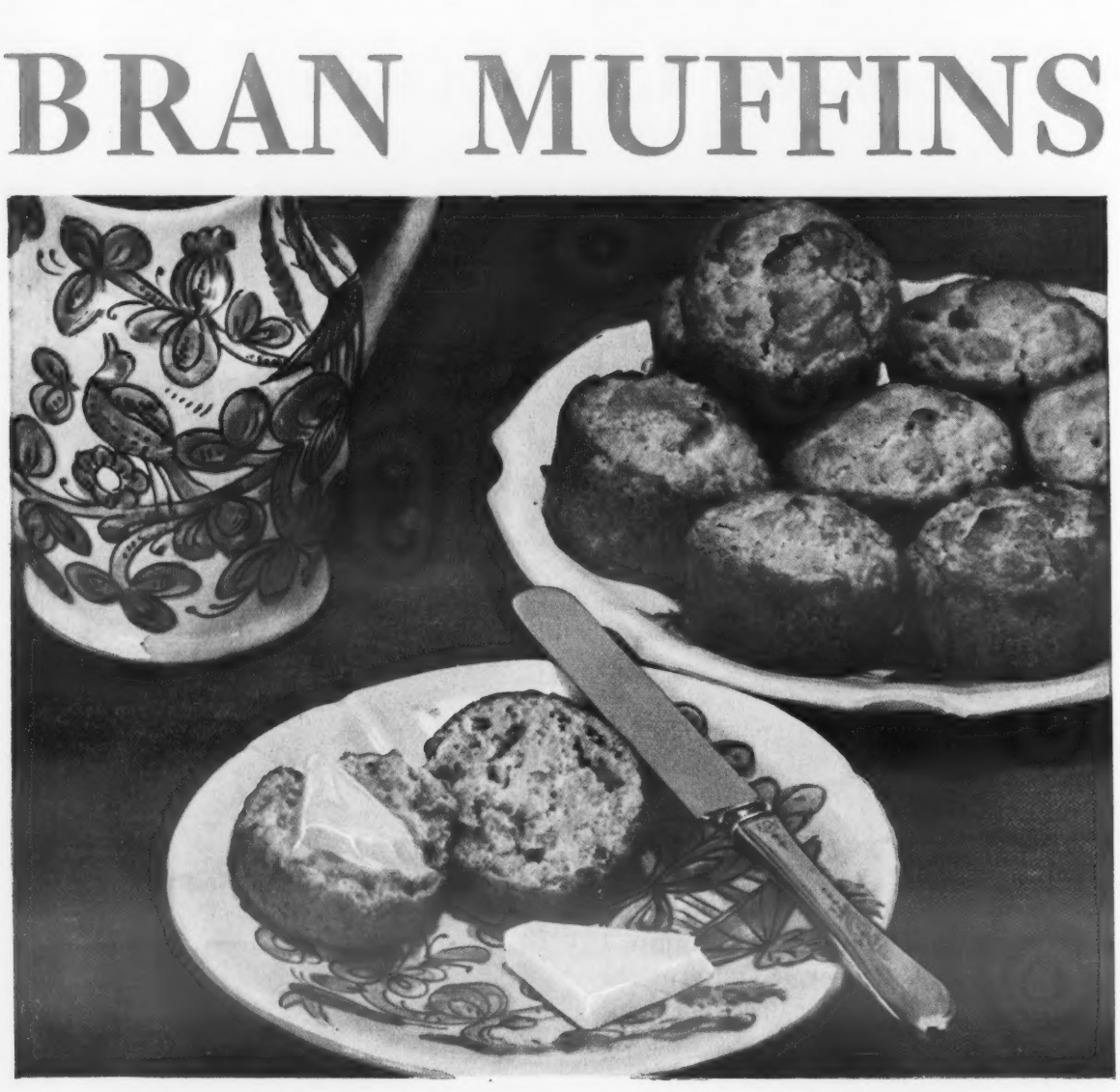
"WALK IN BEAUTY" is the title of this interestingly illustrated booklet, which gives the views of prominent educators on the subject of correct posture, and also tells how many lovely women have acquired the charm of a graceful carriage. Send for your copy. Address Dept. J-17.

The RED CROSS SHOE

© 1929, U. S. Shoe Co.

PRODUCT OF THE UNITED STATES SHOE COMPANY, CINCINNATI

NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN MUFFINS



TRY THESE MUFFINS—MADE OF THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR BRAN CEREAL

How natural it is that the most popular bran cereal in all the world makes the most marvelous bran muffins!

The muffins made of Post's Bran Flakes are as feather-light as the mellow golden flakes themselves. Their crunchy crusts as crisp as the delicious flakes that fall from the package. Their flavor made doubly delicious by the other parts of wheat that Post's Bran Flakes contains. For tenderness, and for a flakiness that only *flakes* of bran can give, try this recipe masterpiece —the bran muffin recipe you will want to call your own.

Post's Bran Flakes as a cereal with milk or cream has taught you to enjoy thoroughly the bran you need to eat each day to keep you regular, fit and normal. Now surprise the family by putting part of their daily ration of bran into these piping hot bran muffins. They are as delicious as they are effective—as superior to any other bran muffins as Post's Bran Flakes is superior to any other bran cereal in the world! Serve Post's Bran Muffins two or three times a week.

Cases of recurrent constipation, associated with too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

HAVE YOU TRIED THEM?

POST'S BRAN MUFFINS

1 cup sifted flour	1 egg, well beaten
5 teaspoons baking powder	2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt	¾ cup milk
1 cup Post's Bran Flakes	3 tablespoons butter, melted

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Add Post's Bran Flakes. Combine egg, sugar, and milk. Add flour gradually, beating after each addition until smooth. Add butter and beat thoroughly. Pour batter into greased muffin pans, filling them ⅔ full. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 25 minutes. Makes 12 medium-sized muffins.

All measurements are level.

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

(Continued from Page 64)

his friends—not different from them. Therefore, he will usually select the type of clothes that will stamp him as one of "the crowd." And how well he knows what will pass the rigid and often jeering censorship of his friends!

Parents can really be of much assistance when it comes to the clothes of their sons—in addition, of course, to having to foot the bills—in the care of the clothes they have helped their sons to select. Habits formed at this age are lasting. Teach the boys to brush their clothes after they are taken off and before the coat and trousers have been put on the proper hangers. Shoes should always be cleaned and polished after being taken off, even if the boy himself has to do it, so that the next time they are worn they will present a neat and fresh appearance. Parents are usually very careful about their sons having clean faces and hands, but they often overlook the importance of well-brushed clothes and polished shoes. These habits of personal neatness formed early in life are seldom forgotten when the boy is "on his own."

Blue serge, unfinished worsted and cheviot are suitable fabrics for a boy's best or Sunday suit. Black shoes should be worn with these suits not only because they are a little dressier but because they have a suggestion of formality which is not found in brown shoes.

The question of formality is an important one in boys' clothes, and at the high-school or prep-school age it cannot be entirely ignored. At school dances in cities and towns of metropolitan importance, dinner jackets, or Tuxedos as they are sometimes called, are *de rigeur*. As there is a definite tradition as to what is correct for formal evening wear, it is just as well to start the young man off with a definite knowledge as to just what is correct.

The accessories for wear with a dinner jacket are the same for a young man as for his father—namely, a stiff-bosom shirt, a starched collar, black bow tie, black silk socks and black patent-leather Oxfords without a toe-cap. Though the correct collar for an older man is the wing collar, boys are permitted to wear the low, turn-down collar if they prefer.

The waistcoat may be of black, of the same material as the coat, or it may be of white linen or piqué. White-silk waistcoats are too fussy and elaborate and, when contrasted with the white of the shirt, often appear to be soiled.

If no mention has been made in this article as to the hats boys should wear, it is because conditions vary in different localities. In many schools throughout the country a certain type of school cap is worn by all the boys in the school. Also, in recent years a fad has developed among the younger set for going without any hat. However, for the boys who do wear hats, the ordinary golf cap is recommended for the younger boy, but the older boy may wear a cap or a soft felt hat.

Topcoats should be of rough fabrics calculated to stand up under hard wear. The loose-hanging box type of overcoat is best.

In short, the principal thing to remember about boys' clothes is that they should be practical, suitable for the occasion and becoming to the boy himself.

Paris Creates for Spring and Summer

(Continued from Page 39)

version with a natural waistline and skirt halfway to the ankle. Jean Patou stresses the tailored suit with the skirt at the natural waistline, and closely fitted until it flares at or below the knee, and an easy jacket. Blouses are of great importance and even greater variety. Patou emphasizes white organdie, worn inside the skirt, J. Suzanne Talbot shows mannish blouses, and Louiseboulanger shows sleeveless models in a variety of silks and unusual color combinations.

Capelets, long capes, short jackets, three-quarter length—particularly *chez* Patou—and long coats all appear, so that there is no excuse for not wearing the length most suitable to one's figure and type. In daytime ensembles coat and frock need not match nor need the coat be the darker of the two; witness Chanel's light tweed-patterned jersey coat—one of those enormously chic woolens made especially and only for her—with a plain, dark-fabric dress underneath. Vionnet shows printed silk coats over plain frocks.

Necklines for the daytime mode have risen to the base of the throat, both in frocks and jackets, and the attached scarf very frequently replaces the simple, flat neckline. Among the innumerable variations of this idea, which appears in every collection, Chanel's attached fichu, which may be drawn up about the neck in true scarf fashion, is outstanding. Lingerie collars and cuffs are advancing, as are jabots, and yokes are seen in every collection. Louiseboulanger shows some particularly clever arrangements of yokes, and Jenny makes them a feature of her collection, particularly in flesh chiffon with black afternoon gowns.

Sleeves, from every point of view, are intensely interesting and original. They may be cap, elbow, three-quarter or full-length. Chanel makes long sleeves to be worn pushed up midway between wrist and elbow. Unusual cuff effects extending from wrist to elbow are frequent, particularly in the Lenief and Jenny collections. Madame Vallet, of Martial et Armand, shows linen glove cuffs. And J. Suzanne Talbot shows long, very loose hand-stitched gloves of suède worn very wrinkled outside the sleeves with all her costumes. In the evening they may be pistache green, worn with beige lace; gold kid, worn with black, or black-lace tied with gold cords.

Increased formality, more elegance and feminine genre distinguish afternoon gowns. Some of the houses create afternoon and evening gowns in distinctly different types for the young girl and for the matron. This brings out a decisive factor in design—the normal waistline, basque type with modified peplum for the younger figure, the top of the hipline with easy bodice for the elder. Particularly is this true of the collections of Champcommunal, and of Martial et Armand, where Madame Vallet bases her theme on the mode of 1868—in a modernized version, of course—with the waistline up in front and down a bit in the back. Lucien Lelong repeats his interesting and extremely distinguished long, flat tunic-front effect and paneled flaring back for afternoon and evening. Flounces, pleats, ruffles and tiers appear in afternoon gowns.

Princess in silhouette—with wide rippling hemline—evening dresses continue to descend in the back or at the sides. For variety Lanvin dips some of her gowns very distinctly in front, and the even hemline is seen at Chanel's and Molyneux's. Bolero effects, particularly Lelong's gracefully long, rounded U-shape, continue. Wide square décolletage with very narrow shoulder straps is seen as frequently as very deep U-shape. Brighter colors are noticeable; white seems slowly passing, and black is always the most elegant. Worth's fascinating Spanish red, Patou's Capucine (nasturtium) and Lanvin's purple suggest the vividness of the evening mode, and Lelong shows a special blue, a pale water green and silvery gray. Gold-flecked taffeta is very smart; old rose, mauve and pink are popular. Patou's tailored evening frocks in black net, very closely fitted and flared below the knees, are an outstanding evening success.

does your mirror say "powder" or "beauty"

If only powder were magic! If you could use it to achieve *JUST BEAUTY!* Marvelous if possible. To have again the undimmed, velvety skin of childhood loveliness, to have your mirror say "beauty" and not "powder"

Well, then, Princess Pat does give just soft, powdery beauty without the slightest hint of chalky appearance, and your intelligence will grasp the reason. Then you will want to try.

As you ordinarily powder—and peer into your mirror—you now observe a chalky effect. Try as you will, you cannot altogether banish it. Your mirror still says "Powder" and it always will—until you use powder without the usual ingredients that give the undesirable chalky appearance.

Such ingredients are banished from Princess Pat. Precious almond replaces usual starch. Instead of harshness there is softness. The very feel is a caress to the skin. Watch as you apply this utterly different powder. Subtly, magically, it transforms the skin. It merges, blends, and touches the surface of your skin with a delicate powdery bloom.

Now then! After you have powdered what happens? Oil comes upon the skin, gradually yet surely. Usual powders become patchy and unlovely. You have to use more powder—with not the happiest results.

On the contrary, the almond in Princess Pat powder has an affinity for oils from the skin glands—usually called pores. As oils appear—and they do on every skin—they are absorbed by almond. Thus distressing shine is prevented—even on the nose. Powder is no longer disturbed nor beauty marred. Wonderful! Yes, of course.

And think! This almond in Princess Pat, giving untold powdery beauty, likewise assures you a fine-textured skin, the oil glands never sealed, never choked, never distended. If already distended Princess Pat gives every assistance to make them normally invisible again.

But it is beauty without an artificial look that is the first thought of every woman. That is why women who know choose Princess Pat for make-up of more than natural beauty. Of course, though, the added virtue of *improved skin texture* is equally well loved as time passes . . . as pores become superbly fine, as the skin becomes delightfully soft and pliant, as blemishes vanish.

And now, if you have read carefully, learned the unusual advantages of Princess Pat you will surely want to try it.

Your favorite toilette goods counter can supply Princess Pat almond base powder—in two weights. These are regular weight, in the "drawer" box, and a splendidly adherent light weight powder in round box. Both weights are made with the famous Almond Base.

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Princess Pat Ice Astringent is the one vanishing cream that acts like ice to close and refine the pores. Ideal as the powder base—effective longer—cool, pleasant, refreshing as ice. Prevents and corrects coarse pores. Always use before powder.

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

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PRINCESS PAT, Ltd.

2709 S. Wells St., Dept. No. A-825, Chicago.
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.

Name (print).....

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With every spoonful

"There's a Reason"

right on the tip of your tongue

Grape-Nuts stands by you! With milk or cream, it supplies nourishment you need to keep going strong till luncheon.

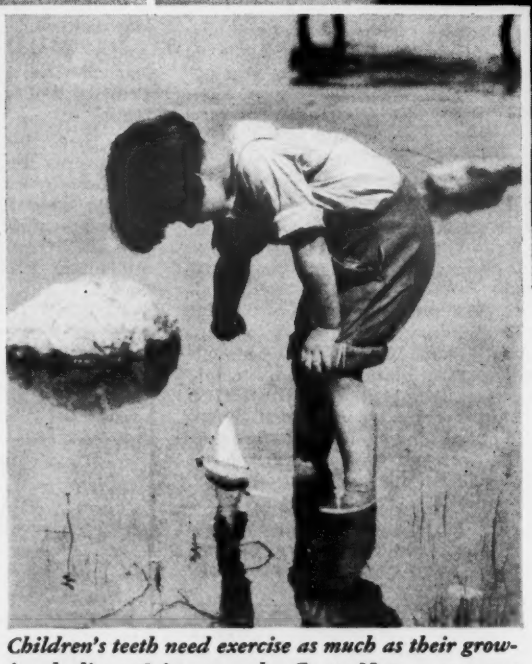
THAT'S A REASON

Not only by itself, but in combination with other foods, Grape-Nuts is delightful. Try the delicious recipes on the package.

THAT'S A REASON

Grape-Nuts is made of wheat and malted barley—golden grains, plump with precious food elements your body needs for perfect health.

THAT'S A REASON



Children's teeth need exercise as much as their growing bodies. Crisp, crunchy Grape-Nuts encourages thorough chewing—giving little folks' teeth and jaws a chance to develop as they should.

THAT'S A REASON

Delicately tinged with rich malt sugar—these crisp, crunchy, golden-brown kernels are an inspiration to appetite. Nut-like in flavor—there's nothing else quite like them. Nothing else quite so good.

THAT'S A REASON

Grape-Nuts

Buy it today for breakfast tomorrow

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Mary Jane—Lawyer

(Continued from Page 8)

"In which case, Mr. Roswell, you'd better run along. I'm very busy with an important criminal case and haven't any time to be ogled by gentlemen. You were ogling me, weren't you?"

"I was not," said Mr. Roswell.

"You'd be surprised to know how many do," said Mary Jane. "I take it as a matter of course. Come in the morning to sign that codicil, and in the meantime try to think up things that aren't damning to Freddie."

"What are you going to charge me?"

"What," said Mary Jane, "my services turn out to be worth."

MARY JANE was faced by two alternatives: First, that Fred Roswell was guilty; second, that he was innocent. If he was innocent then coincidence had been stretched too far for its own good.

Mary Jane began her labors upon this her first case by propping her charming chin on her hands and thinking. As attorney for the defense she threw out the possibility of guilt, and reasoned from then on. She did not like coincidences.

"My motto," said Mary Jane to her stenographer presently, "is fewer and better coincidences."

As she stepped upon the street at lunchtime a tall young man leaped from a very expensive-looking roadster and stood at attention beside its open door.

"Your car is waiting, madam," said the young man woodenly.

"What," asked Mary Jane, "are you doing here?"

"Waiting," said the young man. "I consulted the authorities. They tell me lawyers eat. I didn't know what time they ate and so I came at eleven. It is now twelve-thirty."

"I won't have it," said Mary Jane. "I won't eat with you. I'm busy. Go away some place and play a pretty game."

"I shall be here every noon on the stroke of twelve. I'm as inevitable as hay fever in the fall of the year."

"Tim Hyde, if you make people laugh at me I'll flay you. I'll leave by the back door."

"THERE isn't any," said Tim. "I investigated. Now get in and dry up. You're a cunning little thing and a darn good lawyer, and I'm proud of you. So let's go and munch toast before a crowd gathers. Hay foot, straw foot!"

Mary Jane got into the car obediently. "But this is the last time," she said. "I can't be bothered. And, oh, Tim, I've got a case already."

"Slick," said Tim. "Hope you get a billion. A case a day keeps the sheriff away. How long before you can support a husband?"

Mary Jane sniffed.

"What's the case?" asked Tim.

"Freddie Roswell's been arrested for stealing money from Mason Bland."

"No! How enterprising! Sporting boy, Freddie. He picked a hard one to get money away from. Now, I suppose, you take it away from Fred, and everybody's happy."

"But Freddie didn't do it."

"I knew there was a catch in it," said Tim. "It didn't sound like Fred's line. Who did glom the cash?"

"Somebody," said Mary Jane.

"Acute! I always said she was acute." Tim made this confidence to the steering wheel.

"The whole thing," said Mary Jane, "revolves around one point: Why did Freddie ring Mason Bland's doorbell just before four o'clock, and then go away?"

"And why, Brother Bones, did Freddie ring ——"

"Be quiet," said Mary Jane. "You are in the presence of a splendid intellect functioning at its loftiest point. Stop at the bank, please."

She alighted, drew a counter check and presented it to the teller. "In one-dollar bills, please."

The teller reached for a packet of currency which Mary Jane regarded dubiously. "Can you put it in an envelope or something?" she asked.

"Certainly," said the teller.

"By the way, Mr. Wilkins, was it you who paid Mr. Bland five thousand dollars yesterday?"

"Yes, Miss Ware. In hundred-dollar bills."

"Of course you wouldn't have kept a record of the numbers?"

"I did. It just happened so. It was a packet of new bills, and I gave him the bottom half, running from Y253251 51D on to the even hundred."

"Have you any way of verifying that?"

"The rest of the packet is in my drawer here." He drew out the receptacle and produced a package of crisp, new currency. "You can see the numbers for yourself."

"But," said Mary Jane, frowning a little, "that seems like more than fifty bills. It's thick."

MR. WILKINS regarded the packet with an odd expression, and then ran through them with skilled rapidity. "Huh," he said. "Mighty queer."

"What is queer, Mr. Wilkins?"

"The whole original packet is here, including the bills I paid Mr. Bland."

"Including," said Mary Jane, "the bills you *thought* you paid Mr. Bland."

"I paid those bills to Mason Bland over this counter and through this grating," said Wilkins stubbornly. "I know I did, and I'll swear I did."

"But," objected Mary Jane, "there they are. How could they have got back? Could they have been deposited by someone?"

"Impossible. They wouldn't be here in that case. The receiving teller would have them. I personally took the money in this drawer from the vault this morning. Nobody has touched it but myself."

"Are you sure you didn't pay Mr. Bland from some other packet of money?"

"I'm certain. We have approximately small need for hundred-dollar bills. This packet, with a few loose bills, was all of that denomination we had in the bank."

"Then how do you explain it?"

"I don't. I'm bewildered."

Mary Jane nodded. "Mr. Wilkins," she said, "will you investigate this matter carefully today? To see if there is any possible explanation. And let me know at the close of banking hours?"

"I most certainly will," said Wilkins.

TIM HYDE waited patiently in the car; when she reappeared he opened the door for her and observed, "I suppose we eat at some businessman's lunch, eh?"

"We'll eat expensive," she said. "But why did he ring that doorbell?"

"Why, indeed?" agreed Tim. "Why not knock or kick in the door? By the way, have you visited your client in the local Bastille?"

"No, and I don't intend to," said Mary Jane.

"Ah. Unusual. Very unusual. The feminine touch. And why not?"

"If he's guilty he'd tell me lies; if he's innocent he won't know anything to tell me. And besides ——"

"Which," said Tim, "is the real reason. Couldn't he tell you about the doorbell?"

"Nothing helpful," said Mary Jane. "Now we'll eat, and you may be very entertaining. Probably unconsciously."

They stopped before Jonesboro's most élite eating place, entered, and were shown to a table. "Order slowly and distinctly," said Tim, "while I make notes. I'm writing a brochure on what lady lawyers eat."

POSTUM

. . . made of rich, golden grain

2,000,000 families invite you to share the delights of this drink . . .

SIT DOWN to dinner this evening in any of these 2,000,000 homes. Note carefully the drink that is served you. Its deep brown color that lightens to gold as cream is added. Its enticing aroma, tangy as a woodland in October . . .

Now lift the cup and drink. Drink deep . . . Ah, we knew you would like Postum! So different from the "invalid drink" you may have expected. Instead, a rich, distinctive flavor, mellow, full-bodied!

Nor is this all. You'll find your enjoyment of Postum, unlike that of caffein, does not end at the table. It only begins there. For Postum has no after-effects. It never robs you of sleep, never frays your nerves, never impairs digestion, as caffein so often does. Postum is *safe!*

The reason? Postum is made from golden ripe grain—from whole wheat and bran, blended and roasted. A drink that contains no caffein—no artificial stimulant of any kind.

To test Postum's value fully, make it your mealtime drink for thirty days, in place of caffein. Then measure your gains—in health and happiness. See how soundly you sleep! See how much better you feel—*and look!* Like millions who have tried Postum before you, you'll become a Postum enthusiast *for life!*

Postum costs much less than other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon for one week's supply free, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, prepared by boiling.

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Post Food Products

Postum is one of the Post Food Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

P.—L.H.J.—5-29

POSTUM COMPANY, Incorporated, Battle Creek, Mich.

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INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*
(prepared instantly in the cup)

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(prepared by boiling)

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Fill in completely—Print name and address

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY, Ltd.
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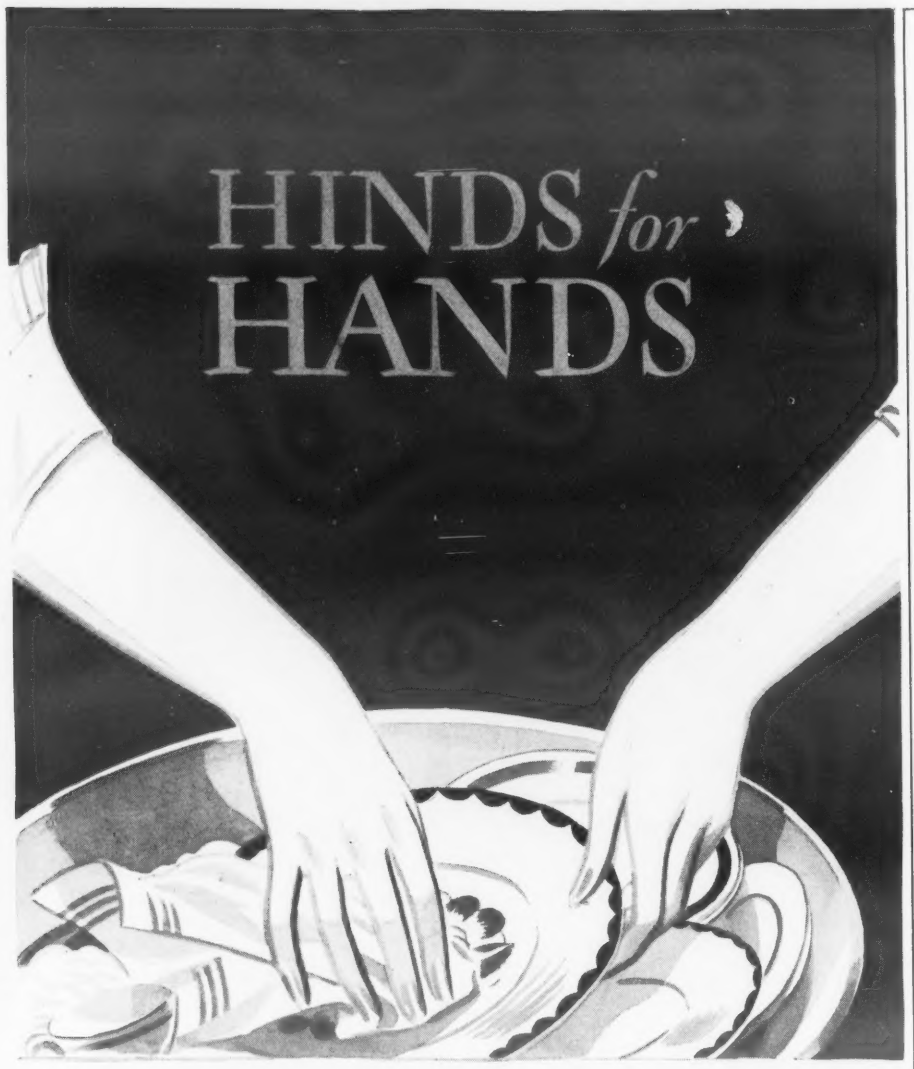

She works hard—

yet her hands are smooth and white!

THE SECRET of smooth, young-looking hands is simple. Just this: Give them a little care, *often*—with Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. Cooking, washing, sewing—housework generally—dry out the natural oils, make your hands rough and red and stiff. But smooth in a little Hinds Cream—and they'll never get a chance to become chapped and worn and old-looking.

Have Hinds Cream always within easy reach. On the kitchen sink, for instance—to use on your hands after you've been busy in the kitchen. On the bathroom shelf—to use every time you wash your hands. On your dressing table—to smooth in morning and night, and during the day when you're freshening up. Hinds Cream used this way—a little at a time, often—will keep your hands soft and white and young. For Hinds Cream protects the skin—prevents chapping—all weathering. (Try it as a powder base—makes the powder cling.)

Would you like a generous sample bottle to try? Then just fill in the coupon and mail it.

HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"Lehn & Fink Serenade"—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company—every Thursday at 7 p. m., Eastern Standard time; 6 p. m., Central Standard time.

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Sole Distributors
Department 39, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a free sample bottle of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream, the protecting Cream for the skin.

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Name .....

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This coupon not good after May, 1930
Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Ave., Toronto 8
(Mail coupon to *Bloomfield* address)

"A salad, tea and an éclair."

"Simple, substantial, sustaining. Almost Spartan. Especially the éclair. Napoleon said an army marches on its éclairs. And there's young Mr. Town representing finance. Eating a steak."

"An expensive steak?" asked Mary Jane.

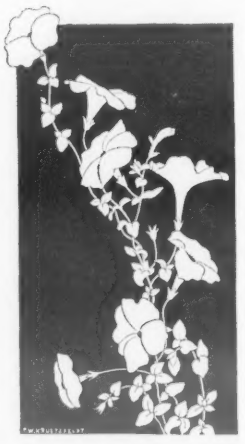
Tim arose and stared across at Mr. Town's plate. "A dollar-fifty, not including vegetables," he said in his best didactic manner.

"Has he other costly habits?" asked Mary Jane.

"One doesn't know. Young Mr. Town is not ostentatious. He doesn't let his right pocket know what his left pocket contains. My judgment is he has picked the job Nature intended him for. He's a foreordained receiving teller. Now, if you were to make him a paying teller it would break his heart in a week. All going out and none coming in, as the saying goes."

"WHICH," said Mary Jane, "doesn't accord with an expensive steak."

"Probably a legacy," said Tim. "Somebody willed him a cow and he's consuming it in installments."



Mary Jane devastated her salad and demolished her éclair. After which she declined to linger, but insisted upon being driven back to her office.

It was a busy afternoon for Mary Jane. She called at the other bank and spent half an hour with its president; she rang Mason Bland's door bell, but got no satisfaction from that elderly gentleman; she called upon the tearful Laura Jennings, who was to have been the bride of Freddie Roswell, and she lay in wait for the office boy of the bank from which Mr. Bland had drawn his five thousand dollars. Following which she bought a carton of cigarettes in a small tobacconist's shop around the corner and exerted herself to please the salesman who supplied her demand. In this she was successful, and monopolized no less than twenty minutes of that young gentleman's valuable time. But she did not go near her client.

Also, in the evening, she spent some time with Mr. Wilkins, paying teller, and then went to her home and retired with a feeling that her first day as a member of the legal profession had been very, very well filled.

POLICE MAGISTRATE NOLAN'S court room smelled accurately like a police court; there is nothing just like it. Police courts smell that way as a deterrent to offenders. But Mary Jane Ware did not seem to mind the odor as she waited for Freddie Roswell's hearing to be called. She sat beside Freddie, and Saul Roswell sat on the opposite side of her, looking very glum and offish.

Presently the crier called for the presence of Freddie at the bar and the matter was under way. A young assistant prosecuting attorney represented the interests of the state. Briefly and ably he presented his evidence—evidence which he considered justified an indictment and holding Freddie for trial in a court of higher jurisdiction. Reliable witnesses testified to the damning facts against Freddie. Having completed, the young man sat down in a rather bored manner, glancing, though, with some curiosity at Mary Jane. She had cross-examined none of his witnesses, and had not asked a single question or made a single objection. Now, however, she arose.

"This, Your Honor," she said, "is a preliminary hearing to determine if there is sufficient evidence against Freddie"—she was thus informal about her client—"to justify the county in the luxury of a formal trial."

"Exactly," said Magistrate Nolan.

"If there is a chance of saving that expense and trouble, I will be justified in going into this matter a trifle more deeply than usually is done at hearings?"

"Without question."

"How perfectly splendid! Then I'd like to have somebody from the bank take the stand again. Anybody will do. Oh, there's Mr. Town, the receiving teller. He'll be fine."

Mr. Town advanced to the stand and was sworn. "Can you identify envelopes?" asked Mary Jane.

"Why, some envelopes."

"One of your big bank ones, for instance?"

"Yes."

"Here's one, all crumpled up, that was found in Freddie's room. Can you identify it?"

"It's the one Mr. Bland was given to carry his money in."

"Ah." She smiled sweetly. "By the way, Mr. Town, who won the second race at Belmont Park yesterday?"

"Blackthorn," said Mr. Town, and then bit his lip. Mary Jane proceeded.

"Thank you. And this is the envelope Mr. Bland took his money in?"

"Yes."

"Which one?" Suddenly there were two crumpled envelopes in Mary Jane's hands. "Was it this one, or this one?"

"Why—why, I can't say. They're exactly alike."

"YOU have a lot of them just alike, don't you? Simply oodles of them I imagine."

"Yes."

"Then how do you identify one of these as the one Mr. Bland had."

"I—er—I took it for granted."

"Not so good, Mr. Town. It's a little careless to take things for granted when it may mean sending a man to prison, don't you think so? Now, let's be more accurate. Could anybody in the world identify either one of these envelopes as the Bland one?"

"Not unless it was specially marked."

"And nobody could say the one found in Freddie's room was the one in question?"

"No," said Mr. Town.

Mary Jane then turned to Mr. Wilkins, who still sat in the space reserved for witnesses. "You are still under oath," she said to him. "Do you agree with Mr. Town."

"I do," said he.

"But everybody has identified it. How do you account for that?"

Mr. Wilkins squirmed. "I think we took it for granted in the circumstances."

"Your Honor," said Mary Jane, "can you beat that? Can you even tie it?"

HIS HONOR frowned and then smiled. "I think we may take it for granted you have successfully attacked the identification of the envelope."

"That's sweet of you," said Mary Jane. "Now, Mr. Town, who was the first person in the bank the morning after Mr. Bland's loss?"

"The janitor."

"Did you happen to see Mr. Bland draw his money?"

"I noticed him at Mr. Wilkins' window."

"And who opened the money vault that next morning?"

"I did. The cashier was late."

"When you opened it what did you do?"

"I went in and got what was necessary and returned to my window."

"Did anybody go into the vault with you?"

"No. Wilkins went in just afterward."

(Continued on Page 72)

DR. LEONARD WILLIAMS

recommends yeast

in place of the old-fashioned cathartic

Famous Harley House, London, where DR. WILLIAMS has his office . . . One of the most prominent of British physicians, he is a Corresponding Member of the American Climatological Society and the Hydrological Society of Paris; he has served as physician at the Metropolitan Hospital, the Millar Hospital and the Princess Hospital for Soldiers; he is the author of *Minor Maladies*, *The Science and Art of Living*, etc.

"*Yeast possesses a power of physical purification superior to all the purgatives. It rouses the system to full physiological efficiency.*

"*A large number of persons at or about middle age have forgotten what it is to feel perfectly well. They are not ill but they ail. . . . For such I should like to prescribe less feasting and more yeasting.*"

Leonard Williams

IN the words of Dr. Leonard Williams, famous British authority on glandular and intestinal disorders, *Yeast is superior to every known cathartic*. Dr. Williams' conclusions, reprinted from articles in many leading newspapers in the United States, carry the weight of a life-time of research.

Why does this eminent physician recommend yeast so strongly? Because, to quote his exact statement, yeast "rouses the system to full physiological efficiency."

Nobody escapes constipation completely. Between "not being sick" and being really healthy and vigorous there is a vast amount of difference.

For keener spirits, renewed vigor, a clearer complexion, and protection against colds, headaches, sore throat—eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly. In a recent survey in the United States half the physicians reporting said they prescribed fresh yeast.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast, it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As they pass through your intestinal tract daily they combat harmful poisons and gently, naturally purify the whole system.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, one cake before each meal or between meals, plain or dissolved in water either cold or not hotter than you can drink. To get full benefit you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply at a time. It will keep in a cool, dry place. At all grocers' and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains.

Write for booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. G-110, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

90 per cent of your ills start here

Here is where yeast works. From throat to colon is one continuous tube. Poisons from clogged intestines spread through your body—to blood, skin, throat, head. Eat Fleischmann's Yeast daily to keep this *entire* tract clean, active and healthy. Start now!

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FILM

discolors teeth and then destroys them. You can remove it now in 30 seconds.

Remove Film

Thus combat serious tooth and gum disorders at the source

Dull lustreless teeth—frequent tooth and gum disturbances—both now are traced to dangerous film. Remove it this special way.

(Send coupon for free 10-day supply)

HERE is advice from the dental profession as a body: *keep teeth white and sparkling—see your dentist twice a year.* That is the scientific way to combat the danger of tooth and gum disorders.

Extensive research has brought to light the fact that the source of dull, dingy teeth is likewise the source of decay and pyorrhea—a dingy film that forms on teeth and breeds germs of many kinds. Brushing alone fails to remove this film successfully. Thus a new special film-removing dentifrice is urged called Pepsodent.

As teeth grow white and dazzling from its use you know film is being removed. For white teeth are your best assurance of protection. Please accept a free 10 days' supply of Pepsodent to try. Send the coupon.

Film—where trouble starts

You can feel this film on your teeth with your tongue—a slippery, slimy coating that is most noticeable after eating.

This film absorbs discolorations and makes otherwise white teeth dull and dingy.

Film clings to teeth *too stubbornly* for usual ways of cleansing to combat successfully. It gets into crevices and stays. It is an ever-forming, ever-present menace in your mouth, say authorities, who have spent years in studying how it acts. Germs breed and multiply in film. The acids of decay are invited. Film hardens into tartar. And germs, with tartar, are a definitely proved cause of pyorrhea.

Now film removed new way

Film cannot resist brushing the way it did before this way was discovered. The new-found agents in Pepsodent curdle and loosen film so that light brushing takes it off. The use of Pepsodent further aids in firming gums and restoring their healthy coral color.

Thus, Pepsodent answers fully the requirements of the dental profession of today. It is the greatest step made in a half century's study of tooth-cleansing methods.

Give Pepsodent free 10-day test

If teeth are dull, "off color," that is film. If you are prone to tooth and gum disorders, that may be film also. Remove this film daily for ten days and see teeth lighten.

Get a large tube of Pepsodent wherever dentifrices are sold. Or send free coupon below to nearest address.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to

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Dept. 115, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
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Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
191 George St. . . . . **Toronto** 2, Ont., Can.
42 Southwark Bridge Road . **London**, S. E. 1, Eng.
(Australia) Ltd., 72 Wentworth Av., **Sydney**, N.S.W.
Only one tube to a family 3185

Pepsodent

The Special Film-Removing Dentifrice

(Continued from Page 70)

"To get money to pay out as paying teller?"

"Yes."

Magistrate Nolan leaned forward. "What has this to do with the matter in hand, Miss Ware?"

"You'd be surprised," said Mary Jane.

"We're wasting time," said the young prosecuting attorney.

"Not mine," said Mary Jane, "and not Freddie's. Where do you buy your cigarettes, Mr. Town?"

"Different places."

"Ever buy any in Jenks' cigar store?"

"I—I may have."

"But you can't just remember?"

"Why should I remember a thing like that?"

"Why, indeed?" agreed Mary Jane. "Mr. Bland drew his money just before the bank closed, did he not?"

"Yes. Almost the last customer."

"Did you take in a deposit of five thousand dollars before the closing hour?"

"No."

"On the next morning between ten and twelve did you accept a deposit of five thousand dollars in hundred-dollar bills?"

"No."

"Did anybody else take deposits?"

"Not that morning."

"WELL, well! And when Mr. Bland went home, did he turn down Maple Street or Pine?"

"Maple," said Mr. Town.

"You could see him from your receiving teller's window in the bank?"

"No."

"Oh, you left the bank in time to see where he went?"

"Yes. I had an appointment, and so I asked one of the bookkeepers to take my cage for five minutes, so I could get away early."

"That's all for now," said Mary Jane. "Mr. Wilkins, will you please take the stand?"

He did so and Mary Jane smiled at him disarmingly. "You have sworn to the numbers of the bills you paid out to Mr. Bland?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure of the correctness of your statement?"

"Absolutely. I paid him in new bills of the numbers I have given."

"Have you seen any of those bills since Mr. Bland took them away?"

"Yes, all of them."

At this even the nonchalant young prosecuting attorney leaned forward in sudden interest.

"Where?" asked Mary Jane.

"In the bank. In my cash drawer."

"Have you those bills with you?"

"Here they are."

"You are willing to swear those are the identical bills you paid to Mr. Bland?"

"I am."

"Do you know how those bills came to be in your drawer?"

"I do not."

"You didn't put them there?"

"No."

"COULD any person, not an employe of the bank, have put them there?"

"Impossible."

"When could they have been put there? After you entered your cage for the day's business?"

"No. My door was closed and locked. I was inside alone."

"Could they have been placed there before the close of business the night before?"

"They could not."

"Then they must have been put there between the closing and opening of business?"

"They must have been."

"Can access be had to the money vault during the night?"

"No. There is a time lock."

"In which case," said Mary Jane, "when could those bills have been placed in your drawer?"

"Only after the opening of the vault next morning and the moment when I went in to get my cash."

"But," objected Mary Jane, "if somebody put an extra five thousand dollars in the vault it would show when you checked up that night. Was your cash over by five thousand dollars?"

"No."

"From which we must conclude what?"

"Either that five thousand dollars in other currency was taken away at the time these bills were put there, or that there had been a previous shortage of that amount."

"Has an examination of the books and accounts of the bank been made to determine if there was a shortage?"

"There has."

"And the result?"

"THERE was a shortage, increasing over a period of six months, which had been skillfully concealed."

"But there was no longer a shortage on the morning after Mr. Bland's loss?"

"No."

"So that the person who had been—what shall we say?—finnigling his cash, had made good?"

"Yes."

"With the identical bills paid to Mr. Bland?"

"Yes."

"Freddie Roswell had no connection with the bank, had he?"

"None."

"So he couldn't have put the bills back?"

"He could not."

Mary Jane rested her hand on the table, very slender and delectable, and gazed with big brown eyes at Magistrate Nolan.

"Of course," she said, "I could stop here and let you and the bank launder their soiled linen. It's hard to see how you're going to convict Freddie after this, don't you think?"

"An accomplice might have replaced the money," said the judge.

"To be sure. But what puzzles me is where did Freddie profit any in that case. Fred's kind-hearted and all that, but you're asking too much of good nature, Your Honor."

"Proceed," said the judge.

"YOU'RE still interested in ringing doorbells and yellow envelopes. We'll work back to them presently. Now, Mr. Wilkins, what persons might have placed those bills in your till?"

"The cashier, Mr. Breen; Mr. Town and myself."

"Nobody else."

"No."

"But the cashier wasn't there?"

"No."

"So we eliminate him. Which leaves you and Mr. Town. Um. . . . Which horse won the fourth race at Belmont Park yesterday?"

"I didn't know there was a race," said Mr. Wilkins.

Mary Jane beamed upon the judge. "If it isn't altogether too much trouble," she said, "will you have the stenographer read my question to Mr. Town about the races—and his answer?"

The stenographer complied. "QUESTION: Who won the second race at Belmont Park yesterday? ANSWER: Blackthorn."

"Thank you so much," said Mary Jane. "You see, Mr. Town does know about races. I think I see a policeman sitting by Mr. Jenks, proprietor of Jenks' cigar store. That will be all, Mr. Wilkins, and let's see if Mr. Jenks isn't a regular grab bag of information."

Mr. Jenks was sworn.

"Have you any other business than selling tobacco?"

"I guess I'm caught with the goods, miss. I run a pool room."

"Where people can come and bet on horse races?"

"Yes, ma'am."

(Continued on Page 74)

CAKE
—the way most everybody will make it by 1930

We want you to just try—now—one of these recipes and see for yourself what a light, fine-textured, *delicious* cake you can make with a fine salad oil.

Certainly, the Wesson Oil way is the new, modern way. A salad oil so pure and crystal-clear and delicate in flavor can't help lending its own goodness to whatever you bake with it.

And it's the easy, convenient way, too. For you just *pour* to measure and *pour* to mix—and your measurements are always accurate . . .

Wesson Oil now pours from a spout · *There's a spout on the new Wesson Oil can. Just turn it* out, *punch holes where marked, and pour. Then turn it back out of the way. It's so much more convenient. And the oil does not run down the side of the can.*

[1] PLAIN CAKE

¾ Cup Wesson Oil
4 Eggs · *1½ Cups Sugar*
1 Teaspoon Vanilla · *½ Teaspoon Salt*
¾ Cup Milk {or Water if Desired}
3 Teaspoons Baking Powder · *3 Cups Flour*

Beat egg yolks until light, add milk and vanilla and then the sugar. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together, and add to the first mixture. Four in the Wesson Oil, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and transfer to a loaf cake pan lightly rubbed with Wesson Oil. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) for about thirty minutes.

[2] CHOCOLATE NUT FUDGE CAKE

½ Cup Wesson Oil · *⅓ Cup Hot Water*
1½ Cups Sugar · *½ Cup Milk*
1 Teaspoon Vanilla · *½ Teaspoon Salt*
3 Eggs · *2 Teaspoons Baking Powder*
4 Squares {Ounces} Chocolate, Grated
¾ Cup Chopped Nutmeats
1¾ Cups Pastry Flour

Beat the egg yolks until light and add the milk and vanilla and then the sugar. Melt the chocolate, blend it with the hot water, and stir into the first mixture. Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt, stir in the nutmeats and add to the chocolate mixture. Pour in the Wesson Oil and fold in the egg whites, beaten dry. Bake in layers in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) for 20 minutes.

[3] COCOANUT CAKE

Use the Plain Cake recipe and add, with the flour, one-half cup of desiccated cocoanut.

[4] FRUIT CAKE

1 Cup Wesson Oil
1 Teaspoon Ground Cloves
1 Cup Chopped Candied Pineapple
1 Cup Fruit Juice · *1 Cup Chopped Figs*
1½ Cups Candied Cherries · *3 Cups Flour*
1½ Cups Brown Sugar · *2 Teaspoons Salt*
1 Cup Raisins · *1 Teaspoon Baking Powder*
2 Teaspoons Allspice · *3 Cups Nuts*
4 Eggs · *1 Cup Shaved Citron*
2 Teaspoons Cinnamon

Mix sugar and egg yolks and beat vigorously for two minutes. Sift together spices, salt, baking powder and two cups of the flour and add alternately with the fruit juice to the first mixture. Then add the fruit and nuts which have been mixed with the remaining cup of flour. Add the Wesson Oil, fold in the egg whites, beaten stiff, and bake in a very slow oven (275 degrees F.) for about four hours.

[5] NUT CAKE

Use the Plain Cake recipe and add three-fourths cup of chopped nuts with the flour.

[6] MOLASSES CAKE

⅓ Cup Wesson Oil · *¾ Cup Raisins*
2 Teaspoons Cinnamon · *2¼ Cups Flour*
1 Cup Molasses · *½ Cup Boiling Water*
1 Teaspoon Soda · *½ Teaspoon Salt*
1 Egg · *2 Teaspoons Ginger*

Beat the egg, stir in the molasses and the boiling water. Sift together the dry ingredients, and add to the first mixture, reserving ½ cup of flour to mix with the raisins. Stir in the raisins and the Wesson Oil. Bake in a pan about 9" x 12" for 35 minutes at 375 degrees F.

[7] SPICE CAKE

Use the Plain Cake recipe and add with the flour one teaspoon of cinnamon, one teaspoon each of ground cloves and nutmeg.

PINEAPPLE ICING

1 Tablespoon Wesson Oil · *4 Tablespoons Pineapple Juice* · *2½ Cups XXXX Sugar*

Mix the Wesson Oil and sugar, then add flavoring.

ALMOND ICING

2 Tablespoons Wesson Oil
2 Cups XXXX Sugar · *1 Egg White*
¼ Teaspoon Almond Extract · *1 Teaspoon Lemon Extract* · *1 Tablespoon Lemon Juice*

Beat the egg white slightly and add the Wesson Oil. Beat until fluffy and then add sugar, salt, flavoring and lemon juice.

CHOCOLATE ICING

4 Tablespoons Wesson Oil
4 Cups XXXX Sugar · *⅔ Cup Cocoa*
2 Tablespoons Hot Water
2 Egg Whites · *½ Teaspoon Salt*
1 Teaspoon Vanilla

Beat the egg whites slightly and add the Wesson Oil. Beat until fluffy and then add sugar, salt, flavoring and water. This recipe is sufficient to serve as both icing and filling for a layer cake.

Send for our new recipe book. Address: The Wesson Oil-Snowdrift People, 210 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.

If we lived in Glass Houses

you'd be surprised to see how many of your neighbors use 3-in-One. Many keep a Handy Can or bottle on every floor, easily convenient to every member of the household.

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3-in-One is different from ordinary oils. It combines, *in one oil,* the scientifically blended properties of *several* oils of the very highest quality. Costs a trifle more; worth a whole lot more.

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Time for 3-in-One!

From Philadelphia comes this: "We have a clock that has not run for thirty years, and we have spent considerable money trying to get a tick out of it once in a while. Last week I oiled it with your wonderful 3-in-One and now our clock runs smoothly, strikes regularly and keeps the best of time."

(Name on request.)

M907

3-in-One

Prevents Rust - OILS - *Cleans & Polishes*

(Continued from Page 72)

"Does Mr. Town there drop in and bet once in a while?"

"He's a regular, miss."

"Is he terribly lucky?"

"You wouldn't say so."

"Then he's not lucky?" asked Jane. "Has he lost lots of money?"

"A good deal."

"Five thousand dollars?"

"All of that. During the past six months."

"And he paid his losses?"

"You bet," said Mr. Jenks.

Mary Jane shook her head in perplexity. "It's very confusing, isn't it? I mean where Mr. Town gets all that money to bet—on a fifteen-hundred-dollar salary. I just can't understand it, and I do wish Mr. Town would explain about it. You'd be interested, too, wouldn't you, judge?"

"I would," said Magistrate Nolan.

"And about how Freddie came to ring that doorbell of Mr. Bland's and the envelope, and all. Don't you want to tell us, Mr. Town? Because it'll save everybody a heap of trouble."

"Have you anything to say, Mr. Town?" asked the judge.

"About the doorbell especially," said Mary Jane.

MR. TOWN seemed not himself. "I—I guess you've got me," he said. "When Mr. Bland went to answer the door I got through the window and took the envelope of money. I had to have it."

"But about Freddie?"

"I called him as soon as Bland left the bank. Told him I was Bland's secretary and he was to come for the money then instead of next morning. I told him just when to get there. I told him to ring a couple of minutes after Mr. Bland went in."

"Yes?"

"When he rang I called, as if from a back window, that Mr. Bland had changed his mind, and to come back tomorrow. He walked off out of sight around the corner of the house before Mr. Bland got to the door."

"And you tossed the envelope into Freddie's room through the window?"

"Yes."

"And put the money back in Mr. Wilkins' drawer to cover what you had taken to bet on horse races?"

"Yes."

Mary Jane turned back to the bench. "Your Honor," she asked, "is there any reason why Freddie should stay around here any longer?"

"None, young woman, and the court congratulates him on being so ably represented. Mr. Roswell is discharged, and this court regrets that he has been put into a position of such anxiety and falseness. Mr. Officer, take Mr. Town into custody. Court is adjourned."

TIM HYDE pushed through the knot of people who gathered around Mary Jane and Fred Roswell to congratulate them.

"Let's go away from here," he said.

"Where?"

"For a drive where we can smell flowers and bumblebees and carrots and things."

"Come along," said Mary Jane enthusiastically, "and you can buy me an expensive dinner too."

They mounted to their seats in the snappy roadster and drove for some time in silence. It was Tim who spoke first. "Of course," he said, "no sensible man would marry you. But I'm going to."

"Why?"

"Why which?" he asked. "Why wouldn't a sensible man want a wife like you? That's easy. He'd never think to look at you that you're as darn smart as you are, and every time he forgot it he'd land on his ear."

"How nice!" said Mary Jane. "But why be foolish yourself?"

"Because," said Tim, "I'm just smart enough never to forget it. Is it a bargain?"

"No," said Mary Jane, "I'm wedded to my profession."

"Then I," said Tim, "am stepping out to furnish it with grounds for divorce."

Trimmer's Painted Gate

(Continued from Page 11)

called "the laths," and the roof went in queer crinkles, so that she felt sure it must all fall down very soon. Selina had an unreasoning fear of old cottages, also of old and dark trees. She had no fear of cows or dogs or strange children, or any other wholesome terror that would have been useful to those in charge of her.

"You needn't come inside," said Nurse, relenting; "you can play in the garden while I go in to talk to Mrs. Boorman. But, remember, you're not to eat any fruit. I won't have you upset before this afternoon."

This was a slight mitigation, and a further and capital improvement came when on their setting out they were joined by Maidie Huggett, the farmer's youngest daughter.

MAIDIE was only a year older than Selina, but she had all the attributes of a heroine to both the little girls. As Moira had said, she wore a man's cap—heroic headgear; and, moreover, she wore it over a shock of cropped black hair, infinitely more glorious than the children's long, shining manes, which hung nearly to their waists, the side pieces being tied on the tops of their heads with big painful bows. Every detail of Maidie's appearance and behavior showed her a superior being.

"Hullo," said Maidie, "whur you going?"

"To Mrs. Boorman's cottage!"

"I'll come along too."

Maidie swung along beside them, peeling a stick. Nurse did not object to her company—she was a good little girl on the whole and kept the children quiet and amused. After all, they must have someone to play with, and the rectory children were terribly wild and naughty, and used bad words, which Maidie never did, though she used common ones.

SO THEY all walked together to Mrs. Boorman's cottage, which was only a short way from Crit Hall—huddled queerly apart by itself in a little lane. There was a garden all round it, in which fruit, flowers and vegetables rioted and mixed. Nurse knocked at the door.

"Good morning, Miss Vine"—it was queer to hear Nurse called Miss Vine, or even Daisy, by the people round here, some of whom had known her when as a child she lived in the nearest village of Oastfield. Mrs. Boorman had opened her door, and Nurse was going into her warm, smoky kitchen. On the threshold she looked back.

"Now mind what I say, children. You may play quietly here in the shade close to the house, but you're not to run about, and you're not to go to the back, and you're not to pick anything. Remember—no fruit!"

With this last caution the door closed behind her, and the three children were left to themselves.

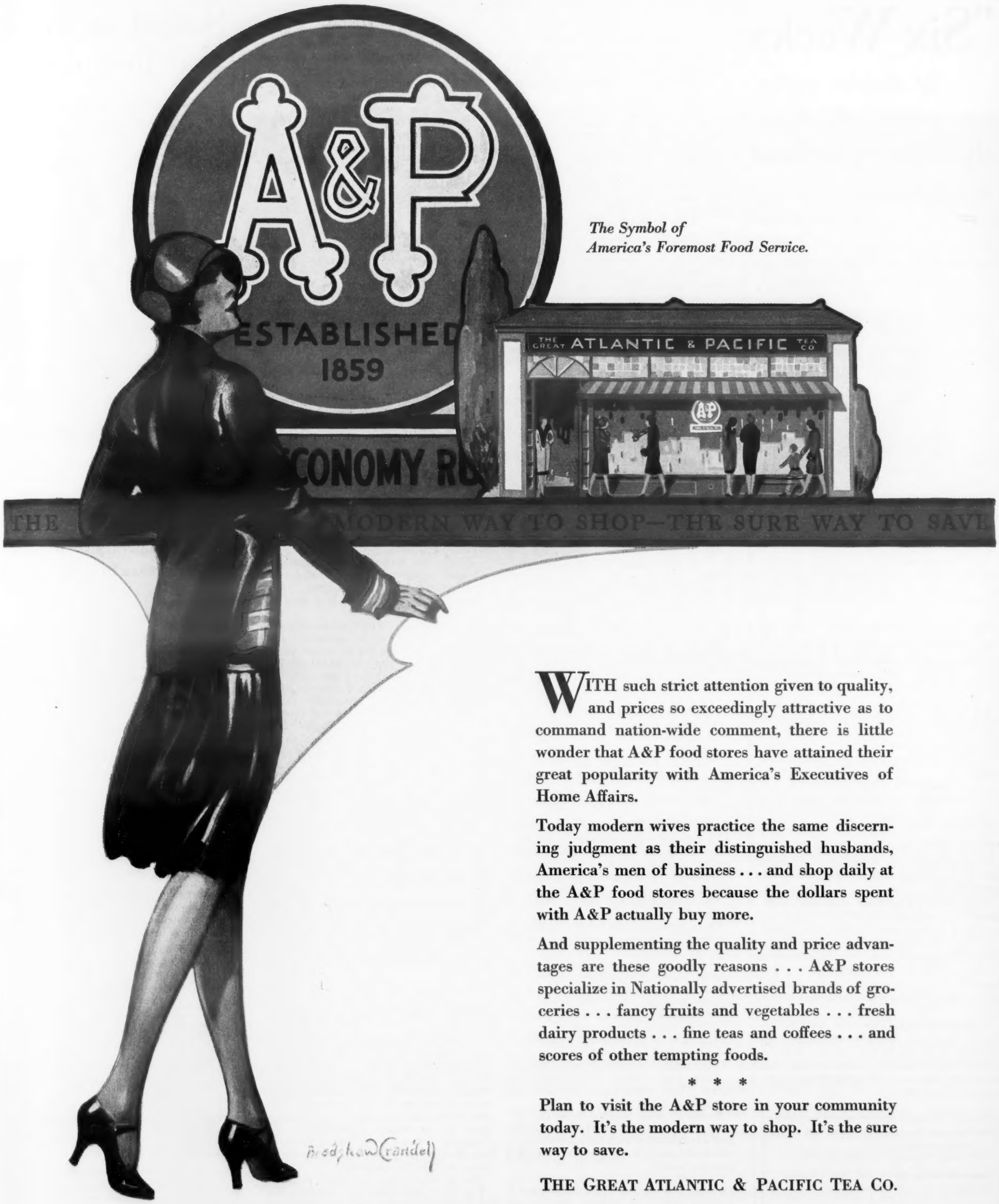
"What shall we play at?" said Moira.

"Let's play house."

"What with? Oh, Maidie, make us a house."

"There ain't nothing to make it of here. If we'd been back home I'd make you a beauty wud hop poles."

(Continued on Page 76)



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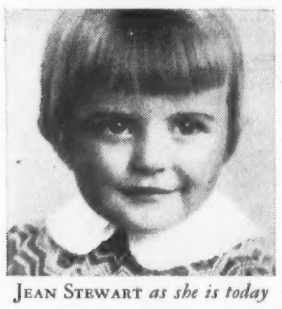
then the right food was found!... *Three years ago, the shadow of tragedy hung over a New Jersey home. A distracted mother, watching day and night, saw her baby slipping from her. Let her tell her own story.*



JEAN STEWART *as she is today*

"My little one was but six weeks old when illness prevented my nursing her longer. And *nothing* could be found to agree with her!

"Six weeks of sleepless nights, anxiety, dread—then action upon a thought that had constantly been pressing upon me. When all else had failed and my own life had been despaired of in infancy, I had been raised on Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Why not try it now?

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My baby is.....months old.

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(Continued from Page 74)

"Oh, dear! What shall we do then? Let's play catch."

"Nurse said we weren't to run about."

"Then let's play colors."

They tried to play colors for a bit, but it was a game that wanted half a dozen players at least. The same applied to fox and geese, nuts and may, and Mary sits a-weeping. Hide-and-seek, like catch, broke Nurse's laws. Altogether, it was a very boring time, and it seemed as if Nurse was never coming out of Mrs. Boorman's cottage.

"She's been in ages and ages," said Moira. "What time is it?"

"Near twelve o'clock, I should say." Maidie looked knowingly at the sky.

"Oh, I'm sick of playing here," grumbled Moira. "I'm going to the back."

"But, Moira, Nurse said we mustn't."

"I don't care."

Selina became anxious.

"OH, DO be a good girl, or Nurse'll punish us. Sit down here and I'll tell you a story about Trimmer."

"That's it. Let's have one of Selina's tales," said Maidie; "tell us a tale about Trimmer."

"Trimmer and Pearl," said Moira.

"No, I don't want to have Pearl in it."

"You must; she's Trimmer's sister."

"She isn't—oh, she isn't!" This was an entirely new outrage. "Trimmer's never seen her in her life."

"She's her sister all the same. I've made her her sister."

"Well, I've made her not her sister. So there!"

"You can't make her anything. She's mine."

Selina was almost crying.

"I'm not going to have her in my story. Listen, Maidie, Trimmer is a dear little girl in a golden dress, and she lives in a beautiful house called Rosavilla."

"It's not!" cried Moira. "It's called the Burning Building."

"It isn't! How can it be? It's called Rosavilla, where Trimmer's always lived."

"And Pearl too."

"She's never been in it."

"She's lived there all her life."

"She hasn't."

"She has."

"Reckon I've heard enough of this story," said Maidie, getting up and strolling away.

"Oh, Maidie, don't go and leave us."

MAIDIE strolled round the corner of the cottage to where pea sticks and raspberry canes rose out of a jungle of Sweet-william and Canterbury bells.

"Maidie! Nurse said we weren't to go to the back."

"She dudn't say it to me. I can do wot I like."

Oh, godlike, superior being! Wandering on forbidden ground in her boots and her pinafore and her man's cap!

Maidie strolled round the small untidy patch. Picked a gooseberry, put it in her mouth and spat out the skin. Then she stooped down and said "Oh-h!"

"What is it, Maidie?"

"Strawberries here."

The little girls watched her fascinated.

"Have one?" said Maidie.

"We can't. Nurse said we weren't to."

"She won't know. She's inside the house. You come here—I've got two beauties."

Moira at once stepped onto the forbidden back path, trotted toward Maidie, and was rewarded with both strawberries, which she providently crammed together into her mouth.

"Oh, Moira!" Selina was nearly crying. At the back of her mind floated a glorious picture of glowing flowers and whirling horses—in front of it was her sister's gross enjoyment of forbidden fruit, and the even bigger and better berries that Maidie was now holding out on the palm of her sunburned hand.

"Don't be a silly," she said.

As in a dream Selina went forward, breaking the law. She bit the strawberry, scarcely tasting it, then its sweetness came suddenly, and she smiled.

Then she turned round and saw Nurse standing just behind her.

"Well, you naughty little girl!"

Startled at the voice, Moira turned round, too, proclaiming at least an equal guilt on her smeared face.

"How dare you be so disobedient? I leave you alone for ten minutes ——"

"Oh, Nurse, it was hours!"

"And you go and do exactly what I forbid. Well, this settles it. No flower show for you today."

"Oh, Nurse! Nurse!"

Selina saw the garden and cottage swim in a sudden haze of despair. She felt sick—wild—stricken.

"Oh, Nurse! Nurse!"

The cry for mercy went up from her unheeded. Moira's reaction, though equally useless, received more attention.

"You beast!" she yelled. "Nurse, you're a beast. I will go to the flower show. Beast!"

"How dare you, Moira!" said Nurse.

"I do dare. I hate you. You're a beast. I'll say it again—beast, beast, beast! I'll say worse—I'll say stomach. Stomach, beast, belly!"

AT ANY other time Selina would have been excited and delighted by such an outburst of wickedness. But today she was too stricken to do more than stand by and cry broken-heartedly while Nurse battled with her sister. The battle was noisy, but short, sharp and decisive.

"Very well, then. You'll go straight to bed. Come along at once."

She seized Moira by the hand, and dragged her down the garden path, Selina trotting and sobbing after them. Their divinity in a man's cap had long ago forsaken them.

It was a wretched walk home, if walk it could be called, with Moira's feet sliding in the dust, while Nurse tugged at her arm, dragging her at a pace that involved Selina in a disconsolate run. All the brightness seemed to have gone out of the day, in spite of the blazing sun and sky.

The uproar did not cease with their arrival at Crit Hall. Nurse very practically decided that as it would be difficult to give Moira her dinner in bed, her punishment must wait till she had eaten her boiled fowl and rice pudding at the sitting-room table. This involved more struggling, more screaming, with the added echoes of four walls.

Finally Nurse and Moira disappeared upstairs in a tornado of shrieks, and Selina was left alone, to stray into the farmhouse garden—for the first time in her life, free and forgotten.

SHE had an impotent longing to go out into the far world beyond, and never come back—a feeling that if she were worth even half as much as a little girl in a story, she would do it, and go to the flower show by herself. Trimmer would do it—but then Trimmer was a wonderful, perfect creature, who was never afraid of old cottages or dark trees—the road between Crit Hall and Oastfield ran past a sequence of these terrors. She mouched disconsolately among the long grass that grew up round two barren gooseberry bushes, the sole produce of this part of the Crit Hall domain. The big flower-and-fruit garden, which the children were never allowed to enter, lay at the back of the house. Parallel with their own strip was a similar piece of dereliction belonging to the Huggetts, and as Selina stared forlornly over the fence she saw the farmhouse door open, and Maidie come out.

She no longer wore her man's cap, but a big white lampshade hat, matching the innumerable starched frills on her muslin pinafore. Her dress was of the brightest pink silk, and her boots buttoned up to her knees over white stockings. She was dressed for the flower show.

(Continued on Page 79)

Sweet as a rose the first dance

—but when he asked her again

You never can tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you

HE had begged for this second dance, but though she was one of the best looking girls in the room, he certainly wasn't enjoying it.

She felt that he was no longer enthusiastic—oh, why did people always lose interest in her?

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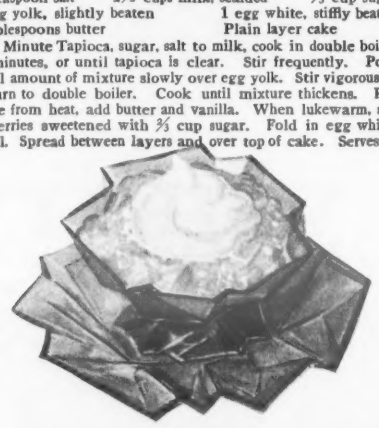
It's berry time again - - -

these bright berry desserts delight adults - - - and are so wholesome for the children

STRAWBERRY CUSTARD CAKE

6 tablespoons Minute Tapioca
¼ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg yolk, slightly beaten
4 tablespoons butter
⅗ teaspoon vanilla
1 qt. strawberries, slightly crushed
2½ cups milk, scalded
⅗ cup sugar
1 egg white, stiffly beaten
Plain layer cake

Add Minute Tapioca, sugar, salt to milk, cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear. Stir frequently. Pour small amount of mixture slowly over egg yolk. Stir vigorously. Return to double boiler. Cook until mixture thickens. Remove from heat, add butter and vanilla. When lukewarm, stir in berries sweetened with ⅔ cup sugar. Fold in egg white. Chill. Spread between layers and over top of cake. Serves 8.

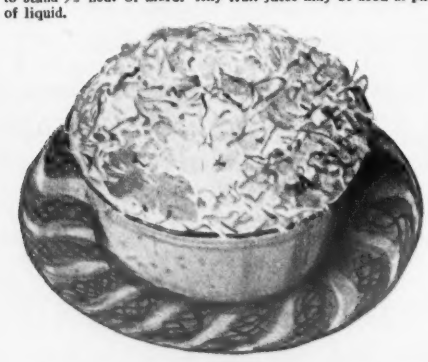


PINEAPPLE MINUTE TAPIOCA

⅓ cup Minute Tapioca
⅔ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 quart hot pineapple juice and water
1 cup canned pineapple, grated or cut fine

Add Minute Tapioca, sugar and salt to pineapple juice and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add pineapple and chill. Serve with whipped cream. Serves 8.

If fresh fruit is used it should be sweetened to taste and allowed to stand ½ hour or more. Any fruit juice may be used as part of liquid.



COCONUT CREAM TAPIOCA

3 tablespoons Minute Tapioca
1 cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 quart milk, scalded
4 egg yolks, slightly beaten
4 tablespoons Baker's Coconut, Southern Style
½ cup sugar
4 egg whites, stiffly beaten
⅗ cup Baker's Coconut, Southern Style.

Add Minute Tapioca, sugar, and salt to milk, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Pour a small amount of tapioca mixture over egg yolks, stirring vigorously. Return to double boiler, add 4 tablespoons coconut, and cook until slightly thickened. Pour into greased baking dish. Fold sugar into egg whites, and pile lightly on top of tapioca mixture. Sprinkle with remaining coconut and bake in slow oven (300°F.) 15 minutes, or until golden brown. Serves 8.

All measurements are level.

BERRY MINUTE TAPIOCA

2 cups fresh berries
½ cup Minute Tapioca
¼ teaspoon salt
1½ cups hot water
1 teaspoon butter
1½ cups berry juice
⅓ cup sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Crush berries, sweeten to taste, and let stand 1 hour. Add Minute Tapioca and salt to water, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add butter, berry juice, and sugar. Remove from fire; add berries and lemon juice. Chill until firm. Serve in sherbet glasses. Garnish with sweetened, whipped cream and a few whole berries. Serves 8. If canned berries are used, they should be drained and sugar omitted.

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MINUTE TAPIOCA

THE DESSERT AND "PRECISION INGREDIENT"

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(Continued from Page 76)

At the sight of her Selina's tears broke out afresh. But in her heart was no reproach. Indeed she scarcely realized that all her unhappiness was due to Maidie.

"Wot you crying for?"

Selina sobbed on.

"Ain't you gitting started for the show?"

"W-we're not going."

"Not going! How's that?"

"Nurse said we weren't to—'cos w-we w-were n-naughty and ate s-straw-b-berries."

"Well, I never! Just for eating a strawberry! I call it a larmentable shame."

IF SELINA felt no reproach for Maidie, neither did Maidie feel any for herself.

"She's tejus strict!" she exclaimed; "a larmentable shame, I call it."

"M-Moira's gone to bed for using b-bad words. You can hear her in the house."

Maidie listened, and seemed impressed.

"So you can! She makes a wonnerful fine noise. I got a shillun to spend."

She displayed the coin on the palm of a brown hand, much as she had displayed the fatal strawberry. Selina's tears fell faster than ever.

"Oh—oh—o-oh! I'm so mis'ble—so—so disap-p-p-p-pointed."

For the first time Maidie looked compassionate.

"Döan't you cry. I'll run and fetch you something."

She disappeared, a pink-and-white whisk round the gable jut of Crit Hall. Selina wept on, her sobs providing a subdued accompaniment to Moira's more sensational grief inside the house. She felt all the bitterness of her first despair. Then suddenly came a new sensation, a sudden burst of color and perfume. Maidie was back, and holding under her nose an enormous bunch of flowers.

"There you are! You can fix these, and have a flower show of your own."

Selina clutched a big exquisite mass of sweet-William, pinks, phlox, sweet peas and Canterbury bells. Flowers! Lovely flowers! As beautiful as any at the flower show could possibly be, and hers, her very own, as the flowers at the show could never have been.

"Oh, Maidie!" she gasped; "how did you get them?"

"Picked 'em in our garden, of course. Now, you come along and I'll show you how to fix them for a show."

SHE led the trembling and intoxicated Selina to the door between the front patch and the kitchen garden.

"Here, you stick 'em in the cracks. Their stalks go through like that—see? You have the whole gëate covered—like one of them fancy pieces at the show."

The door was badly sprung with recent heats. The boards gaped apart, and the numerous cracks yawned. It was quite easy to put the stalks of the flowers through them, so that only the heads showed pink, white, mauve or blue against the green of the door. Selina was in ecstasy. She immediately envisaged a solid door of flowers, like those carriages in the Procession of Flowers she had seen a year ago at Hastings.

A voice called from the Huggetts' end of the house. The farm people were starting for the show, and Maidie dashed off, having made Selina as happy as before she had made her miserable.

Tranquillity fell on the garden. Selina separated her flowers into heaps of color; one crack should be all pink—sweet peas and sweet-Williams—another should be blue with Canterbury bells—and a big bunch should be fixed to the door handle. She would arrange a trail of leaves along the top, if she could ever reach so high—if not it should be just as high as she could reach. In her mind she saw a sort of fiery picture of her finished work, and the glow of it streamed over her as she toiled with sprigs and sprays that wilted in her hot little hands. She knew it was all very different from her dream of it, and yet she was sure that dream would come true.

So absorbed was she that she did not hear footsteps approaching from the house, and gave a start of surprise when Nurse's voice cried suddenly:

"Selina! What on earth are you doing?"

"P-playing with flowers."

"Where did you get them? You know you're not allowed ——"

"Maidie gave them to me."

"Oh. . . . Well, never mind about them now. I've got a surprise for you—a lovely surprise. You're going to the flower show after all."

Selina stared, dumfounded.

"Yes, Mrs. English has called for you, and I've decided that as you've been such a good little girl about it all—making no fuss and no noise—you can go.

"Now come along. I've got your clothes in the sitting room, and you can change there, as Moira's making such a noise upstairs. Hurry, Mrs. English is waiting."

"Oh, Nurse, can't I stay here?"

"Stay here! What's the matter with you? Of course you can't. Why do you want to stay?"

"I'm playing with these flowers. Oh, Nurse, I'd much rather have my own flower show here. Do let me stay."

"I never heard such nonsense. Come along. You are an ungrateful little girl."

SHE snatched Selina's wrist and dragged her away. The enchanted door glowed, then vanished. Selina was in the parlor where sat kind, brown-faced Mrs. English, waiting to help Nurse push her into her party clothes.

Selina was very fond of Mrs. English. She never said "don't," and was always ready to listen to stories about Trimmer.

"There you are, duckie," cried the rector's wife, "and here's your lovely frock and hat. Now put 'em on quick, for I've left the children with their father in the drive. We mustn't be late. But oh, I'm so sorry about poor little Moira."

Of course the flower show was lovely. Selina enjoyed her ride on the merry-go-round, even though she was doomed to a car, and forbidden the spotted horses on which Maidie Huggett rode triumphantly. She enjoyed the tea they all had together. She enjoyed the dim, hot tents where flowers blazed, she stared with awe at the prize-winning heads and bunches, she gazed fascinated at the poultry and pigeons. But her heart was far away, with the beauty that really was her own—the gate of flowers in the garden of Crit Hall.

She wondered if they would be back in time for her to finish her work—anyhow to see it before bedtime came down on her life like a sword. As she looked at the beauties of the show she thought, "My flowers are more beautiful, and I did them all myself. If I had them here they would win a prize—all the prizes. It's the Gate of Flowers. No, it's the Flowery Gate. All the gates on Trimmer's farm are covered with flowers. I'm Trimmer, and all my gates are made of flowers . . . my dress is made of flowers. . . . I have a new one every day. I'm Trimmer, and I do always exactly what I like. I'm the little girl who has no nurse . . . and no father and mother. . . . I live by myself on a farm and do whatever I like."

MRS. ENGLISH found her surprisingly willing to go home when the time came. They all piled and scrambled into the rectory dogcart, and drove off shouting.

"Are you feeling quite well, dear?" whispered Mrs. English.

When they came to Crit Hall, she climbed out of the trap before anyone.

"Oh, please," she said, "may I go and look at something before I go in?"

"Why, of course you may, dear"—the rector's wife had no idea of surveillance as practiced by Nurse. "Do whatever you like. Only if you mess your frock up, tell Nurse I brought you home clean."

She watched the little white figure trot in at the garden gate, then turned back to her own more normal, noisy brood. Selina heard a window in the farmhouse go up,

(Continued on Page 81)

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Gentlemen: Please send free trial package Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour and recipe booklet.

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(Continued from Page 79)

and Nurse called her name. She pretended not to hear. Nurse would certainly make her come indoors at once, and she must—oh, she must see her gate, her beautiful gate—more beautiful than anything in the flower show . . . than anything in the world.

There it stood, a mass of dead and dying flowers, a few wilted stalks hanging from the cracks, shrivelled up in the sun.

"Oh ——"

SELINA gazed, and felt a queer pricking pain at the back of her eyes, while a queer painful pity pricked her heart. Her flowers, her lovely flowers, left by her to die, to turn brown and brittle and ugly while she was at the show! The dream-gate would never come true now—it would belong to the world of Trimmer and other dreams, which she knew were not true, could never be true, though they sometimes seemed so much more true than anything else.

"Now you really are a naughty little girl. I called to you to come straight in, and you've run round here. And I do believe you're crying. Whatever is the matter?"

"I'm not crying."

"Are you sure? Are you sure you haven't been naughty at the flower show?"

"Oh, no, I've been quite good. Mrs. English said I had."

"Well, I can ask her tomorrow, and tomorrow you can clear away all this mess. Oh, I do believe that's it. You're crying because your flowers are dead—what a baby you are!"

"I'm not crying."

"Then you must have caught a cold. Come straight in; it's past your bedtime."

She led Selina into the house, into the cool gray room where the twilight lay softly flung from a fading sky. Moira was having her bath, standing naked in the midst of a huge flat saucer, her hair done up in a bun on the top of her head.

"Hullo!" she gurgled. Both rage and outrage were forgotten, and she welcomed Selina with sunny good will.

"HELLO! Did you enjoy yourself at the flower show?"

"Yes, it was lovely."

"Do you think I've changed my shape, being in bed so long? I've been in bed since two o'clock—longer'n ever before. I've never been to bed before three till this time—have I, Nurse?"

"Well, hurry up now and get back. I want the bath for Selina."

"This has been a most interesting day," said Moira. "We began by counting to a thousand, then we ate the strawberries, and then I went to bed. What's Selina crying for?"

"Because some flowers Maidie gave her are dead."

"What did Maidie do at the flower show?"

"She rode on the merry-go-round the whole time."

"Oh, I wish I was her. Selina, did you hear me screaming?"

"Of course she did," said Nurse. "Everyone within a mile heard that."

"Did Maidie and Rosie and Miss Huggett and Mr. and Mrs. Huggett and Mrs. English and Nell and Sam and all the farm men and all the animals? Oh, what fun! What fun!"

Selina, the pardoned and the privileged, did not share the spirits of guilty Moira in the least.

It was a subdued and silent little figure whom Nurse undressed and popped into the bath.

"You're tired," said Nurse; "you've run about too much in the heat. I shall be glad when your father and mother come back and we all go home."

"I shan't be," said Moira, "unless mother brings me a Swiss doll with clothes to take off and on. Nurse, may I say my prayers?"

"No; wait till I'm ready to hear you." Moira, if left to herself, was sometimes given to profane improvisations. "I'll hear you both together tonight."

"But Selina says more prayers than me."

"She can't tonight. She's tired, and it's getting late."

"I want to say a lot of prayers," wailed Selina.

"You can't," said Nurse; "your prayers are getting much too long—I must go through them. . . . Now both of you kneel down."

The prayers were said according to Moira's abridged rite, the two little girls were tucked up in bed, a night light was placed on the washstand, the door was shut behind Nurse's emancipated figure.

FOR some time silence lay over the room. Then suddenly Moira's head shot up in the twilight under the half-drawn blind.

"Selina, are you awake?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry your flowers are dead."

A faint sniff.

"Selina, are you crying?"

"No."

"Yes, you are. I can hear you snorting."

Again silence. Then Selina wondered whether, if she opened her eyes, she would see the Holy Vision over the washstand. She and Moira had both seen it there one night—like a picture on the wall—a picture of the sea and hills, with a shining cross in the sky above them. Nurse had said, when they told her, that it must be "only something to do with the light," but they were quite sure it was a holy revelation, though it had never come again.

"Oh, please, God, may it come tonight," she prayed. But no vision was there. Instead Moira's voice crept cautiously through the darkness.

"Selina, I've got something to tell you—something nice—that'll comfort you."

"W-what is it?"

"Pearl's dead. A nelephant sat on her face and it killed her. She's quite dead. She can't ever 'noy Trimmer any more."

This certainly was comforting, though experience told Selina that death with Pearl was not likely to be a final catastrophe. Nevertheless, she felt relieved, and she appreciated Moira's good will.

"Thank you," she said gratefully.

"I expect Trimmer's glad," said Moira. "I expect she's dancing for joy."

BUT Selina refused to be drawn into a conversation which she felt might be dangerous.

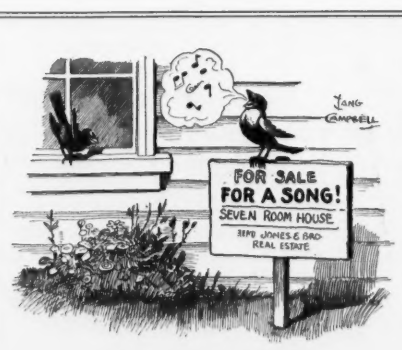
"We mustn't talk. I'm going to sleep."

"So am I. I'm going to dream I'm flying over the mountains of Switzerland."

"Goo' night."

"Goo' night."

The room slid into darkness. Over at Platnix a cow was lowing, and every now and then a dog's bark came from Benskins. Trotting hoofs sounded far off on the road, drew near and died away. Silence lay with the darkness, muffling fields and farms. A little girl wandered through fadeless, flowery meadows, a queen in the shining freedom of sleep.



PAID IN FULL

His first year

Give him a good start! . . . breast milk.

If your milk is not plentiful, try a diet of Horlick's Malted Milk. Mid-morning and mid-afternoon lunches of "Horlick's" increase its flow; enrich it.

"Horlick's" is made from fresh, full-cream cow's milk and choice malted grains. Taken by the mother, it usually acts to prevent constipation in the infant. Physicians the world over have recommended it for nearly 50 years.

Send the coupon below for free sample and speedy mixer, *today*.

Sleep all night!

Tossing . . turning . . waking unrefreshed. "Horlick's" will prevent this!

Take a glass of Horlick's Malted Milk—preferably hot—before retiring. You'll fall asleep . . and *stay* asleep.

Thousands who suffer from frayed nerves and rundown condition have relieved sleeplessness by this simple, natural method. "Horlick's" nourishes, builds up, as you sleep.

Try "Horlick's" (natural or chocolate flavor) every night! Send coupon below for free sample and speedy mixer *now*.

Safe milk

No need to gamble on the purity—the freshness—of the milk you give your children. Use "Horlick's"!

"Horlick's" is *safe*, convenient. Made from fresh, full-cream cow's milk and choice malted grains, under rigidly sanitary conditions. Physicians have recommended it for nearly 50 years.

Take "Horlick's" with you when travelling by train, ship or motor. You can prepare it in a moment, anywhere.

Send the coupon below for a free sample and speedy mixer, *today*.

"Minute meals"

The middle of the morning, the afternoon . . . everyone needs a "bracer."

In a minute you can whisk up a creamy glass of Horlick's Malted Milk! Its full-cream cow's milk, malted grains and pure malt sugars give quick energy.

Have it ready for the children when they come from school. Take "Horlick's" after the evening theatre or movie. Horlick's Lunch Tablets may be carried in pocket or bag.

Send coupon below for free sample and speedy mixer, *today*.

THE ORIGINAL MALTED MILK

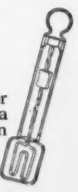
HORLICK'S

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CORP.
Dept. A-19, Racine, Wis.

Tear out and mail this coupon for sample package. Check flavor wanted. For Speedy Mixer, the improved method of mixing a creamy Malted Milk *in a pitcher or a glass*, enclose 4 cents in stamps for postage.

☐ Natural ☐ Chocolate



Name.....

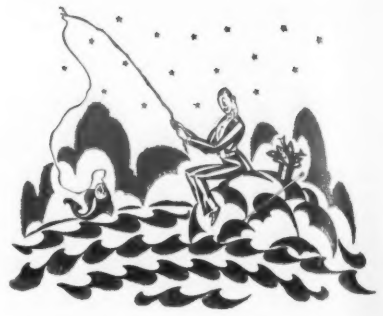
Address.....

(If you live in Canada, address 2155 Pius IX Ave., Montreal)

Horlick's, the original Malted Milk, is sold in both natural and chocolate flavors, in powder or tablet form

The Motor Trip for You

By WEBSTER and HOPKINS



SOME families lash a duffel bag to the running board of the car, fill the food basket and start on an unplanned trip. These happy-go-luckies have a good time, but they miss a lot they might have enjoyed if they had known what and where it was. They run the danger, too, of arriving at the seashore with fly-fishing tackle or at a trout stream with brocaded slippers and platinum studs in their outfit. Other more conscientious families won't start out till they've had a family row to decide which member shall decide where they are aiming for, and they usually compromise on a place nobody likes. Other families go where they went last year.

This article suggests a better method. Set each member of the family to finding out just what his or her subconscious desires are, uninfluenced by those ubiquitous "if-I-were-you" advisers, who really mean "if you were I."

When you have answered the questions and worked out your number, you will know what places a person of your temperament will enjoy. After that you can find the place that is the family's common denominator—or else agree to go separately.

The spots suggested are widely scattered East, West, North and South, so that one can travel a long or a short distance as is desired. Most of the seaside resorts listed are in the East, because the Eastern Coast has been longer developed than the Western; and the majority of the primitive camping places are in the West, where national forests, national parks and other scenic wonderlands are chiefly located.

Information about routes and condition of roads can be obtained from chambers of commerce of large cities, state publicity bureaus at the capitals, automobile associations, motor publications and newspaper advertisements.

For information on national parks, see Section 345; on national forests, Section 5.

This article is not only a practical help in planning an actual trip for one person or a whole family, with their varied interests, but it is also an informal geography game which a family can play on winter evenings. It rouses interest in maps, books of travel and radio travel talks.

Now, let us suppose you have found your key number according to directions.

Directions For Finding Your Key Number

ANSWER each question "yes" or "no" to the best of your ability. If three or more questions in Group 1 are answered "yes," begin your key number with 1; if they are answered "no," omit 1 from your key number. In the same way add 2, 3, 4 and 5 to your key number if the majority of questions in those groups are answered "yes," omitting them if the majority are answered "no."

For example, if the majority of questions in Groups 2, 4 and 5 are answered "yes," and the majority in Groups 1 and 3 are answered "no," the key number will be 245.

When you have ascertained your number, look for the advice under that number.

	YES	NO	KEY NUMBER
GROUP 1			
Is the salt air a tonic to you?			
Do you enjoy boating?			
Do you find sea bathing bracing?			
Is sea food a treat?			
Do you like to watch the waves?			
GROUP 2			
Do you like traveling?			
Do you like to talk about your trip?			
Do you enjoy hearing about others' trips?			
Would you rather go to a travel lecture than stay at home?			
Do you believe in "seeing America first"?			
GROUP 3			
Do you know the difference between red and brown hackle?			
Can you get your feet wet without taking cold?			
Do you enjoy fishing when you do not catch anything?			
Can you play a trout skillfully?			
Do you know which is open season on salmon?			
GROUP 4			
Would you like to wear the latest fashion in clothes?			
Do you enjoy playing or watching tennis or golf?			
Would you keep a large establishment if you could afford it?			
Would you like to go where society leaders go?			
Would you like to play bridge on the veranda of a big hotel?			
GROUP 5			
Do you like to hear the frogs at twilight?			
Can you be good-tempered when out in the rain?			
Would you climb a mountain for the view?			
Do you like roughing it?			
Would you like to cook over a camp fire?			
Read down the right-hand column and your key number is			

Key Number 0

WHAT an individualist you are! If only we knew you better, we would ask you confidentially whether you are one who can be happy in any place or happy in no place. Clearly, the locality interests you less than what is going on in that place. Do you ever go back for old-home week? . . . Do you ever go to national conventions of men interested in your business or profession? How about expositions of industries, agriculture and other matters? For it is quite possible that you are too serious minded to be able to start a good time for yourself, but the enthusiasm of a crowd may lift and carry you. . . . If you are a solitary person who actually enjoys being alone, how about playing a series of golf courses or climbing Mt. Rainier in Washington State or Mt. Washington in New Hampshire? . . . Maybe, just between ourselves, what you like best is to have the whole family go away and leave you to have a vacation at home in peace and quiet.

Key Number 1

YOU are in luck! Your salty playground extends from the beach at Daytona, Florida, where automobile races are run, north to the coast of Maine, where mountains bathe their rocky feet in the salt water; from Coronado, California, where you can go out after a storm to look for small change washed to the surface of the sand—maybe you'll find some and maybe you won't—way up to the broad stretch of bathing beach at Vancouver, British Columbia. If you live in the Middle West you must save money until you have enough to buy gasoline to the coast. If you can't, try a bottle of bath salts in your bath. By all means, you should read every section of this article which contains the numeral 1 in its number.

Key Number 2

HOW your globe-trotting heart does strain to break loose from the desk or kitchen stove! How about the Grand Canyon? The towering walls are gayer in color than a flower garden and the great crags more awe inspiring than a thunderstorm. Not so far off is the petrified forest of which you have heard ever since you were a child, and the wonderful Arizona desert. . . . Maybe you would prefer a trip to Washington, District of Columbia; visiting the National Museum, the Corcoran Art Gallery, the Lincoln Memorial, not forgetting the Washington Monument, the White House and the government buildings. You will find Mt. Vernon preserved exactly as it was when Washington lived there, and doubtless you will visit the quaint city of Alexandria, and also Arlington Cemetery, where lie the soldiers and sailors of America. . . . Read every section in this article that contains the numeral 2 in its number and choose your journey.

Key Number 3

THE farther away you are from mankind, the nearer you are to trout, pickerel and bass. Vermont is so full of fish-haunted lakes that you can hardly step out of a farmhouse without getting your feet wet. Its rivers vary from rapids that fuzz like feather beds ripped open, to canoeing streams as serene as Sunday morning. Are the fish there? Go and see. Wherever a President of the United States goes for his summer you are likely to find trout rising eagerly to a fly, so Northern Wisconsin is a safe bet, even if you do go to other rivers than the Brule River, where the blue-ribbon trout are said to be very snobbish about their ancestors. . . . The Belgrade Lakes in Maine are popular with Eastern business men who can't be long away from work. . . . If you fish in the hundred lakes of the Grand Mesa National Forest, Colorado, take plenty of blankets, for frost may come any night in the year. . . . The Routt National Forest in the same state offers good fishing streams reached by horseback from the motor roads. . . . Read every section containing the numeral 3 in its number, for fishing advice that will tell where to ply your rod and line.

Key Number 4

YOU prefer to be comfortable when you are having a good time, so why not be frank about it? No one need be ashamed of following beaten routes when they wind through lovely valleys, climb stupendous mountains on cleverly graded roads and pause beside unsurpassed views. . . . Saratoga Springs, for instance, still stands for health and recreation, good golf, horseback riding and a world-famous racing course. When there's nothing else going on, you can drink mineral water in the pump room and cure yourself of what does not ail you. . . . Charleston, South Carolina, has lovely gardens, besides dripping with history, pride of race and comfortable hotels. . . . In the Adirondacks, Westport on Lake Champlain specializes in golf. . . . The Thousand Island Yacht Club at Alexandria Bay tells by its name one of the chief interests there. . . . Newport, Rhode Island, offers both tennis tournaments and an annual horseshow. . . . Lake Placid has aquatic sports in summer and winter sports in snow time. Read also other sections containing the numeral 4 in their number, if you would have other suggestions.

Key Number 5

THE national forests, although intended primarily for forest conservation, the protection of watersheds and the preservation of wild animals, provide hundreds of acres of mountains, woodland, lakes, streams and rivers as playgrounds for men and women who love primitive life. Some states have likewise reserved forest land and have in many cases cleared camp sites and built crude, safe and convenient fireplaces. To get to the best fishing in some forests you must leave the motor roads and go by horseback or afoot. North, South, East and West, you will find these national forests waiting for your coming. There are more than one hundred and fifty million acres of them. Detailed information can be obtained by writing to Chief of the Forest Service, Department of Agriculture, Washington, District of Columbia, for pamphlets. The national parks (see Section 345) are in many places quite as wild.

Key Number 12

IF YOU don't know Boston on the Atlantic Ocean it's time you did, and the same statement applies to San Francisco, on the Pacific. In The Hub you can eat codfish and brown bread and baked beans for local flavor, and good eating you'll find them. If historically inclined you can visit Old South Church, Paul Revere's Home and various mementos of the Revolutionary War, which appears to have happened rather recently in Massachusetts. . . . Naturally, you will look at the glass flowers in the Agassiz Museum in Cambridge and motor to Lexington and Concord and along the shore, north and south. . . . Skipping nimbly across the continent, we recommend San Francisco. . . . Or try the

(Continued on Page 87)

Menu

JELL-O RAW VEGETABLE SALAD

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 pint boiling water
2 tablespoons vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
Dash of Cayenne
¾ cup raw carrots, finely chopped
1 cup raw cabbage, finely shredded
4 tablespoons green pepper, finely chopped

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add vinegar, salt, and Cayenne. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in vegetables, mixing lightly. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with Hellmann's Blue Ribbon Mayonnaise. Serves 6.

CORNED BEEF LOAF

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 cup boiling water
1 cup meat stock, or 1 cup water plus 4 bouillon cubes or 4 teaspoons beef extract
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
¼ teaspoon paprika
3 cups cooked corned beef, ground
1 tablespoon onion, grated
1 tablespoon prepared mustard

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add meat stock, Worcestershire sauce, and Paprika. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in corned beef, onion, and mustard. Turn into loaf pan. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serve in slices on crisp lettuce. Garnish with sliced hard-cooked eggs or tomato wedges. Serves 10.

All measurements are level

Good things... Good things...

ALL THROUGH THE MENU

(and Jell-O is ready with dozens more)

SURPRISES just keep on popping out of that Jell-O box! A relish to make your meat platter famous. A salad that carries off the honors any time it is served. A meat loaf . . . you'll never, never know how good a meat loaf can be, till you've tried the one we tell about here.

And desserts. The gayest, most light-hearted ones that ever topped off a meal!

Jell-O *is* such a help in making spring-time dishes! Try one—this very day. And send for the Jell-O booklet that can meet any day in the calendar with a delicious surprise!

Jell-O costs little. Jell-O recipes are easy to prepare—sure to turn out right. And Jell-O is one of the easiest of all foods to digest.

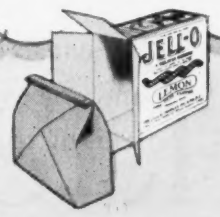
There is only one Jell-O. Avoid imitations—be sure to get the genuine. It comes in five pure-fruit flavors, sealed to keep all that fruity freshness intact.

Today—give your family a Jell-O surprise. And right now, send for the Jell-O booklet that tells of surprises—galore!

JELL-O

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FIVE FLAVORS FROM FRESH RIPE FRUIT

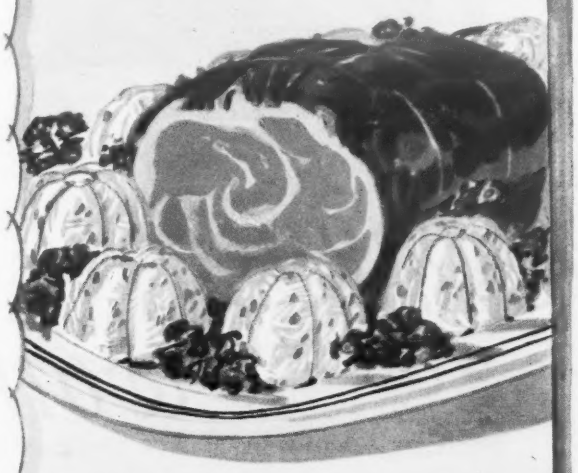


FREE . . . *the new Jell-O booklet . . . a gem!*

STRAWBERRY WHIP

1 package Strawberry Jell-O
1 cup boiling water
1 cup strawberry juice
1 cup strawberries, crushed and drained
½ cup sugar

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add strawberry juice. Chill. When slightly thickened, beat with rotary egg beater until of consistency of whipped cream. Fold in strawberries and sugar. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serves 8.



JELLIED CABBAGE RELISH

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 cup boiling water
¾ cup cold water
¼ cup vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon mustard
¼ teaspoon white pepper
2 cups cabbage, finely shredded
1 green pepper, chopped
1 pimiento, chopped

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add cold water, vinegar, and seasonings. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in vegetables, mixing lightly. Turn into individual molds, filling them ½ full. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serve as garnish or relish with meat. Makes 12 half-molds.

All measurements are level

J-L.H.J. 5-29

The Jell-O Company, Inc.
Le Roy, New York
Please send me, *free*, the new recipe booklet, "Today . . . what salad . . . what dessert?"

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____

Fill in completely—print name and address.

In Canada, address the Jell-O Company of Canada, Ltd. 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

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Designed to meet the needs of every woman who motors

TO women who motor, the name Chrysler stands for all that is pre-eminently smart among today's creations in motor cars. To them the name is the synonym for that genius which inspired the present exhilarating mode and gave to the motor car of every price class a new and alluring vivacity and charm.

They realize that, with unerring instinct for the right thing in style, the designers of Chrysler cars first fashioned the many striking innovations which shaped the trend of the contemporary motor car vogue.

But more than that, they are aware that in cars built by Chrysler, feminine preferences and motoring needs first found truest and fullest interpretation. Cars styled in the Chrysler manner have invariably possessed an inimitable beauty and grace of line at once appealing to feminine taste. They have been characterized by a fine attention to those small but significant details so often slighted. Their comfort features and refinements have given them an air of real charm.

All products of Chrysler Motors have proved not only eminently practical and dependable, but have added a new thrill and joy to motoring for the women who delight to take their place at the wheel.

CHRYSLER MOTORS
STANDARDIZED QUALITY

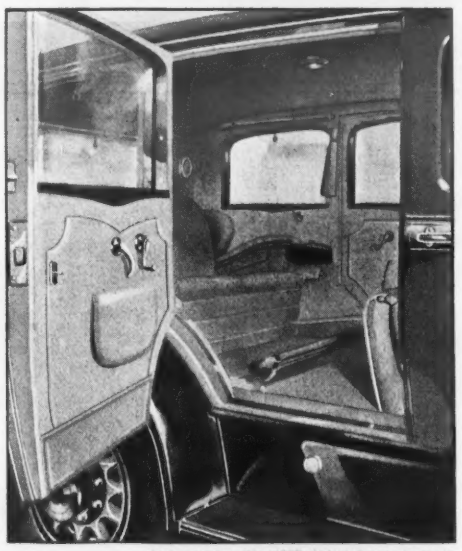
All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality.

• • •

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL
CHRYSLER "75"
CHRYSLER "65"
DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR
DODGE BROTHERS SIX
DE SOTO SIX
PLYMOUTH

All Products of Chrysler Motors

Opening new vistas of motoring pleasure



INTERIOR OF THE IMPERIAL SEDAN
Fitted with Supreme Good Taste

IN TODAY'S Chrysler-built cars, women are discovering a conclusive answer to all their long-cherished motoring wishes.

The complete security, the superb comfort and the delightful ease of operation that have characterized Chrysler Motors creations from the beginning, liberate them from every previous anxiety and exertion.

Attracted at first by the sheer beauty of Chrysler design and the impeccable taste of Chrysler artistry, women soon found a fundamental and more important appeal in Chrysler-built cars.

Looking beneath the surface, so to speak, they discovered that there were essentials in basic design and construction that increased immeasurably the scope of women's motoring possibilities. For them, cars by Chrysler envisioned a new and expanding horizon of individualized —and independent—travel.

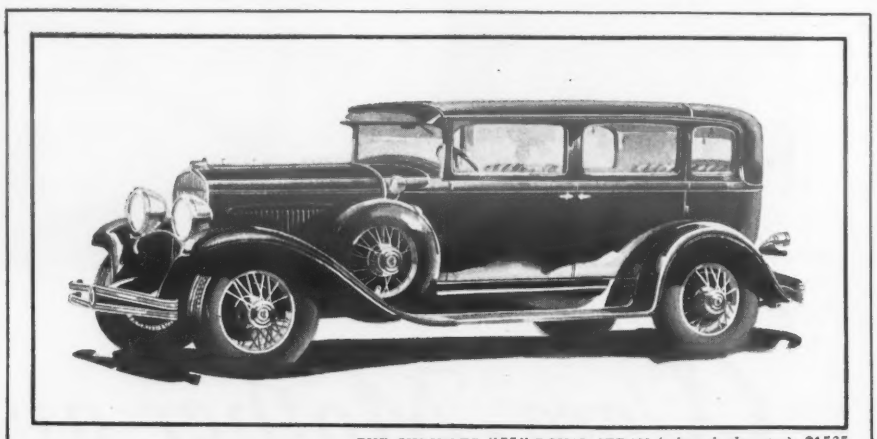
Safety, Comfort and Peace-of-Mind

Think of all Chrysler has done in modernizing the motor car! Remember it was Chrysler who pioneered 4-wheel hydraulic brakes, and who now provides internal-expanding brakes, which add a new and unparalleled measure of safety to present-day motoring under all weather conditions.

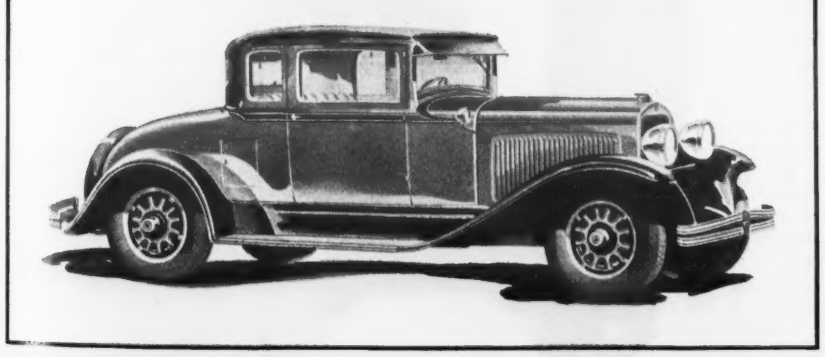
Again, Chrysler sensed other feminine needs by devising those better means of effortless control which make the swift, powerful cars *so simple to drive and so easy to park,* that women for the first time *enjoy motoring to the full,* unharassed by mechanical annoyances.

Thus to the irresistible appeal of beauty, of style, and of comfort, Chrysler adds the essential element of peace-of-mind by creating cars whose unprecedented capability, responsiveness and flexibility in operation enable them to attain new peaks of performance with utmost facility and confidence.

Today, in all the distinguished cars grouped under the dominant symbol of Chrysler Motors—cars representing every price class—women find what is latest in design, most luxurious in decoration and most expert in craftsmanship.



THE CHRYSLER "75" ROYAL SEDAN (*wire wheels extra*), $1535
Beauty, Comfort and Capacity are Here Combined



THE CHRYSLER "65" COUPE (*with rumble seat*), $1145
Spirited—dashing—reflecting the newest mode

It is only natural, therefore, that Chrysler-built cars—the products of Chrysler Motors—should be first preference among women of discernment everywhere.

As the accepted leaders of motordom's fashion parade, each one in its own field offers the maximum of performance, style and quality at the minimum of price—and each one is definitely a car that women are proud to own and happy to drive.

* * *

New Chrysler "65"—*Six body styles priced from $1040 to $1145.* New Chrysler "75"—*Nine body styles priced from $1535 to $2345.* New Chrysler Imperial—*Five custom body styles priced from $2675 to $3855. All prices f. o. b. factory.*

CHRYSLER MOTORS

FOR BETTER PUBLIC SERVICE

Were Mother and Aunt Celia mistaken?

"JUST THINK of the worry and trouble I've had with home laundering all these years!" exclaimed Alice Gartley, "because of the foolish things I had heard about laundries. But, thank goodness, I *know* now that clothes washed in the modern laundry are *cleaner* and last *longer*. Take that drying tumbler there where the damp clothes are revolved in constantly-changing warm, fresh air that quickly dries and sterilizes them. I can't do that in my home." Remember a day a week at *home-laundry-drudging* means 52 days taken from *living* each year.

Go with Alice into Launderland

Ask any modern laundry in your town for this delightful journey booklet of "Alice in Launderland". A telephone call will bring your copy.

A Service for Every Family Budget

WHETHER you supervise the laundress at home, or send clothes out to questionable quarters, you will find that modern laundries offer freedom from work and worry in a variety of services to meet every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and a plan which returns clothes damp for ironing are a few individualized services available at laundries today.

© 1929, L. N. A.

Let the Laundry Do It

(Continued from Page 82)

north shore of Lake Superior, from Duluth to Port Arthur, with opalescent water on your right and deep forest on your left for scenery. . . . The shore of New Hampshire is short, but beachy and lobsterish.

Key Number 13

HOW does New Brunswick sound to you? St. John is the largest city. Lorneville-by-the-Sea is a quaint fishing village. All along the 600-mile coast line of New Brunswick and on the banks farther out, a great variety of fish are caught. (See also Nova Scotia, No. 135.) . . . . The Black Hills of South Dakota (not black and not hills, but rather green mountains) offer trout fit for a President and scenery for all. Sometimes the road is made of gleaming copper slag and runs between green cornstalks and yellow wheat. See Deadwood, where lived Calamity Jane, Preacher Smith and other romantic ruffians. See the great Homestake gold mine, still producing at the rate of six million a year.

Key Number 14

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, is not for millionaires alone. You can have a delightful vacation there living in a comfortable hotel and enjoying not only the soft cool breezes from the sea but also all the improvements which have come with the development of great estates. Riding, motoring, hiking, golf, tennis and dancing are there for everyone. . . . Narragansett Pier, near by, although deserted by the very wealthy, is as delightful in its seaside charm as it was before the great ones left. . . . Any good Californian will swear that summer visitors will often need blankets at night. But if you visit that section in summer, we recommend mountains and seashore and not Death Valley or the Mojave Desert, though our warning may render us liable to a libel suit from state patriots. Visit the La Jolla Caves, fifteen miles north of San Diego, where the waves have industriously pounded out grottos beneath the cliffs. Long Beach has 850 hotels and apartment houses looking oceanward. Hollywood and Culver City are pronounced "mo-tion-pic-tures." Balboa is a yachting center.

Key Number 15

CAPE COD for you, with Provincetown on its tip! You can begin a day by going out at dawn with the fishermen, if you want to get up early, and bringing back a fish for breakfast. You can motor, sail, row, swim or hike during the day. Or paint pictures. Sure, you can. Everybody does! You can play tennis or golf. You can investigate "the sites" of Pilgrim history. You can attend a Little Theater or a motion picture. You can sit on the beach and look at the sea. . . . Leave salt water for once to try Rocky Mountain Park, North Middle Colorado, in the heart of the Rockies, with snowy peaks over 14,000 feet high; all kinds of interesting rock records of the glacial period; the Continental Divide, where water flows to the Pacific or to the Atlantic; the wooded canyon of the Colorado River and (to show what man can do) the great Moffat Tunnel, piercing James Peak. (See also No. 13 and No. 135.)

Key Number 23

YOU like to fish and you like to go a long distance to find the finny darlings? The streams and lakes of Southern California have a fishing season between May first and November first. . . . The Big Horn National Forest in Montana, containing the Big Horn Mountains, is a great section of wild land where trout have never seen a man and are curious about fishing tackle. During the proper season you can get grouse, duck, deer and elk hunting. You motor to your ranch or last town and then take to horseback. . . . If you decide to fish among the Green Mountains of Vermont, climb Byron Mountain, in Maidstone, Essex County, to see if you can read in the curves of the Connecticut River, winding below, the word "Union."

Key Number 24

SEE Niagara first. You know it is receding at the rate of six feet a year, and so you had better hurry. . . . Of the lovely trips in inland Virginia, perhaps the most rewarding is through the Shenandoah Valley, chock-full of historical sites, pillared mansions, birthplaces of the great, the Natural Bridge of extraordinary height and span, and the caverns—Massanutton Caverns, Grand Caverns, Endless Caverns, the Caves of Shenandoah and Luray Caverns. . . . Montreal and the shores of the St. Lawrence River! . . . Quebec is America's only walled city and holds the famous shrine of Saint Anne de Beaupré. . . . Have you ever seen the Woolworth Building and Grant's Tomb in New York City?

Key Number 25

THE Arrowhead Country is a midcontinental playground of 20,000 square miles, lying north and northwest of Duluth. Its publicity man says that it has no snakes. Anyhow, it is true that of lakes there are no end, for you can see them making the map look like a case of blue measles. Included in the district is Minnesota National Forest at the head waters of the Mississippi. Superior National Forest is also at your service and much other wild land. You mustn't shoot the deer, but you can feed them or you can go canoeing. . . . Deerfield, Massachusetts, has been preserved as an old-time New England village. You can buy a hooked rug there or a warming pan. . . . A big national park, a medium one and a baby one, are awaiting you in Middle Eastern California. Yosemite, over a thousand square miles, has waterfalls of extraordinary height, Sierra Mountains, and three groves of big trees, not to mention the fishing. Sequoia is the big-tree national park with trees as much as thirty-six feet in diameter. It has a real cave also. The baby park is General Grant, six miles from Sequoia, created to preserve the celebrated General Grant tree.

Key Number 34

THE Adirondack Mountains offer delightful hotels as well as good fishing. Mount Marcy, in the Clinton Range, fifteen miles southeast of Lake Placid, is topped by a stone hospice which shelters parties who leave hot sunshine at the base to reach a blizzard on Barron Rock Peak. If you do not care to fish the streams, canoe on the lakes or tramp the Adirondack Mountain Club, you can ride along bridle paths cut through forests, play on good tennis courts or golf on championship golf courses. . . . Moosehead Lake in Maine also offers comfortable living combined with the weird cry of the loon, the smell of evergreens, and as good fishing as can be. . . . Briefly, there are 2465 lakes in Maine and 5131 rivers and streams. . . . Did you ever see a glacier, green in the sunshine and opalescent in the sunset? Glacier Park in Northwestern Montana covers more than 1500 square miles, contains sixty small glaciers and 250 glacier-fed lakes as full of trout as a parlor aquarium is full of goldfish.

Key Number 35

JUST look what we've got for you! A canoe trip through the Maine woods! Four trips, in fact, for you to choose between. Allagash trip, 210 miles. West Branch trip, 80 miles. East Branch trip, 118 miles. St. John trip, 231 miles. Whichever you decide on, take it in August or September to avoid the black flies. September, is gorgeous, though cold. . . . Would you like a chain of lakes, instead? The Fish River chain comprises eight

15 painful troubles

either directly caused or aggravated by inferior Toilet Paper . .

SURGEONS who specialize in troubles of this kind say that at least 15 painful diseases can be caused or aggravated by improper tissue.

In spite of these facts many toilet papers sold to housewives today are unfit for bathroom use.

Some are glazed. Some coarse-grained. Some even chemically harmful—made from reclaimed waste material or cast-off newspapers.

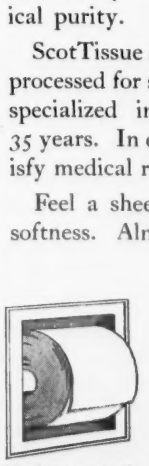
No toilet tissue is safe, according to the highest medical opinion, unless it has these three qualities: Complete absorbency—special softness—chemical purity.

ScotTissue and Waldorf are specially processed for safety—in a mill that has specialized in bathroom tissues for 35 years. In every particular they satisfy medical requirements.

Feel a sheet. Note its astonishing softness. Almost clothlike in texture. Examine it closely. You see no harsh particles—no tiny splinters to injure the delicate skin.

You can prove the absorbency of ScotTissue or Waldorf by dropping a crumpled ball in water. It sinks to the bottom quickly. Ordinary toilet paper remains floating for several minutes.

The finest fresh materials — and nothing else—go into Scott tissues. They are neither acid nor alkaline in reaction. They are sanitary. Hygienically processed. And absolutely safe. Always ask for ScotTissue or Waldorf. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.



Fit the standard built-in fixtures

The Waldorf
TRADE MARK REGISTERED IN U.S. PAT. OFFICE AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES
Scott Paper Company
SHEETS—4½ X 5 INCHES
Soft as old Linen
ScotTissue
The absorbent soft white Toilet paper
Scott Paper Company
Chester, Pa. U.S.A.
SHEETS — 4½ X 5 INCHES

You can buy these safe tissues without embarrassment. Just ask for "ScotTissue" or "Waldorf."

Waldorf
3 for 20¢

ScotTissue
2 for 25¢

Prices for United States only.

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When Good Cooks Get Together

"It's really Miraculous"

enthuses Mrs. John Ganchow of Jamaica, N. Y.

"TAKE any plain vegetable dish—potatoes, carrots, peas. Flavor it with 'STEERO' bouillon cubes. Like magic it is transformed into a feast fit for a king.

"This is particularly good to know now that spring is here and we serve more and more vegetables. It's really miraculous the new tang 'STEERO' bouillon cubes add.

"These magic cubes occupy an honored place on my emergency shelf. And when guests come unexpectedly —Voila! I am all prepared."

Try this menu magic in your own home

For a cup of quick bouillon, for adding new zest to everyday dishes, try "STEERO" bouillon cubes. They cost but little. They're simple to use. See for yourself how really easy it is to vary the daily menu, to discover new taste thrills, by writing for Bertha M. Becker's new book — "101 New Dishes." Use coupon below.

"101 new dishes" and samples of cubes FREE

"STEERO" *bouillon cubes were introduced in 1909. They are now known to millions. Look for the name* "STEERO" *on the box and on the wrapper of each cube. Three sizes: 12, 50 and 100 cubes. Sold by grocers, delicatessen and drug stores.*

American Kitchen Products Co.
277-M Water Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me your new cook book, "101 New Dishes," and free samples of the cubes.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY & STATE_____

lakes with connecting rivers. Other older favorites are Moosehead, the waters of the Katahdin Iron Works district, and the lakes and streams about Mount Katahdin. The vicinity of Patten, Maine, in the northern part of Penobscot County, is a patchwork of lakes and woods. The national forests in Southern Idaho and Western Wyoming are fishy sections; the Payette lakes and river in the Idaho Forest and the back country of the Salmon National Forest are specially recommended.

Key Number 45

A DUDE RANCH is an honest-to-goodness ranch with real cattle, real cowboys and actual ranch work going on, but equipped with cabins in which to entertain guests. Everyone from a city is a "dude"; hence the name. You can rest or you can ride, fish, hunt, explore, watch rodeos, or round-ups, or take pack trips and camping excursions. There are dozens of these delightful ranches scattered through the loveliest parts of Montana and Wyoming. . . . The Mohawk Trail and the Berkshire Hills—Connecticut and Massachusetts—are a fine combination. . . . Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire, has its yacht club, golf links and hotel life. . . . Cornish, near by, is an artistic and literary colony. . . . Poland Springs in Maine offers luxurious living in the midst of primitive surroundings.

Key Number 123

DRIVE to New Bedford, Massachusetts—where you will visit the marine museum to see the model of a whaling vessel, large enough for you to walk its decks and inspect its cabin—and put your car on board the boat for Nantucket Island, thirty miles off the Massachusetts coast. The quaint old houses and cobblestoned streets will delight you. Here you can bathe, boat, fish, drive or ride horseback over the moors. . . . Martha's Vineyard Island, almost as well known, is equally delightful. (See also New Brunswick, No. 13, and Nova Scotia, No. 135). . . . To appeal to your wanderlust we offer a trip to the Montana national forests, among which are Missoula, Deer Lodge, Flathead, Lewis and Clark and Blackfeet, the Helena Forest and the Jefferson Forest, the Gallatin, Madison and Beaverhead; and in neighboring Idaho are the Targhee, Salmon and Lemhi Forests and several others. . . . Did you know that Ottawa is only sixty minutes from the American border?

Key Number 124

TRY the coast of Virginia this year. What those Virginians can do with shellfish and Smithfield hams and wild turkey is worthy of investigation. Norfolk, Portsmouth, with the Navy Yard, the United States Naval Base, and old Fort Norfolk; Newport News, with its great shipbuilding plant, and Old Point Comfort, site of Fortress Monroe, are all near together; historic Jamestown and Williamsburg are not so far away up the James River. There is twenty-five miles of bathing beach in the vicinity, and all kinds of boating and yachting and gayety by sea and land. . . . If you want the other side of the country, take Washington State. Seattle and Tacoma are worth visiting. In Rainier National Park you can be as comfortable as in your own home and you have in addition Mt. Rainier itself, a couple of glaciers thrown in, some lakes, and all the guides you can use.

Key Number 125

THE deeply indented coast of Maine would stretch out to 2486 miles. Kittery is at one end and Eastport at the other. . . . If you like to see lots of people having a good time, visit the marvelous beach at Old Orchard. Portland, where Longfellow's birthplace is preserved, is on Casco Bay. The Boothbay Harbor region is chock-full of islands and history and lovely scenery. Monhegan Island houses artists attracted by the wild beauty of the crags and surf. . . . Do you fancy caves? The Oregon Caves are located in the Siskiyou National Forest, Oregon. The main entrances to the caves are at an elevation of 4000 feet. The caves are more a series of galleries than of roomy caverns, although many beautiful rooms have been discovered. . . . You learned about Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, at school, but have you ever seen it? . . . Wind Cave in South Dakota is nothing to be sneezed at.

Key Number 134

THE coast of Massachusetts is sandy beach in some places and craggy rocks in others. You can get all the summer land and water sports, salt-water fishing, history, scenery and good living quarters at almost any spot. You will want to see Gloucester, famous for its fishing; Marblehead, old and quaint; Marion, Nahant, Nantasket Beach, Rockport and Onset. . . . Rip Van Winkle spent his vacation of twenty years in the Catskills, sleeping; but you will want to motor up Storm King Mountain, visit West Point, see the Ashokan Reservoir, and cross Bear Mountain Bridge. . . . Hot Springs, Arkansas, with its forty-six curative springs and its gay social life, is in the heart of the Ouachita Mountains.

Key Number 135

GRANDPRÉ, "the Land of Evangeline," the city of Halifax, and both salt and fresh-water fishing are to be found in Nova Scotia. You motor through the valley of the Gaspereau, an apple-orchard country, to find the old well and the row of willows of the Acadian village. . . . Halifax is a lovely, lovely city; we know one woman who was so charmed with it that she decided to live there. For your fishing you can have salmon, trout, landlocked salmon, sea trout and bass. You have also the Atlantic Ocean to fish out of. And you can't look in any direction without your eyes falling on scenery. (See also New Brunswick, No. 13.) . . . More than sixty glaciers drain into Lake Chelan, Chelan National Forest, Washington State, and in that icy water you will find myriad happy trout just waiting to be caught.

Key Number 145

YOU are going to go simply crazy over Mount Desert, Maine, and the surrounding resorts, Southwest Harbor, Northeast Harbor, and Seal Harbor. Tumble out of your car and walk along the Towpath at Bar Harbor, with lovely estates on one side and the blue-green water on the other. Lafayette Park, a Federal reservation, belongs to you and me and all of us who love beauty. Drive along up the shore of Frenchman's Bay and the Penobscot River, through Camden, set against the Camden Hills, Belfast and other towns, where sea captains built quaint white houses. . . . At the meeting point of the St. Lawrence and Saguenay rivers is a hotel, with a beach in front for the children, in the woods fishing for the men, scenery for the women, the smell of balsam for all.

Key Number 234

"PIKE'S PEAK will never be climbed," prophesied Lieutenant Pike in 1806, but today you can motor to the top over a cleverly graded road. Pike's Peak region contains excellent hotels as well as the usual auto camps, and this physical comfort combined with thousands of miles of trout streams and lakes, draws thousands of visitors each year. . . . At Colorado Springs you can get golf, polo, horseback riding, dancing and a yearly rodeo. . . . The Rangeley Lakes in the

(Continued on Page 90)

Their pain wrings your heart

A PITIFUL scream. Blanched faces . . . the pain, the anguish of burns . . . later the cruel disfigurement of scars!

Where is the mother who does not fear it—this danger that may come, who knows when?

But you can be prepared, today. The pain of the most frightful burn yields to Unguentine—the *antiseptic* surgical dressing 8 out of 10 hospitals use.

Almost instantly, Unguentine soothes. Clean, quick healing begins. And in nearly every case—not a scar remains.

Your own physician recommends Unguentine—for cuts, bruises and scratches as for burns and scalds. It safeguards against infection.

Millions of mothers and housewives would never let themselves be without Unguentine. Keep a tube always ready in the bathroom. Keep extra tubes in the accident danger zones; kitchen, office or shop and auto kit. Buy Unguentine today. At your druggist's, 50¢. Send for free household manual, "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. Canadian address, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

". . . not a scar was left"

"Our little girl fell against the heater while playing. When I snatched her away bits of skin adhered to the stove . . . I applied a thick coating of Unguentine . . . Now her chin and neck are almost well and her hand and arm have healed nicely."

"Tommy was toasting marshmallows . . . his little linen blouse caught fire . . . the mother of one of the other children beat it out with her hands . . . By the time I was called they had put on Unguentine, which soon soothed the pain. There was no scarring. Believe me, after that experience we have never been without Unguentine!"

Now the new Unguentine Soap for tender skins

"The success of a dinner," says MRS. JOHN BORDEN, "is won or lost when the coffee is being served"

MRS. JOHN BORDEN ever since her debutante days has been a moving spirit in the smart worlds of Lake Forest and Chicago. Before her marriage she was Miss Courtney Letts. When she gives a small dinner for a group of intimate friends, Mrs. Borden herself pours Maxwell House Coffee for her guests in the study—a fascinating room crowded with mementos of the truly heroic explorations of the Arctic which Mrs. Borden has made with her husband and recorded in her book "The Cruise of the Northern Light." On more formal occasions the after-dinner coffee is served in the drawing room. The coffee service is of silver, in Queen Anne design, and the charming little cups Mrs. Borden brought from France.

"The success of a dinner is won or lost, I think, in those few minutes after the guests have left the table when the coffee is being served. If the coffee is just right—clear and fragrant and very good—the mood of the group somehow becomes genial; conversation sparkles; and one knows the evening will be happy. In my own home I always use Maxwell House Coffee. I think it is the very best."

Courtney Letts Borden

A WOMAN of Mrs. Borden's social finesse invariably pays particularly close attention to the coffee that is offered to her guests.

Nothing less than the best will do. She insists that it be made with the utmost care; she has it served with distinction. She finds that the flavor of Maxwell House Coffee makes it a general favorite wherever tastes in food are cultivated.

This flavor has a special shade of richness, a depth of mellowness, that no single coffee grown can approach. For Maxwell House is not a single coffee flavor, but a blend, combining the "winy," the mild, the pungent and the syrupy—the diverse fragrant flavors of selected coffees from many tropic lands.

A coffee expert of the Old South combining and re-combining many choice coffees, perfected the matchless mellow blend of Maxwell House Coffee.

Only after long and patient experimenting was this skillful blend achieved. An expert in coffees, who grew to manhood in the Old South, where living well was an art, persistently pursued an ideal until he accomplished the special shade of rare coffee flavor which delighted even his most critical palate.

At the old Maxwell House in Nashville, where so many travelers of distinction, so many beaux and belles of the Old South, were entertained, this coffee won its first renown and earned its famous name.

Now, from coast to coast, it has become the coffee served in America's foremost homes, preferred by America's celebrated hostesses.

Wherever you live, you can enjoy this delicious coffee at your own table. It is pleasing more critical coffee drinkers today than any other coffee ever offered for sale.

Your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee nicely packaged in tin which preserves its matchless fragrance and flavor.

MUSICAL PROGRAM BROADCAST EVERY THURSDAY

Weekly radio program of delightful music by the famous Maxwell House Coffee Concert Orchestra, is broadcast from WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, WTMJ, WHO, WOW, KOA, KSTP, KSD, WDAF, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WBT, WJAX, WEBC, WRVA. Tune in every Thursday evening for the Maxwell House Program.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

"Good to the Last Drop"

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea

© 1929, P. Co. Inc.

LET THE LOVELIEST MIRROR REFLECT THE LOVELIEST YOU

says Elizabeth Arden

"No woman is able to pass a looking glass." Why should she? Let Elizabeth Arden give you the courage to challenge every mirror in the world.

THE Sun-Goddess of Old Japan was offended and withdrew into a rocky cavern. From her sulks and from her cavern, the Goddess was enticed only by the sight of the First Mirror! Curiosity turned the trick; out she came to have a good look at herself—"Honorable Fuji!" cried the Sun Goddess, "why has no one ever told me my nose was shiny!"

No well-groomed woman, well-groomed in the Elizabeth Arden sense, ever has a shiny nose. This is so, not in the least because the "shine" is covered up with powder.

It is so because the skin has been brought to and maintained at a condition of absolute healthfulness by the daily use of Miss Arden's specially blended preparations patted into the skin according to the methods which Miss Arden herself evolved.

There are two important books, "The Quest of the Beautiful," and, "Your Masterpiece—Yourself," which Miss Arden sends with her compliments to every woman requesting them.

These two small books will instruct you just how to cleanse your skin so that it is immaculately fresh, how to tone it so that it glows with life and color, how to smooth and tighten it and free it of wrinkles.

Moreover, as you follow each step of the treatment, you are secure in the knowledge that every method of application was perfected by Miss Arden herself; that every preparation was used first by her and is still made under her watchful supervision.

In Japan, there are said to be magic mirrors. Those in the salons of Elizabeth Arden have witnessed many magical changes. Your mirror will be a charmed mirror if you avail yourself of the scientific knowledge and the devotion which go into the careful making of the exquisite preparations of Elizabeth Arden.

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at the smartest shops in all cities of the world

Venetian Cleansing Cream. Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves skin soft and receptive. $1, $2, $3, $6.

Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic. Tones, firms, and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream. 85c, $2, $3.75, $9.

Ardena Velva Cream. A delicate cream for sensitive skins. Recommended for a full face. $1, $2, $3, $6.

Illusion Powder. A pure, vaguely scented powder, made for those who demand the extreme of quality. In eight tints. $3.

Venetian Muscle Oil. A penetrating oil rich in the elements which help restore sunken tissues or flabby muscles. $1, $2.50, $4.

Venetian Anti-Wrinkle Cream. Excellent for an afternoon treatment at home. $2, $3.50.

Venetian Special Astringent. For flaccid cheeks and neck. Lifts and strengthens the tissues, tightens the skin. $2.25, $4.

Venetian Pore Cream. Greaseless astringent cream. Smooth over coarse pores at bedtime. $1, $2.50.

Venetian Special Eye Cream. Fills out lines and wrinkles around the eyes. Leave a little on overnight. $1.50.

Venetian Special Eye Lotion. Use with an eye-cup, morning and night, to cleanse and tone the eyes. $1, $2.50.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

NEW YORK: 673 FIFTH AVENUE

PARIS: 2 rue de la Paix LONDON: 25 Old Bond Street BERLIN W: Lennéstr. 5

CHICAGO: 70 E. Walton Pl. PHILADELPHIA: 133 South 18th St. WASHINGTON: 1147 Connecticut Ave.
DETROIT: Book Building BOSTON . . . 24 Newbury Street SAN FRANCISCO: 522 Powell Street
LOS ANGELES: 600 West 7th Street ATLANTIC CITY: Ritz-Carlton Block
BIARRITZ: 2 rue Gambetta CANNES: 3 Galeries Fleuries
MADRID: 71 Calle Alcalá ROME . . . Via Condotti 65

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(Continued from Page 88)

northwestern part of Maine are dotted with scores of comfortable camps in the midst of Nature at her best.

Key Number 235

WE RECOMMEND to you in particular four great national forests in Montana, Wyoming and Idaho. The Absaroka Forest includes the isolated, majestic, snowy range of the Crazy Mountains. It was a favorite big-game hunting ground for Theodore Roosevelt. . . . The Beartooth Forest in Montana includes Granite Peak, almost thirteen thousand feet high, which has been climbed but once; unvisited glaciers, waterfalls and caves await you here. In Grasshopper Glacier prehistoric insects are frozen in the ice. . . . The Shoshone National Forest in the northwest corner of Wyoming is reached from Cody by the famous Cody Road through Shoshone Canyon, along that strange, turbid river and by the huge dam and reservoir. . . . The Teton National Forest includes the Jackson Hole Country, into whose fastnesses the bad men of former days drove their stolen cattle. . . . Two Southern Appalachian national forests have streams finny with fish; the Cherokee National Forest in Tennessee, North Carolina and Georgia, and Nantahala in North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, are the best for fishing. The South is deservedly becoming better known as a summer playground.

Key Number 245

DELAWARE WATER GAP, Monroe County, Pennsylvania, offers social summer gayety with its scenery, and the Pocono Mountains about are full of waterfalls and camping spots. . . . The famous Liberty Bell is in Philadelphia. It is cracked, but that proves it a genuine antique. . . . White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, matches its dancing with its tennis, but you may also list to the call of the trail and the bridle path.

Key Number 345

NATIONAL PARKS are fine for family groups. It is all right for a young man to pack a thousand pounds, or less, on his back while he explores lakes and first-growth timber, but the man who has worn himself to a frazzle in the office, and his wife who is taking care of three youngsters, prefer scenery accompanied by three meals a day and a roof over their heads. Splendid hotels are available in Yosemite, California, among the giant trees; on the edge of the Grand Canyon, Arizona, and in Yellowstone Park and in some other parks. The lodges in the parks cost less and are less elegant, but mighty good. Public automobile camps are open to all tourists. Thus in the national parks you have a combination of city luxury, primeval forest, mountains, glaciers, wild animals that you must not shoot and ravenous trout which you may catch. Detailed information can be obtained by writing for pamphlets to the Director of the National Park Service, Department of the Interior, Washington, District of Columbia. Different parks are mentioned in other sections of this article. Information concerning national forests is given in Section 5.

Key Number 1234

IF YOU want to see a tuna fish weighing 460 pounds go to Santa Barbara, California. From the piers of Hermosa, Long Beach and San Diego, barracuda, halibut, bass, albacore, mackerel and other fish yield excellent sport. At Carmel you can catch an artist or a writer if your taste inclines that way. . . . Long Island Sound, New York, offers the milder forms of fishing, boating, canoeing, sailing, hunting, hiking, golf, tennis, riding and motoring according to the locality. Social pleasures usually consist of dances, moving pictures and concerts. The North Shore of Long Island extends from Whitestone on the west to Wading River on the east. The ocean side of Long Island extends from Sea Gate at the western end to Montauk Point at the eastern extremity. The various Hamptons are charming, Sea Gate is fine and salty, and the farther east you go the quainter are the towns.

Key Number 1235

JOE JEFFERSON and Grover Cleveland fished in Meddybemps Lake, near Calais, Maine, and you can still catch black bass there as big as—well, you wouldn't believe me! On the same trip explore the far-east coast of Maine, Narraguagus Bay, Machias Bay, Passamaquoddy Bay. Go to Eastport, Maine, which is what its name says it is and where the tide rises and falls twenty feet! . . . Zion National Park in Southwestern Utah competes with any scenery in the world. Frankly, one can't describe the magnificent gorge, the brilliant coloring of the rocks, the lofty peaks and the sheer dropping walls, without sounding like a guide book. Until motor cars came into general use it was very difficult to reach this canyon and there are still branch gorges no one has yet penetrated.

Key Number 1245

ATLANTIC CITY, New Jersey, acts as if it owned the Atlantic Ocean with its boardwalk, piers and hotels with sea view. Hotel life blooms in splendor and every kind of a convention is going on somewhere. Everything that anybody considers a social pleasure, from bowling to dancing, is yours—if you have the money. . . . If you haven't, try one of the smaller places along the New Jersey coast, perhaps Atlantic Highlands. Ocean City aims at comfort and relaxation. Asbury Park is noted for its trees and surf bathing. . . . Lucerne in Maine is coming to the fore as a spot where you can live in the midst of woods on the edge of a lovely lake and still have a good bed, tasty food and dancing of an evening. . . . You would think to hear some people talk that the White Mountains were given over to golf and hotel gayeties, but you can measure Mt. Washington in strides for your health's sake.

Key Number 1345

IF YOU haven't been to Yellowstone, try to make it this year. The man of the family will get exceptional trout fishing, the children will "oh" and "ah" over the geysers, the boiling springs, the mud volcanoes and the strange formations. The whole family will gasp with delight at the brilliant coloring of the rocky sides of Yellowstone Canyon and the petrified forests. It is a vast wilderness, the greatest wild-bird and animal preserve in the world, with good hotels set at convenient intervals. . . . Very different, indeed, is our second recommendation—the Connecticut shore, along Long Island Sound, running from Greenwich with its lovely estates to the

MR. MOUSE: "I MADE A MISTAKE TO HIRE THIS MOVER BY THE HOUR!"

(Continued on Page 93)

First aid

to mothers in safeguarding baby's health

Frigidaire reduces risks that come with sultry days . . . . . .

The Frigidaire Cold Control
A development of Frigidaire and General Motors engineers. Found only on Frigidaire.

"Watch baby's health in summer!" Down through the ages grandmothers passed this warning on to mothers. For with summer came the "critical period"...a time when even a symptom of illness brought grave anxiety.

For years mothers faced warm weather with dread. The dangers that confronted their children in summer were *mysterious* dangers. They knew not *what* to guard against.

But how different it is today! There's nothing mysterious now about the risks that come with summer. It's simply that foods spoil more quickly and bacteria develop more rapidly. And to meet these risks, health authorities everywhere prescribe better refrigeration... and you can provide this better refrigeration with Frigidaire... the automatic refrigerator which is powerful enough to keep food at temperatures well below 50°... always.

Power that gives a wide margin of safety

Frigidaire operates automatically. It has the *surplus power* that keeps foods fresh and wholesome . . . that safeguards health day and night, summer and winter... unfailingly.

This surplus power means added safety... the difference between certainty and doubt...and as more than 750,000 Frigidaire users will tell you...a feeling of security beyond all price. Call at the nearest Frigidaire display room and see the exclusive features of Frigidaire, including the new Cold Control . . . find out about the low prices and liberal G. M. A. C. terms.

Safe and unsafe refrigeration explained in free book... write for it

We have just prepared a new book that explains the dangers of inadequate refrigeration and tells how they may be avoided. It is illustrated with photographs taken through a microscope. By all means mail the coupon for a copy of this book ...today. We will also send you a complimentary copy of the new Frigidaire Recipe Book.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION,
Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation,
Dept. T-502, Dayton, Ohio.
Please send me your book on healthful refrigeration, also the Frigidaire Recipe Book.

Name.....

Address.....

FRIGIDAIRE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Blondes - Brunettes - Red-heads

such widely varying types . . .

yet all screen stars alike have the vital appeal of smooth skin

9 *out of* 10 *screen stars keep their skin lovely with Lux Toilet Soap* . . .

AN exquisite velvety skin is any girl's greatest charm, and for the screen star it is *all* important, 39 leading motion picture directors say.

"I don't know a single girl without lovely skin who has won enough of the public to become a star," says William Beaudine, director for Fox.

"Exquisite smooth skin is the all important asset of the star who must face into the glaring lights of the close-up," Joan Crawford explains.

The next time you see any of these lovely screen stars in a close-up, notice how smooth Lux Toilet Soap keeps her skin. "It gives my skin that beautiful smoothness I thought only the finest French soaps gave," Renée Adorée says.

Nine out of ten screen stars are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap, and all the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms.

You, too, will like the way this white, daintily fragrant soap lathers so generously even in hard water! It is made by the famous French method. Buy several cakes—today.

BLONDES

Marion Davies says: "I am delighted with Lux Toilet Soap for deliciously smooth 'studio skin.'"

Esther Ralston, Paramount—"It is excellent for keeping the skin delightfully smooth."

Dorothy Mackaill, First National—"Lux Toilet Soap is lovely for the skin."

Anna Q. Nilsson, R.K.O.—"It is a splendid aid in keeping the skin velvety."

BRUNETTES

Bebe Daniels, Paramount—"Lux Toilet Soap helps so much to keep the skin smooth and lovely."

Billie Dove, First National—"I find Lux Toilet Soap delightfully pure and so very refreshing."

Lupe Velez, United Artists, says: "Lux Toilet Soap certainly keeps my skin velvety."

Louise Brooks says: "It gives the skin the satin smoothness a screen star's skin must have."

More of the many stars who use this soap:

BLONDES

Phyllis Haver—Pathé
May McAvoy—Warner Brothers
Jeanette Loff—Pathé
Gilda Gray—Independent
Lois Moran—Fox
Mae Murray—Independent
Greta Nissen—Independent
Vera Reynolds—Independent

BRUNETTES

Madge Bellamy—Fox
Olive Borden—Independent
Mary Duncan—Fox
Marie Prevost—Independent
Aileen Pringle—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Irene Rich—Independent
Dorothy Sebastian—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Virginia Valli—Independent

RED-HEADS

Mary Astor—Fox
Sally Eilers—Mack Sennett-Pathé
Merna Kennedy—Universal
Jacqueline Logan—Pathé
Audrey Ferris—Warner Brothers
Margaret Livingston—Columbia
Myrna Loy—Warner Brothers
Blanche Mehaffey—Independent

BROWN HAIR

Betty Bronson—Warner Brothers
Sue Carol—Independent
Betty Compson—Independent
Doris Kenyon—Independent
Patsy Ruth Miller—Independent
Mary Philbin—Universal

And many, many other lovely stars

RED-HEADS

Clara Bow, Paramount—"Lux Toilet Soap helps keep the skin in perfect condition."

Joan Crawford, M. G. M.—"Lux Toilet Soap is lovely for keeping my skin fresh and smooth."

Nancy Carroll, Paramount—"Lux Toilet Soap helps keep one's skin so flawless for the camera."

Janet Gaynor, Fox star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap makes my skin feel so soft and smooth."

BROWN HAIR

Evelyn Brent, Paramount—"Lux Toilet Soap is so delightfully pleasing and soothing."

Renée Adorée, M. G. M.—"Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin such a beautiful smoothness."

Mary Brian, Paramount—"Lux Toilet Soap is lovely for keeping one's skin in perfect condition."

Eleanor Boardman says: "It is excellent for the very smooth skin a screen star must have."

LUX Toilet Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50c and $1.00 *the cake . . . Now* 10¢

(Continued from Page 90)

hills of New London. Motor along the coast and choose where you will stop awhile for tennis, golf, camping, or the social activities of hotel and cottage life. . . . Old Lyme, with its artist colony, and Westport, a favorite with writers, are well known.

Key Number 2345

THE Five Finger Lakes of New York State are well worth casting your eyes over and your hook into. One of the five, Cayuga, offers all water sports, and when you get tired of them you can go over and take a course at Cornell University in Ithaca on the shore. Watkins Glen, at the head of Seneca Lake, the largest of the five, prides itself on a stream that falls eight times without stopping to take breath. . . . It is reported that at Fish Lake, a six-hour drive from Salt Lake City, have been taken Mackinaw trout weighing twenty-five to thirty pounds. When you have caught your day's limit, go over to the city to see the Mormon Temple, with its great organ. Don't neglect visiting one of the bathing places to experience water in which it is impossible to sink because of salty saltness. Timpanogos Cave and Provo Canyon must not be missed.

Key Number 12345

YOU are a fine companion; for to you a vacation is too short for grouching but long enough to pack in a heap of fun. We will let you into what would be a secret if home boosters weren't telling it to all the world; round Norfolk-Portsmouth, Virginia, you can catch marvelous saltwater fish. While husbands are fishing, non-fishing wives can have the time of their lives at Virginia Beach. Swanky and simple hotels, boarding houses and rented cottages will accommodate about twenty thousand people who ride horseback, golf, play tennis and swim in a glassed-in, indoor hotel salt pool that has no undertow. (For more on this section see 124.) . . . The sand dunes at the southern end of Lake Michigan, near Michigan City, are miles of sea desert of changing beauty.

May Madness

By NANCY BYRD TURNER

The month was May, and if a bird could not sing it danced, because of the great light that was in the air. —YEATS.

THE month was May, and such an air
Had burnished boughs and hedges
That birds were balanced everywhere,
On twigs and roofs and ledges.

And if they couldn't find a place
To settle for their singing,
They'd hurry into shining space
And shout their wonder winging.

And those who couldn't sing at all,
The swallows and the starlings,
Searched out a golden slant of wall
And danced, danced, danced—the darlings.

Oh, such a light was on the world
That birds of every feather
In song and dance and glory whirled,
Had all gone wild together!

Promoting Peace Through Limitation of Armaments

(Continued from Page 4)

full opportunity to make an agreement. I realized their great financial stress and was especially desirous that none of them could point an accusing finger at the United States and say that we were building a war fleet in competition with them and compelling them to enlarge their fleet and increase their burdens. Because they were unable to meet our proposals, that does not constitute any point at issue between them and us. We have all been sincerely striving to work out a world policy. Each of them is bound by the Covenant of the League to establish such a policy. Our Government has been at all times earnestly solicitous to coöperate to that end. The time has gone by when any one nation is likely to be able to control the sea. To set up that claim would be only a fiction and to pursue it would be only a delusion. The question of parity partakes of the same nature. So much depends on the men behind the guns and the courage and skill with which they are commanded, that a seeming paper parity will never be decisive in any armed conflict. Our commerce and our commitments abroad are so large that they need a navy for their protection without much reference to the size of the navies of other countries. The same rule applies to others. The hope of gaining absolute security through armaments is another delusion. No nation ever could say that its army and navy make it perfectly secure. There are too many other people with armies and navies. More security will be found in a moderate force which menaces nobody than in a great force which menaces everybody.

The United States has constantly supported the movement for limitation. We put it into effect on the Great Lakes, we urged it at the Hague Peace Conference, secured it at the Washington Conference, and advocated its extension at Geneva. It is an unfinished problem of great urgency. After reasonable and adequate national defense, it is the next important method of perpetuating peace. If the world wishes to be relieved of the crushing burden of taxes necessary to maintain unproductive military establishments, if it wishes more effectively to cultivate the arts of peace, under which there can be a greater social progress, it will insist on a summary limitation of the present scale of armaments.

The world moves very slowly. It accepts new ideas very cautiously. While there has been general agreement declared and indorsed by nearly all nations on the desirability and necessity of this policy, it has been only partially adopted. If it is to make further progress, we shall have to look for the moving impulse outside of admiralties and war offices. By its very nature the military spirit demands constant expansion. The problem has its technical aspects on which expert advice is necessary, but in its essence it is a political problem. The movement for its further progress must come from the home and the taxpayer. The business interests of the various nations who do not wish to see their earnings dissipated, the firesides who do not wish to see their family circles broken, must all coöperate in this ideal. The progress already made affords great encouragement, but the work to be done affords an even greater challenge.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the second of three articles by Former President Coolidge. The third, Promoting Peace Through Denunciation of War, will appear in the June Journal.

Powder

"Cleans Teeth Best"

Just ask your dentist

When you go to your dentist to have your teeth cleaned . . . what does he use?—POWDER!

If, like your dentist, you are interested in really clean teeth—and safety—use what your dentist uses . . . for he knows best.

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly, and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Powder—is the one thing that all forms of dentifrice must depend upon for cleaning.

As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice; a dentifrice that is . . . ALL POWDER . . . just naturally cleans best.

For over SIXTY YEARS, since 1866, dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used. It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that gives them perfect whiteness.

It cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel . . . as SIXTY YEARS of constant use has shown. Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can preserve teeth for life.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN, and clean teeth mean firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay.

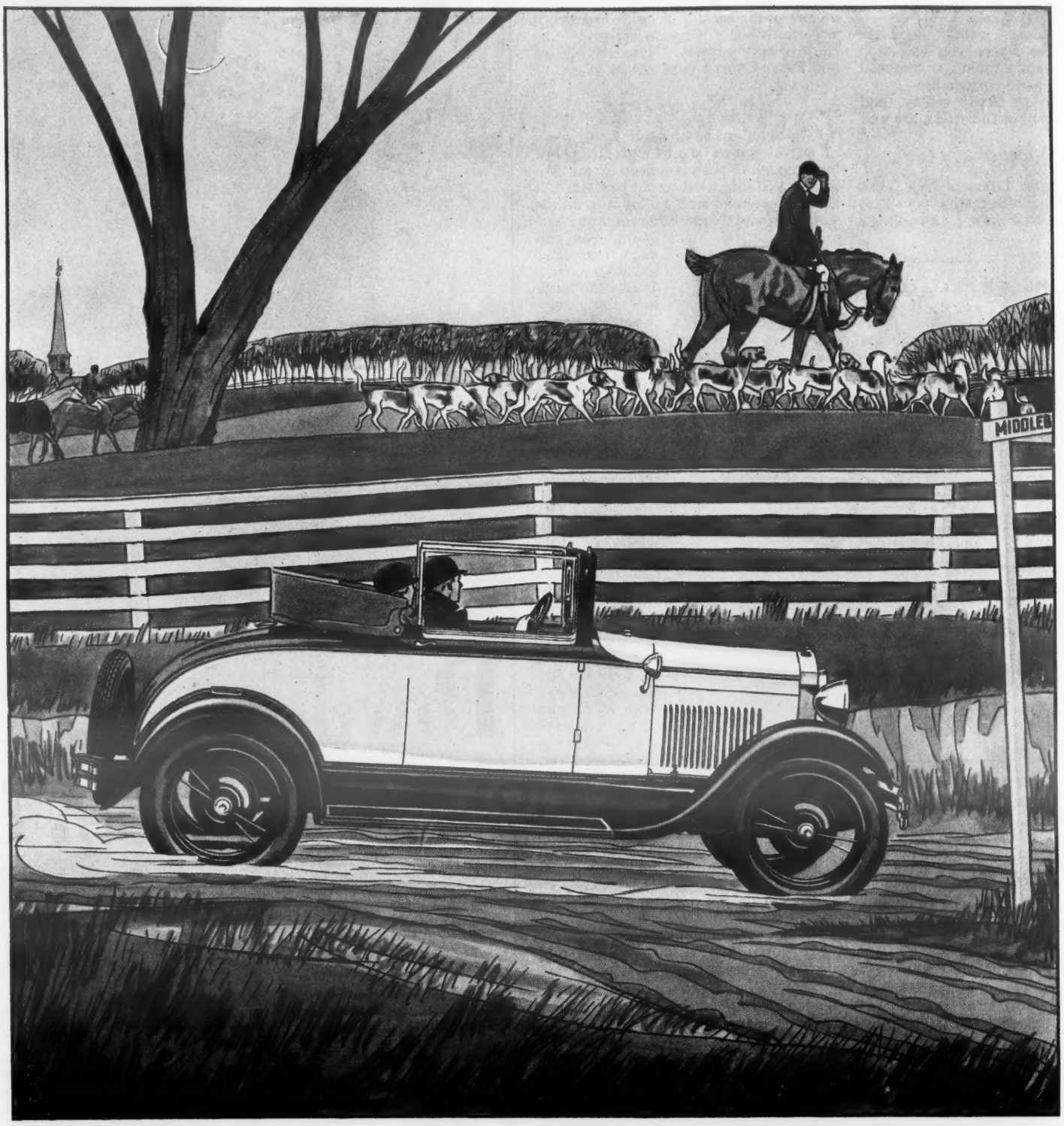
Brush your teeth with it regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing the very utmost to protect your teeth.

Once you use tooth powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. Tooth powder leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only more efficient, but it costs . . . much less . . . to use. A package lasts over three months.

In use over 60 years

Established 1866



The New Ford Convertible Cabriolet

THE new Ford Convertible Cabriolet is a splendid car for every member of the family.

It is trim and smart, yet in good taste always because of its quiet simplicity of line and modish colors. It is reliable, long-lived and economical to drive because of the enduring quality that has been built into every part.

Safety, comfort, quick acceleration, smoothness, speed and power—all these it has in full measure with the additional advantage of being easy to operate and control under all conditions. To the woman driver, this is an increasingly important factor.

The convertible feature makes the new Ford Cabriolet particularly adaptable for business, for shopping, and for social engagements in all kinds of weather. Quickly, and with surprising ease, you can transform it from an open to a closed car. The top is of tan whipcord and is light in weight, yet absolutely waterproof. The door windows are in nickel frames and fit snugly into this top.

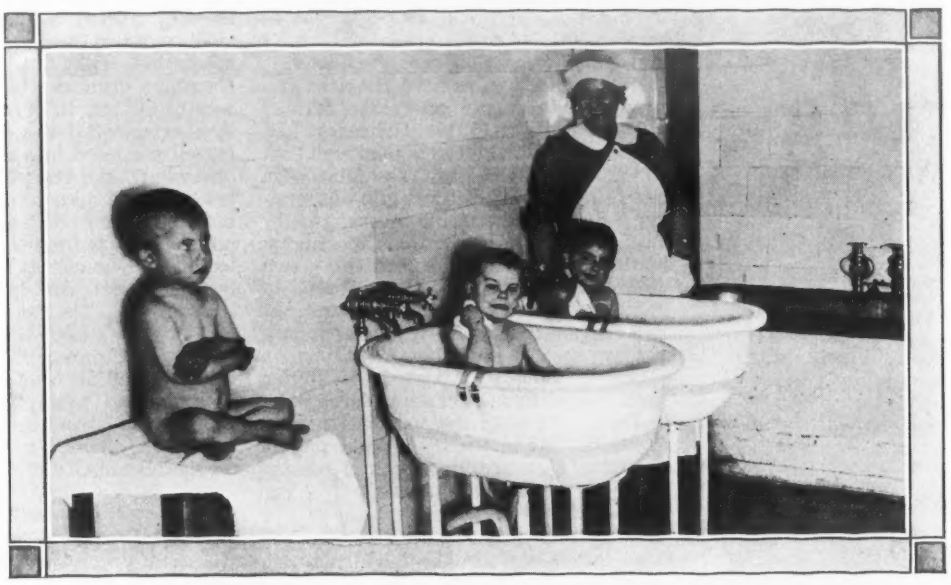
The wide, comfortable rumble seat is a welcome and pleasing feature on those many occasions when you need space for two more passengers.

Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

In addition to the Cabriolet, there are ten other Ford body types. These include the Town Car (chauffeur-driven), Town Sedan, Station Wagon, Fordor Sedan, Tudor Sedan, Coupe, Sport Coupe, Business Coupe, Phaeton and Roadster.

All, with the exception of the Station Wagon, are finished in a choice of beautiful two-tone color harmonies. All have four Houdaille hydraulic, two-way shock absorbers, Triplex shatterproof glass windshield, and a fully enclosed silent six-brake system.



AMERICAN NURSES TAUGHT FRENCH MOTHERS HOW TO BATHE THEIR BABIES

Women of the A.E.F.

The American Red Cross and Refugee Children at Lyons

By GLADYS MOON JONES

ONE day in August, 1914, the German consul at Lyons, France, hurriedly departed from his ornate stone mansion overlooking the public park. His French wife was given her choice of accompanying him or remaining in her native land. She left with her German husband.

There was no time for packing belongings, for the Lowengardes had been given but twenty-four hours to leave. Madame left half a hundred gorgeous gowns hanging in the long clothes closet of her silken-walled suite. The German official admonished his French caretaker to preserve the consulate until his return. It had been built and its grand salons and seven onyx-and-marble bathrooms furnished to serve as a fitting residence for the Kaiser whenever he chose to make a visit of state or pleasure to Lyons.

Four years later the richly equipped butler's pantry was filled, not with silver dishes and steaming viands for the members of a royal family, but with bathtubs for war-orphaned sick babies. The former German occupant would have been surprised could he have looked in to see American nurses giving shower baths to French babies.

Ida F. Butler, American Red Cross nurse, from Hartford, Connecticut, was in charge of the hospital for acute diseases of refugee children, for which purpose the French Minister of the Interior had released the building. Here came Madeleine and Isabelle, Henri and Pierre and Paulette and Matilde, and many more whose broken little bodies became precious to the American nurses and whose stories can never be forgotten.

A War Tragedy

PAULETTE was so violently shell-shocked that she was brought to Lyons on a stretcher. She and her two little brothers, also in a pitiable state, were cared for in the Crown Prince's suite beneath the sparkling crystal chandelier. What they had seen with their young eyes! That they survived speaks for the endurance of the human child.

The older of the two boys told the story: There had been a sudden severe bombardment of their village. The three children were taken by their mother to the cellar, where they crouched in the dark shaken earth while their little home was shattered above them.

After three days and nights there came a lull in the whining and booming of shells. The mother ventured out for bread, for her children were hungry. Somewhere she obtained a loaf and hurried back over the piles of stones and splintered furniture that choked the street where her house had stood. Just at the door of the cellar she was caught in a hail of shrapnel. She rolled down the steps into the place where her little ones waited. She had brought a loaf for her children.

Until the German soldiers found them several harrowing days later the eleven-year-old girl and her two younger brothers stayed with the lifeless body of their mother under the heap of stones that had once been their home. They were sent to Lyons through Evian-les-Bains, that gateway on the Swiss border through which the enemy returned to France the too young, too old and too sick for use in Germany or the occupied territories.

For three weeks Paulette lay on her bed with unchanged staring eyes and rolling head. She had no muscular control; but when the factory sirens sounded their reminders of whistling shells, two and sometimes three nurses came to hold her on the bed. She was fed through a tube. The sight of her was heartbreaking. The day she closed her trembling fingers over a piece of bread and feebly attempted to raise it to her mouth the nurses almost cheered and stepped more joyously as they went about their duties. Saving the war-crushed children seemed such a tremendous and essential bit of victory.

Refugee and Rapatrié

TO THE American nurses and doctors of the Children's Bureau of the Red Cross, Paulette and her little brothers were just three out of the thousands of tragic-eyed *rapatriés* and refugees pouring back from Germany and down from the occupied territories. Children who, before the war, had known comfort and even luxury came covered with sores resulting from lice and filth. Younger ones, who could not

REFUGEES POURED INTO NEARLY EVERY SAFE TOWN IN FRANCE

Adds Glossy Lustre, Leaves Your Hair Easy to Manage

IF you want to make your hair . . . easy to manage . . . and add to its natural gloss and lustre—this is very easy to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush . . . and brush it through your hair . . . when you dress it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color. It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that . . . it will stay any style you arrange it . . . even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to manage.

Send This *Coupon*, Try it *FREE*

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY 29-G-7
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me FREE a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.

Name.....

Address.....

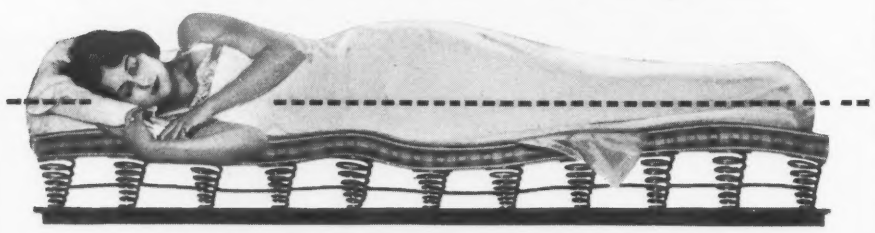
Canadian address: 462 Wellington St., W. Toronto 2-Ont.

Such positions are always tiring

No wonder you feel stiff and tired after dozing in a chair! Note the position of this man: his spine is curved . . . his nerves and muscles strained and his vital organs cramped.

The same strained positions are unavoidable on a bedspring that sags or one that is too stiff. Perhaps habit has made you accustomed to such a bed. But it cannot bring the rest you need!

Refreshing sleep can only come on a bedspring that allows your body to relax!



WHEN you sleep on a Rome De Luxe Spring your spine lies straight and natural; your body fully relaxed.

YOU'LL have a new idea of how downright comfortable a bed can be the first time you sleep on a Rome De Luxe Bedspring. And you will awake fully rested, ready for the day's work and play!

For this famous bedspring supports your body naturally; fully relaxed. Its unique free-coil construction allows each unit to move independently. Thus the Rome De Luxe Bedspring shapes itself naturally to your body's curves. It yields freely to the pressure of your hips and shoulders, yet rises to relieve all strain on the vital organs between. Your spine lies straight and natural; your nerves and muscles are entirely relaxed and free from strain.

Don't let habit cheat you of this natural, healthful sleep any longer. Go to your furniture or department store, today, and arrange for a De Luxe trial. You will notice at once the invigorating effects of the more restful, relaxed sleep this remarkable bedspring brings. And be sure that you get a genuine Rome De Luxe. Its special free-coil movement is found in no other bedspring.

Send for a *free* copy of Dr. Royal S. Copeland's interesting booklet: *"How Better Sleep Builds Better Health."*

THE ROME COMPANY, INC.

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON
BALTIMORE ROME, N. Y. SAN FRANCISCO

Distributing Warehouses Everywhere

ROME "DeLuxe" – the Bedspring Luxurious

Here is the new Rome De Luxe Slip Cover. Gives the tailored appearance of a box spring, yet costs but little. Its Talon "Hookless Fastener" makes this slip cover fit better and handle easier.

The De Luxe Label attached to the slats of every genuine Rome De Luxe Spring is your guarantee of getting all the quality points that only this spring offers you. Look for it and be sure. You can now have your choice of two beautiful and practical colors: Orchid or French Gray.

The ROME Company

BEDSPRINGS · ROME METAL BEDS · DAY BEDS · COUCH HAMMOCKS

remember quiet days or days when they were not hungry, had to be taught to drink milk. "I prefer *vin rouge*," or "I prefer *café noir*," they refused politely.

Miss Butler had realized the need and scope of her service when she first arrived in Paris in March, 1918. The enemy had just broken through the human wall that had guarded this capital. The Allies were retreating. A long-distance gun was sending its sinister warning every twenty minutes. Roll call of the Red Cross nurses in the nervous city was held every two hours. Every woman had her orders, to become effective when the evacuation of Paris began. She knew by just what gate to leave the city and where to go.

Before going to Lyons Miss Butler spent five of these uncertain March days in Paris. Most of the four intervening nights she sat in the long, dark, underground refuge near the condemned *pension* where she was staying. On one of these nights a little French girl, about twelve years old, crept close and slipped a cold, thin hand under the arm of the nurse. Her father was in the trenches, the child said. Her mother was too ill to leave her bed, but would not allow her little daughter to stay with her, insisting that she go to the sub-basement every night where she would be safe from bombs. They could hear the boom-boom of them in the distance. Afterward in Lyons the American woman saw many pale children from Paris who had spent too many nights sitting in the cold *abris* instead of sleeping in warm beds.

Miss Butler received her orders to Lyons on March twenty-eighth. When she reached the station she found herself lost in a sea of refugees, their pets and stacks of household goods. It was estimated that there were thirty thousand people in the Gare de Lyons. And more babies were being born right there. Many of the old people and children had walked miles from their burning villages. Some of them had stood in the station at Amiens for several days and nights, and perhaps another night they had stood packed in cattle cars. And now they were standing, waiting to go on somewhere. Looking over that mass of people with their babies and baggage, Miss Butler despaired.

"What can I do?" she asked another Red Cross nurse. "How can I get anywhere to make a reservation?"

"There is no such thing as a reservation," replied the other. "Why, they are standing on the steps."

On to Lyons

AN AUSTRALIAN officer in front of the women turned. "Perhaps I can help you," he said. "I am going to see the transportation officer. I, too, must get out of Paris."

The Australian piloted the American nurse to an office where a kindly-eyed old French gentleman received them. "I do not know how," he said when he had heard their requests, "but you shall get out of town, monsieur. And you"—he turned to the nurse—"an American Red Cross nurse on a mission to help the children of France, shall get out some way. I do not know how, but bring your baggage to my office and I will get you on a train tomorrow night."

The crowd in the station was undiminished the next evening when the nurse returned to take the train for Lyons. Another Red Cross worker called out in French, with a high carrying tone, "Please make way for an American nurse who is on her way to help the children of France." In front of them the throng divided and Miss Butler advanced a little way. One old man tried to lift her as she climbed over a wheelbarrow heaped with tapestries and household goods.

In the office of the harassed and helpful transportation officer she waited until a military aide came to take her to a train. As they crossed the maze of tracks the sirens sounded their distressing warning of an air raid. They ran, stumbling between the rails a distance which seemed half the way to Dijon. In darkness blacker than ever experienced before the woman felt herself propelled into a car. A door was opened and she was placed in a seat. As her eyes grew accustomed to the dark she discerned five French officers in the compartment. The train started and the men loosened their collars and took off their leather putties. All windows and the door were closed. The odor of flesh-warmed leather grew sickening. The man sitting next to the nurse, having unhooked his collar, leaned his head on her convenient shoulder and promptly went to sleep. After eight hours of darkness and suffocation dawn revealed this gentleman to be a French colonel.

Lyons, that manufacturing city on a tongue of land between the Saône and the Rhone rivers, had been unfrequented by American tourists and was not familiar with the American soldiers. The work of changing the German consul's home into a place to receive and restore the innocent victims of the times was in many ways adventurous.

Dr. Clifford G. Grulee, of Chicago, had come to Lyons as medical delegate of the Children's Bureau, and first reopened a modern French hospital which had been the private clinic of Doctor Violet, who had gone to the Front. Miss Butler upon her arrival in Lyons went to this hospital in the capacity of chief nurse.

Soon it was found necessary to convert the Hôpital Violet into a place for contagious cases, and the Americans looked about for a building to house another hospital for acute diseases. Both the French and Americans had endeavored to obtain the magnificent home of the German consul, but all efforts had been unsuccessful.

The German Consulate

WHEN the American Red Cross tried again in April French advisers said that it was even more impossible to obtain the palace, because of a then recent law passed by the Chamber of Deputies. Florence E. Holtzman, business manager for the Children's Bureau in the Lyons Zone, went to Paris and interviewed the Minister of the Interior. She returned in two days with orders to open the consulate.

Doctor Grulee came triumphantly into the Hôpital Violet one spring morning. "Come with me," he said to the chief nurse. "I want you to see a building we are going to take over for our new hospital."

A little later they entered the great hall of the German consulate, where no footfall had sounded for four years. They stood for a moment admiring the grand staircase of ornately carved wood and then ascended to the rooms that were called the Madame's, Monsieur's, the Kaiser's and the Crown Prince's. The Emperor's suite was in greens and grays; the walls of his bathroom were of gray onyx veined with green. The onyx that trimmed Madame's bath was rose and white and gray. The brocaded walls, the gilded furniture, the galaxy of chandeliers spoke of many things, but not of war-stunned, undernourished babies with crawly heads and frightened eyes. Yet the doctor and nurse stood in the midst of all this glittering luxury, mentally trying to fit the place with little cribs to receive just these.

"Oh, doctor, it won't do," sighed the nurse when they came to the library, whose four walls were rows upon rows of expensively bound books.

"They can be boarded up," replied the doctor. "And look at the sunny terrace."

(Continued on Page 98)

"STEP ON IT, MOTHER ▸ THIS ISN'T THE POLKA"

THE HAPPY RHYTHM of her youth, the buoyancy, sparkle and zest of all her ways, her self-reliance and sanity—it is these charms of the modern daughter which are tempting the world away from old-fashioned ideas—preaching the new thought of not growing old.

In a gloomier age, women were resigned to drudgery. Today, young womanhood does not permit drudgery to cloud her joy of living. She is the champion of every new device which adds to the pleasure and ease of existence.

It is this eagerness of youth for something better which has won for Modess, in so short a time, a nation-wide popularity. For Modess is infinitely finer—more comfortable, safer.

The softness, pliability and gracious ease of Modess are due to the remarkable new substance of which the filler is made. This filler is as fluffy and downy as cotton, amazingly absorbent and instantly disposable. There are no square edges to irritate—the sides are smoothly rounded. For still greater comfort, the gauze is cushioned with a film of cotton.

Modess is made in one size only because its greater efficiency meets all normal requirements without readjusting size of pad. A box lasts longer.

Modess is deodorizing. Laboratory tests prove it to be more efficient in this respect.

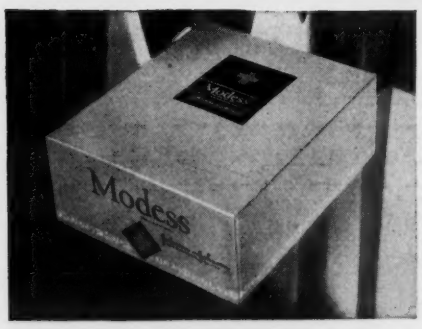
You are sure to prefer Modess—every woman does. Since it costs no more—why not try it?

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.
World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

MODERNIZING MOTHER . . . *Episode Number Four*

Modess

(Pronounced Mō-dess')



SO INFINITELY FINER

"She couldn't believe they weren't new"
"WHEN my sister-in-law was outfitting her new home five years ago, we found such a bargain in blankets that I couldn't resist buying a pair for myself.
"Last summer she saw me putting away that same pair and couldn't believe they weren't new! Hers, she said, had faded and become harsh and thin. She had been using ordinary soaps . . . I told her I find Lux as wonderful for blankets as for sheer things—it keeps my woolens soft as new year after year."
MRS. THOMAS M. MOTT, 1000 East 33rd Street, Kansas City, Mo.
The world's greatest experts find Lux Re-News!
The great Movie Studios, every Musical Show in New York, Famous Dressmakers, Buyers in 132 department stores... insist on Lux "to keep fabrics, whether sheer or sturdy, like new twice as long."
Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.
LUX
For all fine laundering
For washing dishes

(Continued from Page 96)

Sunshine! For those children who had scurried from cellar to cellar in front of the advancing lines. Some of the little ones had spent practically all of their lives in damp and dark caves. The Red Cross received three babies who were born in cellars during the bombardment of Rheims and were found half starved. Sunshine and healthful play for war babies on that terrace where, just before the guns began, a reception and supper for the Crown Prince had, according to the neighbors, attained an indescribable height of revelry.

The valuable books in the library were boarded up and officially sealed. The room became the infants' ward, where war babies, some of them enemy fathered, found the sun and an altruistic love.

The boudoir of the former mistress of the palace was used as a nurses' dressing room. Miss Butler writes under date of July 30, 1918:

Upstairs the gorgeous suites are the children's wards. My Lady's ornate dressing room with glass cupboards, shelves covered with blue satin and point d'esprit lace is our dressing room and tray room. . . .

We have our capacity number now in proportion to the shortage of nurses due to the present military needs. The wonderful accomplishment of the Franco-American drive is making us just burst with pride. We are glad to help by giving up cheerfully to the military nursing service. So when two of our best nurses were called to the Front last week we gave them a grand send-off and came back to harder work ourselves. Now we have only Minnie Osterburg, of Chicago, and Adele Fairbrother. We have two French nurses and several aides whom I hope to teach. We get the work done, and best of all the children seem to grow happier.

At present we have nine T. B. bone cases, with fifteen daily dressings—little arms, legs, fingers and toes just sloughing away. I can assure you it is a fearful test of one's nerves to see these children. Many of them relate to us the horrors of their experiences in the invaded districts.

We have twenty-one babies under six months. Most of them are feeding cases. Many have no homes and must spend their young lives in orphanages. Our children come from three sources: *Rapatrié*, those that the Germans are sending back into France through Switzerland; refugee, from the Refugee Bureau; and those from the Lyons dispensaries. I will not tell you of the complications and worries. We, too, are learning to say, "*C'est la guerre.*"

The Hôpital Holtzman

SO THE elaborate mansion with the sunny terrace became a 115-bed hospital known as the Hôpital Holtzman. The inspiriting legend, CROIX ROUGE AMERICAINE, was written over the door, and three times a week numbers of French tonsils were extracted by American doctors and nurses in the Kaiser's very own bathroom.

The Alice-in-Wonderland atmosphere of the palace was inexhaustible. The cellar held long shelves of precious wines and liqueurs. This store was behind officially sealed glass doors, but Mayor Herriot promised an Armistice celebration. The American nurses were continually discovering new old things about the place. One day, while dusting, a nurse touched the wall of one of the rooms. A panel that had resembled every other solid section of wall seemed to melt away as it slid back noiselessly. The surprised woman found herself looking into a small one-man elevator. She called the chief nurse, who was at once overwhelmed with the temptation to get into it. "I'm going down in that thing to see what I can see," she said. The other woman begged her not to try it. "Yes, I'm going down as far as it goes," said the nurse stepping into the cage. "If I do not come up call one of the doctors."

The little elevator deposited Miss Butler into a room below. There was a large table surrounded by comfortable chairs, pushed back at angles where they had been left by men who had sat in them that yesterday before the long night of war. The secret chamber had an exit into a passageway that led out under the terrace. When Mayor Herriot was shown this conference room and the secret passageway he remembered much that happened just before the war.

With all their shining nickel-plated fixtures, the seven fine bathrooms were useless as places for the drawing of water because of faulty plumbing. The American women had to carry smoky little oil stoves into these beautiful rooms to heat water, and great urns of hot water were brought from the kitchen. In the fall, when the house grew chill, an effort to start the heating plant resulted in failure. No amateur or expert fireman or firewoman could understand why the furnace only filled the place with smoke. At last one of the experts asked Miss Butler if the chimneys had been examined. The mystery was solved. It was found that the French caretaker had expressed his loyalty to his former German employer by cementing the chimneys.

It was a time of just such jostled international loyalties and hates. The Place Bellecour, that public square, where on peaceful evenings the townspeople had gathered to sip their wines and listen to the orchestra, was now a medley of all shades and kinds of military uniforms.

"No-Child's Land"

THE American uniform was not usual in this southern city. Doctor Grulee tells of a middle-aged Frenchman, gone mad with grief for his only boy killed in the war, who attacked one of the Americans in the park, thinking the uniform that of an enemy officer. It was a time when men expressed in action their loyalties and hates.

The American Red Cross nurse in France to serve the civilians was putting into action her sympathy and love. There is nothing more arousing than a hurt child, but it was not hate for the enemy that animated these nurses. They were for the most part without the war feeling. There was no military glory; there were no medals for them. There was not even an assurance that their work would become established in any permanent way. It was love for a baby and a tenacious belief in civilization that drove them on night and day, watching over little cribs. They worked for the child's right to health and laughter and play; they worked to make him forget "No-Child's Land."

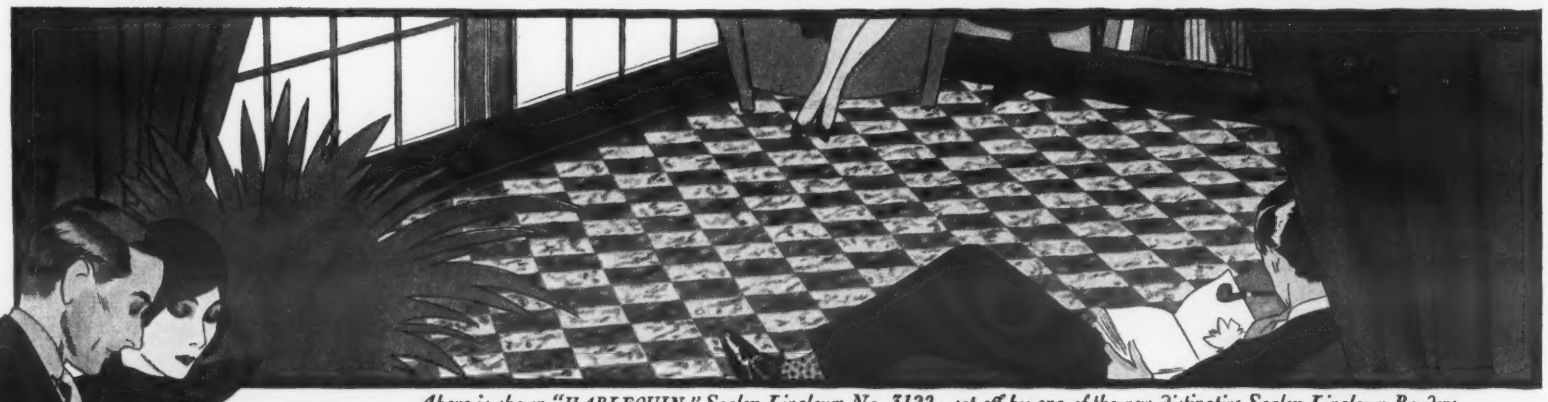
There was Marie, six years old, who came to the hospital from an occupied village in the north. Her mother was held by the invaders. Her father was in the trenches. Marie was afraid of a doll. For three months she did not smile. There came a box of toys from the Junior Red Cross of America. Miss Butler chose one of the most lifelike dolls and took it into the room where Marie was. Without saying a word to the little girl, the American woman sat down and began playing with the doll, talking to it as if it were a child. After a few minutes she saw past the doll's ruddy face that thirsty face of little Marie. The eyes were still wide and solemn, but the dawn of a smile had begun to pull at the corners of the melancholy mouth. The chief nurse put the doll down and rushed from the room where she could let tears relieve the hysteria that shook her.

Though the American nurses who served the civilian population of France were not with the armies, they were with the A. E. F. to help save France. They began the work of rebuilding even while shell fire was clawing at Paris. They took an active interest in the most terrible diseases. The little girl with tubercular bones, who had to have nine different sloughing places on her short body dressed daily, was loved by an American nurse. When it became certain that this child could not live, her mother, who worked in a munitions factory, was allowed to take her home. The American woman showed the French mother how to dress the little body, and grieved to see her go.

The dirtiest, sickest baby sometimes became the most precious. All babies were

(Continued on Page 101)

Good taste *and* fashion *approve these smart new floorings*



Above is shown "HARLEQUIN," Sealex Linoleum No. 3122—set off by one of the new distinctive Sealex Linoleum Borders.

A DECORATIVE achievement! Floors of such rich coloring and smart design that they "make" the entire room!

Floors so impervious to dirt and liquids that it is easy to keep them free from all spots and stains *for years!*

So resilient that they absorb the clatter of hurrying feet. Noise is conspicuous by its absence!

So moderate in cost that even a very modest budget is not embarrassed!

So quickly laid, over old floors or new, that their installation causes no inconvenience at all—a matter of but a single day at most!

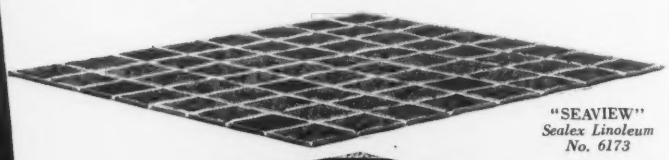
Sealex Linoleums!

A FEW of the many smart, new Karnean Marbled designs in *Sealex Linoleum* are shown here. To describe them is almost impossible. Only by seeing the actual material (you will find it on display at your local dealer's) can you realize how natural and graceful are the veinings, how rich and mellow the colorings. At last real marble has more than met its match!

There's a wealth of other patterns, too, in *Sealex Linoleums* — endless suggestions for lovely decorative effects. Motifs and colorings strikingly modern or distinctly conservative!

And the revolutionary *Sealex Process*, by which all *Sealex Linoleums* are made, keeps them permanently spot-proof and stain-proof. A damp mop is all that is needed to keep these up-to-date floorings clean and new-looking.

Whether in home, shop or office, there is a type of *Sealex Linoleum* for every flooring requirement — richly patterned Inlaids, Embossed, two-tone Jaspé, Plain and Battleship.



"SEAVIEW"
Sealex Linoleum No. 6173

"CAVALIER"
Sealex Linoleum No. 3093

"BENGAL"
Sealex Linoleum No. 3072

BECAUSE of their decorative value and their spot-proof, easily cleaned surface, Sealex Linoleums are the favored flooring wherever business is conducted in artistic surroundings.

The pattern at the right is "ROMAN," No. 6162, used with one of the new marble-ized Sealex Linoleum Borders.

Remember: all *Sealex Linoleums* can be readily identified by this shield which appears every few yards on the face of the goods.

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SEALEX *Stain-proof – Spot-proof – Easily cleaned* LINOLEUMS

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FREE—Sensible suggestions for smartness in the home! A helpful handbook on home-decoration: "Your Floors as a Decorator Views Them," by the well-known authority Winnifred Fales. It contains many practical ideas for modernizing and beautifying the various rooms in the house. A scientific Color Scheme Selector comes with the book. Just drop a line to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J., for a free copy—or, if you prefer, use this coupon. (*Please print name and address clearly.*)

Name..... *Address*.....

(Above) Leslie Roberts and his playmate, Earl Andrews, radio "experts" of the coming generation, whose mothers wisely provide them the nourishing hot Quaker Oats that growing boys need.

(At Right) A tug of war at recess in Chicago's famous Jackson Park. The parents of these sturdy youngsters know the value of a good breakfast.

70% of the day's school work is done in the 4 morning hours

Do you realize that an average of 70% of your child's school work is crowded into the four morning hours? That's why educators stress the importance of a sustaining, nourishing hot breakfast . . . why they particularly recommend hot oatmeal and milk!

"Go into that child's home!" *says the teacher*

"What has he had for Breakfast?"

An educator's study of the relation between diet and mental health

ALL over the country, in kindergartens and grade schools, in high schools and colleges, in private and public schools today, there is much emphasis on diet as it affects a child's progress.

Without hot, sustaining food, young bodies cannot live up to the demands made upon them.

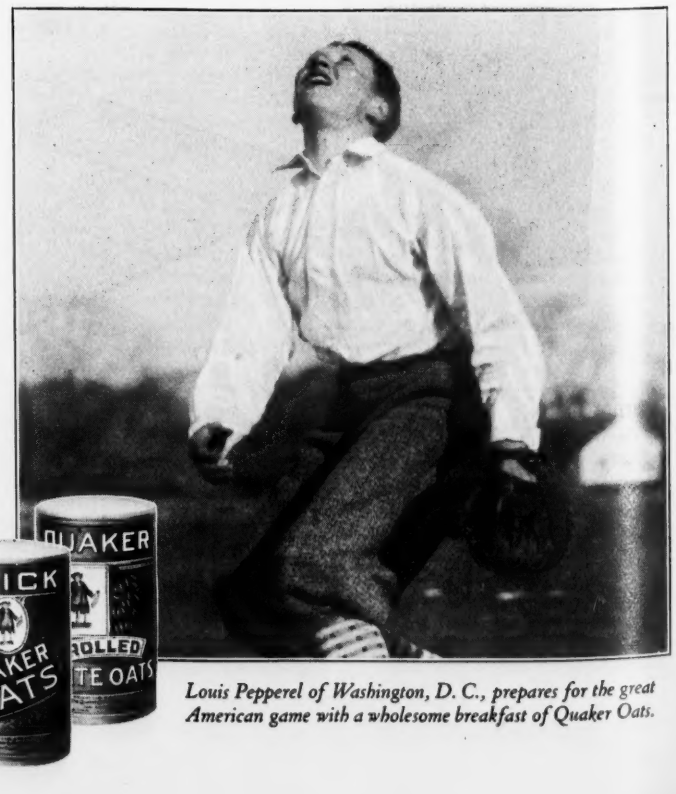
Activity, in the classroom as well as the playground, requires boundless energy. Therefore school nurses, doctors, nutritionists everywhere recommend a Quaker Oats breakfast.

What Quaker Oats is

No other cereal grown is so well-proportioned in food content. 16% is protein—muscle-building, tissue-replacing protein that contributes a "factor of safety" against disease. 65% is carbohydrate, valuable as an energy producer. Quaker Oats is rich in minerals (calcium, phosphorus, iron); it contains the needed amount of fat; it boasts Vitamin B—which stimulates the appetite and promotes growth. Being a whole grain, it retains the roughage so vital for laxative value.

Most for your money

Because, in Quaker Oats, you get better nourishment for your money than in most other foods, nutritionists recommend it particularly to housewives who are careful in their food budgets. Everyone in the family enjoys it; everyone benefits from its rare food qualities. And mothers find it easy to prepare, because there is now a new kind, Quick Quaker. It's exactly the same as the Quaker Oats you've always known, but it cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes.



Louis Pepperel of Washington, D. C., prepares for the great American game with a wholesome breakfast of Quaker Oats.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

(Continued from Page 98)

precious at this time, when for every one that was born two adults died or were killed. Before the war the birth rate of France was slightly above the death rate. Then Prinzip, a nineteen-year-old lad, fired a shot at a royal duke . . . a shot that shook a world. Men marched convergently to a veritable hell. Women rushed into factories to supply their husbands and brothers with ammunition. The birth rate fell while the numbers of the dead swelled with war casualties.

Invaders fired their way into parts of nine departments of the French Republic and possessed one other entirely. A million and a half refugees scattered to the central and southern parts of France. Three millions were kept in the occupied territory or deported to Germany. They suffered from disease and hunger. After December, 1916, they were poured back into France at the rate of twelve hundred a day. The villages that were recaptured by the Allies were so devastated that the citizens could not return to their homes. Sometimes old men and women still lived in the ruins. At Voyennes, in the Somme, 170 sick and terrorized children still went to school in 1918 under the noise of battle.

Women and old men worked in the fields near Nancy wearing gas masks. Children could not be trusted to adjust the masks and were taken from the parents and sent to places unharassed by shells and bombs.

Nearly every safe town in France received refugees. They came in great numbers during the retreat of March–May, 1918. Many children were orphaned during that terrible spring. One American nurse remembers the young children unloaded from cattle cars at Angers. They sat on a pile of old rags in the courtyard of a convent waiting to be examined and sorted. One little girl fondled a doll that could be a baby to one with sufficient imaginative power to differentiate it from a stick of wood. The child was diligently trying to fashion a bit of paper into a dress for this *poupée*. She worked a long pine needle through and through the paper with deft motions that told of her early training in the art of sewing. Homeless, with a most uncertain destiny, the war orphan sat busy and oblivious in her little woman's world of mothering her baby.

Children. Summer. Words to call a picture of gold-green orchards and dancing feet. For four summers the fields in the Zone of the Armies were plowed by shell and planted with steel and irrigated with blood. Starving children were driven from place to place first by shell and gas and later because of the need of hospital buildings for wounded Allied soldiers.

Children Under Fire

IN THE heart of the summer of 1917, three hundred and fifty children were shipped into Toul from a region suffering severe gas attacks and air raids. The cities of Toul and Nancy were in the Department of the Meurthe-et-Moselle. All along the two rivers were the munitions factories where every able-bodied woman and the few men left toiled to produce materials for war. These factories were the targets of bombs and shell fire. M. Mirman, *préfet* of the department, had already more refugees than he could care for when this new flood of children came to Toul. Twenty-one of them were under one year and the rest under eight. Some were sick. Most of them were covered with vermin. Their fathers were up the lines or under the crosses that marked the war dead. Their mothers stayed to work in the factories or, protected by their gas masks, in their fields. Warfare of gas and bombs makes combatants of women in their gardens, babies in their cradles and old people in their beds.

The *préfet* placed the children in the only available barracks, an old dirty building with no toilet arrangements. Then he telegraphed Paris. The response was the first activity of the Children's Bureau in France. Red Cross doctors and nurses went with a corps from the A. F. F. W.—American Fund for French Wounded—taking a camion of food and supplies.

In a few days the children were housed in new barracks. The Red Cross attacked the disease and hopelessness of the hopeless children by opening dispensaries and a kindergarten. The work grew in Toul and the near-by villages. About seven hundred women and children came to be housed in the barracks known as the Aisle Caserne de Luxembourg. In March, 1918, the number of patients was augmented by an influx of maternity cases when the place in which they had been cared for at Nancy was bombed. The maternity hospital became permanent at Toul.

Then the battle of Château-Thierry began. For several uncertain weeks the Red Cross was ready to participate in an orderly retreat with the refugees and some sixty thousand people from the towns of Lunéville, Nancy and Toul. Streams of new refugees poured into the community. More nurses were called from the civilian service to the military.

The Business of Mars

AFTER the First Division was moved into the Montdidier sector the great shortage of hospitalization and nurses at the Front was alarming. Julia Stimson, then head of the military nursing service of the Red Cross, remembers a special conference in Paris, on May twenty-ninth, when it was decided to call forty nurses from the Department of Civil Affairs for immediate reassignment to the Department of Military Affairs. Elizabeth H. Ashe, chief nurse of the Children's Bureau, realized the emergency, but fairly wrung her hands, thinking of the babies. "What about the children? . . . What will the children do?"

The answer was, "They do not count now. The enemy is advancing. The war must be won."

By three o'clock the next afternoon twenty nurses, most of them specialists in baby welfare and tuberculosis, but trained and willing for anything, left for Beauvais, and twenty others were sent to prepare the hospital at Auteuil for wounded soldiers.

This was war. The children were driven back for the business of Mars. Just before the American offensive began at St.-Mihiel the children's home at Toul was ordered to be turned into a military hospital. On the day the great drive commenced five hundred children were on their way to orphanages and hospitals of Lyons, and seven hundred beds in the Toul hospital were completely ready for wounded soldiers. That night three hundred men, American and German wounded, arrived, and hundreds more came during the following days.

Miss Butler remembers the day that convoy of children from Toul came to Lyons. The Hôpital Holtzman received its share—that is, all it could hold. The chief nurse was in bed with an attack of grippe, and with a fever of 101 degrees she arose to help settle the new children.

The greatest number of these children were sent to La Chaux, the large seven-hundred-bed orphanage near Lyons where the Americans had established a dairy. A few weeks later military necessity was driving them on again when this building, too, was needed for American wounded. The children were reshipped to Toul where, through an error, their arrival was unexpected. There were no accommodations in that town for the 450 little ones. They were sent on to Nancy and distributed in temporary quarters.

The smaller Hôpital Holtzman also felt the pressure of the military needs. It not only gave up nurses to go to the Front, but sometimes helped the battle-worn soldiers who came to Lyons on leave.

Later in the fall, when the influenza epidemic made the need for beds in Southern France more acute than ever, the

(Continued on Page 103)

Foot Saver Shoes

Smart Footwear, fashioned for Comfort

The secret of Foot Saver Creations is not merely the smart individuality of their style, but the extraordinary comfort of their patented in-built construction. To select an exclusive Paris or London model and find it as comfortable as a blunt-toed walking shoe—*that* is to realize Foot Saver's amazing achievement. Never was such supremely satisfying support. Never such freedom from the tension of muscles, the drastic pressure upon toes, the dragging weight of fatigue. And more...never was there such a transfiguration of beauty in feet and ankles, as this secret construction gives to her who wears Foot Savers.

"FOOT INSURANCE FOR THE FUTURE"

Once you have actually seen the new Foot Saver creations, you will be convinced of their superiority and distinctive smartness. The easiest way to do this is to send the coupon below for the Foot Saver Style Portfolio.

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THE JULIAN & KOKENGE CO., 426 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

Please send me, without charge, your Portfolio of Footwear Fashions.

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Men's Foot Saver Shoes made by Commonwealth Shoe & Leather Co., Whitman, Mass.

You should see the new Pieces of 8 [TRADE MARK REGISTERED] in *Paris Clothes*!

Can you imagine Johanna Silver, that intrepid pirate girl of olden days, stepping forth today in a Paris-designed pirate frock? With a chic new bandana chapeau by a famous *modiste* and boots by a famous *bottier?* With her whole costume straight from the Rue de la Paix? That's just what's happened. PIECES OF 8 in 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate now comes to you accoutred in the Paris manner. For PIECES OF 8, a smart, modern idea to begin with, now appears in chests and trays as smart and modern as the "8 idea" itself . . . designed by Monsieur Reynaldo Luza, Paris artist, fashion authority *élégant*. Regal background for the sparkling glory of 1847 ROGERS BROS., the finest of all silverplate. PIECES OF 8 in all patterns with eight of each flatware essential (knives, forks, spoons) $43.75 (slightly higher in Canada). And tea and dinnerware in matching patterns at equally moderate prices . . . See these new 1929 PIECES OF 8 sets at any silverware counter, or write for booklet E-28 to Dept. E, International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

34 PIECES
$43.75
CHEST FREE

HERE IS THE STATELY ANCESTRAL PATTERN IN THE NEW PARIS CHEST, $43.75 . . . ALL PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE, INCLUDING LEGACY, THE MODERN FLAIR IN SILVERWARE

ON THE TABLES OF AMERICA'S FIRST FAMILIES . . . . SINCE

1847

· 1847 ROGERS BROS ·

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

SALESROOMS . . . NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO . . . CANADA: INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

(Continued from Page 101)

Hôpital Holtzman also was given over entirely to the soldiers. Some of them were moved in before the babies could be placed elsewhere.

It was from Evian-les-Bains that most of the children were sent to the hospital at Lyons. The prewar population of this popular watering place was about 20,000. In 1917 and 1918 its hotels and casino, gambling rooms and bathing establishments were crowded with numbers of ragged, homeless *rapatriés*.

Representatives of the Minister of the Interior were in the Casino to welcome home to France those citizens who had suffered so greatly because their homes and fields had happened to lie in the paths of war. Two convoys brought a thousand or more every day to Evian. Old men and old women, a few young women, and hundreds and hundreds of children. Tag after tag on these babies read, "Mother held, father killed," or "Father in trenches, mother killed in retreat." Many of the children were untagged and unclaimed and some of them were too young to know their names. Swiss nurses who accompanied them to the French frontier knew only from what general locality they came.

Perhaps the train was made up of third-class carriages; perhaps it was composed of cattle cars, but no famous guests were met with more welcome than these reclaimed by their country if not by relatives and friends. Flags and a band and many Evian citizens met the convoy trains. The old people brought in were so happy to see these French faces and to set their feet on home soil again. One of the nurses remembers a priest in ragged cassock who descended from the train cheering. He lifted his garments and danced the length of the platform and back singing the Marseillaise. Even those who came on the early convoy—that in winter and early spring arrived before daylight—found many to help them on the short walk to the casino. The infirm and sick and the very young were taken in ambulances. Tired old people and children walked. Many of them carried heavy bundles of things they could not leave behind. The nurses in the Hôpital Holtzman at Lyons remember the pathetic little bundles the children brought and how they clung to them so that often they had to be kept beside their beds.

The War-Look

WEARY, ragged, war-broken, sick and old children with whooping cough, chicken pox, and just pale little children made the twice-daily parade to Evian's casino. A band led down the street to the large flag-hung room where they were fed. Hot meat dishes were unbelievable to the wonder-eyed little ones. After they were comforted with food, the préfet of the district gave a speech of welcome. The band started the Marseillaise. Those stirring syllables, "*Allons, enfants de la patrie . . .*" moved the hearts of everyone.

The Germans closed their frontiers on February 26, 1918, and the convoys stopped. The overworked nurses and doctors in Evian seized the opportunity to systematize their work. On May twenty-first, the trains began again and did not cease until August 3, 1918. Between October, 1917, and August, 1918, 65,801 children were examined at the casino in Evian. On September sixteenth, the convoys delivered their sad freight again and continued until November. After that time *repatriés* were sent through Holland. Eighty thousand were returned to France in November and December, 1918, through Dieppe.

Those women who sat in Red Cross rooms in America sewing small garments and layettes often wondered, perhaps, as they added a touch of pink in feather-stitches around a small neckband, what kind of child would receive the gift. It may have been the baby brought in to Lyons by a boy about thirteen. Miss Butler took the half-starved little creature from the boy. "Your little brother?" she asked.

"*Non, non.*" The young protector shook his head. He did not know whose baby it was. Someone had thrust it into his arms in a terrorized moment and he had cared for it during the long journey to safety. It was evident that in doing so he had become tenderly attached to his helpless charge. He watched with a proprietary and suspicious attitude the movements of the nurse as she removed the dirty garments from the infant. She assured him that she loved the baby and wanted only to bathe and dress it in clean new clothes. She showed him the little garments that had come in one of the generous boxes from America. But the little fellow's face did not brighten. The war had made him stolid and fearful. He stood by while the nurse washed and dressed the baby.

The children were all full of fear. They even seemed afraid of one another. The most difficult thing the nurses had to do was to teach the little ones to play games together. If not coaxed to do otherwise they would sit dumb and listless on the terrace all day long. The older children would hold the babies, but only protectingly, never playing with them. The babies, too, were solemn, and it was hard for the nurses to keep the war-look from settling on their own faces.

The Baby Show

ONE evening while the nurses were at dinner an ambulance drove up and deposited a mother and five children under the sign of the Red Cross. The chief nurse was doubtful about taking them, for they had not come through the regular channels, but had been picked up on the road. She learned that they had walked for ten days, coming from a bombarded village near the Front. When they had heard that the enemy was advancing the mother had fled with her three children and two belonging to a neighbor who could not leave her bedridden parent. The little ones and the mother were in such a pitiable state that to send them on even a few blocks seemed dire cruelty. They were so weak from hunger that they could not eat. The nurses fed the children broth spoonful by spoonful. The mother, as soon as she was sure that she was in a harbor, had lapsed into unconsciousness and was put to bed. Then Miss Butler and another nurse began the clean-up of the five children. The nurses tied their own heads in protective cloths and spread sheets that had been dipped in carbolic solution on the floor of Madame Lowengarde's pink-and-white-onyx-and-marble bathroom. Upon these sheets the children were undressed. Patches of skin, where the cooties had burrowed into the flesh, came off with the clothes. The two women worked until two o'clock in the morning before they had the last child cleansed and in bed. Not one of those little ones could be aroused the next day for food. They slept on into the next night. When the mother awoke she was delirious and was sent to a French hospital.

The Americans in Lyons worked not only with the refugees and *rapatriés*, but also with the children of the local communities, whose mothers were laboring in the munition factories. There were 800,000 women working in these factories in France in 1918. The thundering roar where shells were being manufactured was almost as great as the noise of the battles where they were being discharged. There were rooms set aside in the factories where the mothers could go to nurse their babies, but what meager chances had these children whose mothers stood shoulder to shoulder in the din and heat making firearms for fathers who stood in the din and cold of the battle lines.

The Americans in Lyons gave medical attention to the children of these men and women and also tried to bring to the townspeople the American methods of public health. The greatest effort in this direction was the Baby Show. Invitations

"Beauty Care right in the dishpan"

305 famous Beauty Shops give this hint to wives

The easiest, wisest Beauty Care known

THE finest beauty salons in all parts of the country say—"We find women who use Lux in their dishpans have hands as truly lovely as women with maids to do all their work . . . *for Lux gives the hands real beauty care.*"

It takes no extra time • no trouble

CAN you imagine anything more wonderful? Just to know that while doing the dishes—without one extra minute of time, with no trouble, one's hands can be gently soothed and tended—given beauty care *right in the dishpan!*

Costs less than 1¢ a day!

WHEN you stop to think, it's easy to see why! Lux, made of the finest materials known, by a special costly process, protects the precious oils of the skin—keeps hands smooth, unwrinkled! Yet Lux for all your dishes costs almost nothing—less than 1¢ a day!

Give your hands this Beauty Care—with Lux in your dishpan—today!

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SIMONIZ
makes the finish
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And prolongs those
FIRST FEW WEEKS OF
NEW CAR BEAUTY *for years*

You buy a new car! It is beautiful and you are proud of it! Now, that it is yours, why let sun, rain, dust, dirt, traffic fumes, and other pirates of motor car beauty rob the finish of its lustre and brilliance . . . when Simoniz will keep your car looking new and beautiful for years. And, after years it will be worth more when traded in.

Whether Duco or lacquer, a new car should be Simonized at once. The hard durable surface of protection that Simoniz provides, guards the finish from injury, makes it last longer and keeps colors from fading.

Simonizing does more than keep new cars looking new. If your car is dulled and discolored, Simoniz Kleener will restore its former beauty by removing all dirt, stains and blemishes. Then Simoniz gives the finish lasting beauty and protection.

The sooner you SIMONIZ your car, the better.

THE SIMONIZ CO., CHICAGO, U.S.A.

Motorists Wise~
SIMONIZ
TRADE MARK REG. U.S.A.

APPLIED WITH A CLOTH

were issued to the citizens to attend this demonstration in the large Industrial Fair building on the Place Bellecour. All the nurses worked to make the exhibit a success, especially Sophie Nelson, of Boston, who was chief nurse of the entire zone. When the last person passed the turnstile more than 177,000 people had viewed the American effort, an average of 9000 a day.

Perhaps the greatest hit of the Baby Show was the Glass House. Inside of this, Susanne B. Hoskins, an American nurse, bathed a real French baby every two hours. There was always a crowd pressed against the glass house waiting for the next baby proffered by some mother for the purpose. The French mothers, so afraid of *le courant d'air*, gradually became accustomed to the idea of taking off all the baby's clothes to bathe it.

The nurses in Evian who witnessed a woman's abandonment of her German-born infant saw the externalization of some of the darkest thoughts of war. The expression of struggling maternal love and stolid denial as the mother turned from her baby made the demands of men at war seem more bitter than ever before.

It was Madeleine and Isabelle whom the chief nurse found so entertaining that she often took them in their high chairs to her office. Seated one on either side of her, they pulled and patted her and chattered their little words. Both were later sent to the orphanage near Lyons maintained by the Secours des Rapatriés. Isabelle was promptly adopted. Five years later Miss Nelson on her visit to Lyons found Madeleine still in the orphanage. Madeleine, the child of a German officer and a pretty dark-eyed Frenchwoman who had left her at Evian, still keeps a place in the heart of a woman in America.

Madeleine and Isabelle were future mothers of France. Enemy and Ally spilled each other's blood on the battle field and mixed it in little veins to vitalize a future race.

There was that appeal of the gratuitous sufferer about these lost babies that made them dear to the hearts of the American women. This love was returned ardently. The older children were appreciative and showed it in many delightful ways.

Little Matilde

TOO many of the children could not be saved. The morgue was a place where the chief nurse found the heaviest sorrowful thoughts. Here lay the little war dead. If their fathers gave their lives for France, they, too, gave theirs as well as the unborn lives of their sons and daughters.

When Ambassador Sharp came to Lyons he visited the Hôpital Holtzman. The chief nurse took him from bed to bed and told him about the children. Little Isabelle, that flirtatious lady not yet two years old, rolled her large eyes at the ambassador. Henri . . . Yvonne. . . . Then the sweet little face of Matilde, almost as white as her pillow and her two eyes that gave one who stood looking down into them a sense of stellar space.

"Matilde is six," explained the nurse to the ambassador. "Her mother, who was French, has gone where Matilde is going at a pretty fast rate now. It is tuberculosis. Her father is an English Tommy. He is in the trenches. The Red Cross has written telling him to come quickly if he can get leave. I do hope he can . . . and that he won't be too late."

The ambassador smiled at Matilde. Her face lighted lovably in response. The man straightened and turned to the nurse with tears in his eyes. "Oh, Miss Butler, I do not see how you stand it," he said.

A few days after this the chief nurse was going to the shops and asked Matilde what she might like to have brought her. "I saw a nice white baa-lamb. Should you like that?" Matilde was overjoyed with the baa-lamb and slept with it held tightly in her arms that night.

Baa-Lamb

THE father wrote that he was coming. The finding of this soldier was one instance of the careful and patient search made by the Red Cross to accomplish the reuniting of families. Every day the chief nurse expected Matilde's father. Every day the big black eyes of his daughter grew wider and blacker. The brave little candle burned lower and lower and the flame of her spirit died out of her eyes as she became unconscious. Still she lived when the Tommy walked into the nurse's office one morning. He had a knapsack on his back, and his uniform and boots were covered with mud from the trenches.

"I came as fast as I could," he said.

The American woman took the father to Matilde's bedside. He stood a short moment looking at the unknowing little face, then stooped and gathered the child in his arms. Her own were still hugging her lamb. The soldier sat down with her and held her as she held her toy, clasped until the last. The death of his only child was not an isolated cruelty, but part of a long suffering.

The soldier-father had to depart at once. They had given him only three days' leave from the firing line and there was the long journey back. He went to make a few arrangements for the burial and then came back to the chief nurse's office to say good-by. His little girl's clothes and small possessions were piled now on a chair. He told the nurse to divide these things among the other children.

"Well, good-by . . ." he said, but he did not turn. The American woman saw that his eyes lingered wistfully on the little things that had belonged to Matilde.

"Should you like to take something of Matilde's?" she asked. A tint of pleasure came into the soldier's face. Without another word he picked up the toy lamb.

The American nurse stood in the doorway of the former home of the German Government in Lyons and watched the English soldier as he disappeared. On his back was the heavy earth-colored load of a fighting man, and dangling over the knapsack was a white woolly baa-lamb.

FEEDING A WOUNDED LITTLE REFUGEE

NOW—

Where Is the Child Who "HATES MILK?"

What about that little tot in your home? He drinks milk, of course. But does he drink enough milk? Do you have to watch him and see that he always finishes his glass? Is his weight what it should be? The easiest way to get your child to drink more milk is to mix his plain milk with Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk.

All children love Thompson's. It takes the monotonous taste of plain milk and makes it delicious, creamy and smooth. It takes the food value of plain milk and doubles its nourishment. And it takes the body of an underweight child and helps to build it up quickly to healthful normal weight. For unlike ordinary malted milk, Thompson's is "DOUBLE MALTED."

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SHE

WEARS THE SMARTEST CLOTHES HAS THE SMARTEST THINGS BUT ~

like everyone else, she is human and . . . inconsistent

HER progress in clothes from trailing skirts, balloon sleeves, and monstrous hats . . . has amazed the world.

Her home has been transformed. The depressing decorations of yesterday have given way, as by magic, to refined simplicity and ensemble harmony . . . But in one respect, she has stood stock still.

Watch her when guests are invited. She goes a-borrowing silver from neighbors. She sets table in five, six, seven clashing patterns of silverware. She hastily washes pieces between courses and marshals them into service.

In practically every phase of household life she has made intelligent progress . . . except in the very personal concern of setting table. There she is a victim of circumstances.

As a bride she had the wrong start. Well-meaning friends and relatives showered her with gift silver. A set of silverplate from father. An odd set of spoons from her girl friends. A jelly server in still another pattern. A perfect menagerie of patterns!

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By this new Holmes & Edwards plan of four easy steps, you first acquire a Starting Service of the absolutely necessary pieces, in a modish serving tray. Later, the Essential Service carries you a step farther,—adding orange spoons, butter spreaders, salad forks and other special pieces. Soon after, the Adequate Service of place and service pieces adds its touch of elegance to your table. Finally, with Step 4, the Complete Service, with ice cream forks, coffee spoons and other lovely pieces, prepares you for every opportunity of hospitality.

If you mail the coupon below, you will receive your copy of "Stepping Stones to a Perfect Table Service" by Ann Adams. It shows you how to acquire, at a cost you never notice, starting as low as $34.25, a beautiful silver service by four fascinating steps.

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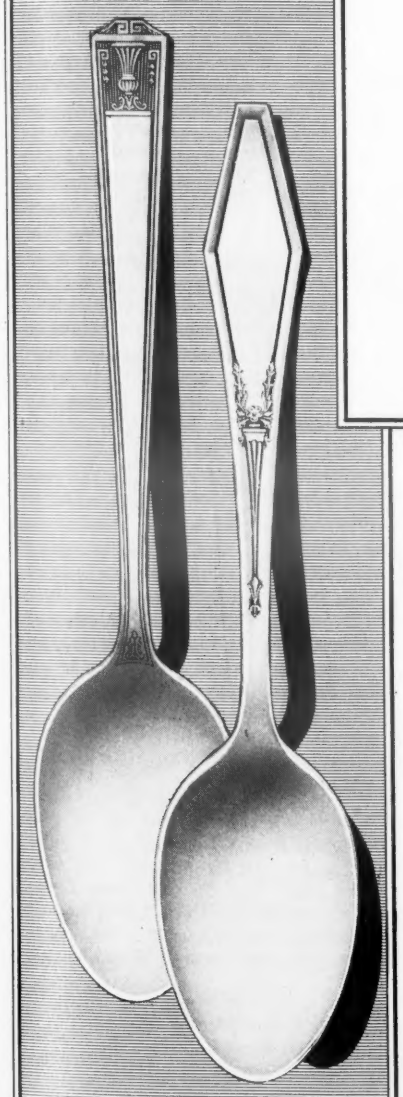

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L529

Look at this picture with its familiar and inexpensive ingredients. By combining them according to the recipe below you will have the delicious dessert—Spanish Cream.

What's in your refrigerator? . . . Often "just the thing" to make an unusual dish this Easy Way

JUST think—those kitchen standbys—eggs, milk, fruits, vegetables, left-over fish or meats may be easily transformed into new, delicious dishes by combining them with Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

The two recipes featured here give you an idea of what a wonderful aid Knox Gelatine can be in planning your meals. And remember that one package of Knox Gelatine makes four different salads or desserts such as those illustrated, of six generous servings each.

In Mrs. Knox's new recipe book which has just been printed there are over a hundred inviting recipes which are a pleasure to try and a joy to serve. These include jellied soups and aspics; vegetable and fruit salads, meat and fish loaves; desserts of all kinds; even candies to serve or pack for gifts. Also special recipes for children which make most nourishing and welcome dishes. For Knox Gelatine is a pure protein, hence a perfect food.

Aside from the economy of Knox dishes, there is the ease and simplicity of making them. No tedious standing over the stove. No last minute rushes. Just a few minutes spent combining the ingredients and your ice-box does the rest.

Your grocer has Knox Sparkling Gelatine. Recipes in every package. If you send us your grocer's name, we will send you, *free*, the recipe book just published by Mrs. Knox. Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., 113 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

TUNA FISH, SALMON OR CRAB-MEAT SALAD

(6 *servings*)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 cup tuna fish
½ cup celery, chopped
½ green pepper, finely chopped
2 tablespoonfuls chopped olives
¾ cup boiled salad dressing
½ teaspoonful salt
¼ teaspoonful paprika
2 teaspoonfuls vinegar
Few grains cayenne

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes, and add to hot boiled salad dressing. Cool, and add tuna fish separated into flakes, celery, pepper (from which seeds have been removed), olives, salt, paprika, vinegar and cayenne. Turn into wet individual molds and chill. Remove from molds to nests of lettuce leaves, and garnish with slices cut from pimolas, diamond-shaped pieces cut from green peppers, celery tips and watercress.

Note—For other delicious salads and desserts send for copy of the Knox recipe books containing more recipes.

One package of Knox Gelatine makes four different salads or desserts of six generous servings each.

SPANISH CREAM

(6 *servings*)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
3 cups milk
½ cup sugar, scant
1 teaspoonful vanilla
3 eggs
¼ teaspoonful salt

Soak the gelatine in the milk about ten minutes. Place over hot water, and when gelatine is dissolved add sugar. Pour slowly on the yolks of the eggs slightly beaten, return to double boiler and cook until thickened somewhat, stirring constantly. Remove from stove and add salt and flavoring, then add whites of eggs beaten until stiff. Turn into one large or individual molds, first dipped in cold water, and place in ice-box. (This will separate and form a jelly on the bottom and custard on top.) Serve with whipped cream, sliced oranges or any fruit or fruit juice.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

Clay Versus Transportation

(Continued from Page 31)

taking that job with the Dock Board, or about you keeping the cold-drink stand that vacation, or about me taking vocal, or about you working out on that plantation, or about me going to that dance at Baton Rouge, or about you buying that sailboat, or about me ——"

"Good grief, he's ten times worse! Then he didn't say hardly anything practically. He just kinda refused, and that was the end."

And there Clay let it rest, for Mary had a certain hen-brained penetration which he feared greatly.

So matters stood one bright September afternoon. Clay had driven a car from the Baronne Street display lot to the garage uptown, had boarded a street car and had come home half an hour earlier than usual.

He plunged through the front door, dropped his books and hat on the hall table, slid off his coat, hurled it through the door of the "boys' room" as he passed and followed his stomach to the refrigerator.

Clay was busy with cheese and bread, when the doorbell rang. Cissily would answer it

"Clay." Cissily never used exclamation points in her voice.

"Whadderyouwant?"

"Come here."

Clay didn't like the looks of the man on the front porch. His interested "That's the boy!" riled Clay like a wood rasp on sunburned skin.

"Clay, this is a detective." It was the voice in which Cissily spoke of Socialists and Republicans and Yankees and Germans and erring women. It explained what she thought of the profession, but other than to cause Clay's knees to loosen and his mind to sweep the entire area of a not too blameless past it told him nothing.

"THAT'S him. I've followed him from Higgins' place up on Millaudon Street three evenings. I never saw where he lived before."

"What do you want here?" Cissily never raised her voice. Her chin lifted a quarter of an inch, and her pupils came down to pin points.

"Want? I want that boy—and maybe you too. Didn't I tell you he's been delivering stolen cars for Blocke and whoever's handling the other end? No need getting crusty, lady; I got the whole dope on him."

"Don't you touch him." Cissily made no threat, moved no muscle.

The detective was not immediately impressed. There was nothing in human emotions new to him. "I've got to take him along; you won't do any good interfering."

Clay moved to his sister's side. Her arm swept upward in one motion and barred his path. "Clay, stay where you are—and tell me about this." Her eyes did not leave the officer's face.

Clay began talking. He had never before heard the voice which was issuing from his stiff lips. Before he was through he saw the detective furtively remove his hat. "And so I was working out the payments driving cars for Mr. Blocke," he heard himself conclude.

"WOULD you know Mr. Blocke if you saw him?" There was less of nerve laceration in the detective's voice now; it was almost respectful.

"Who, me? Sure! I saw him every day most until this week; they said at the lot he was sick."

"H'm. You know where he lives?"

"No, sir. Say, I don't believe Mr. Higgins knows there's anything crooked ——"

Clay stopped short on a deep breath, his chest going fast. He had not realized in the heat of vindication the full height of his shame and fear.

"You're right," the officer answered in tones nearly human; "we know he's straight. There's an assistant did the queer work—mixing parts and chiseling off numbers. Higgins is just weak-minded. He did the reconditioning."

"You haven't yet explained," Cissily reminded the man with ominous calmness, "why you come to the home of decent people and accuse this boy of helping steal cars."

"Well, lady, you'll have to admit yourself that it looked kinda like ——"

"You mean to say you believe my brother is a thief?"

"No'am! He's explained how he was mixed in it, and I believe what he says. If you'll let him go down to the place on Baronne Street where Blocke sold the cars I'd appreciate it. He could clear things up for us a lot. There's three hundred and fifty dollars in rewards on this case too. All I wanted was to speak to your brother and tell him Blocke was crooked."

"Clay, you may go with him. Be back by five-thirty. I want to talk to you."

"Oh, he can come back sooner than that," the officer assured her effusively. "I just want to ——"

But Cissily turned on her heel and walked into the house.

CISSILY'S guide, in an age which pleasantly gives greater attention to more important things, was righteousness. This made it sometimes difficult for sinners to live near her peacefully, but compensation lay in her very real kindness and her steadfast dependability.

"I won't tell Clint or any of them about this," she told Clay when he returned home that fateful afternoon. "But you must pay that car out."

"I just finished paying it out last week—Wednesday."

"All right; then you must sell it and turn the money over to Clint and tell him. He works hard, and he has never complained; not even when you failed to buy your school suit this fall."

"I didn't ask him for one! I'm wearing my old one."

"I know, but that won't last through. Besides, Clay, you know you've done wrong about that car."

Clay would never have in his life a bitterer dose to swallow.

"All right," he mumbled, his hot eyes averted. "I'll do it, Cissily. I ——" He gulped. "I ain't positively exactly sure I can sell it right away, but I promise you I won't ride in it any more. And soon's I get the money I'll turn it over to Clint."

THE next day was Saturday, and Clay Albert Prather went early to Mr. Higgins' garage on Millaudon Street. He was steeled to martyrdom now, his face tense and grim. Higgins was alone.

"Well, sir, how's tricks? Heard the news? They're after your boss, an' they've already arrested my assistant. Heard it? They came up here Thursday ——"

"Listen, Mr. Higgins, I'm in a jam. I got to sell my car—it's kind of a case where I need to get a whole lot of money for it—and it just ain't worth any." Clay glanced once at the only first car he would ever have, scientifically turned a gulp into an out-of-season cough more poignant than a sob and told the tale entire.

The man who listened had suddenly and miraculously ceased to be merely a

(Continued on Page 109)

When visitors say, "How PRETTY!" ...you can say, "It cost so little"

"OH, a new rug—how pretty!" Friends are sure to admire the bright coloring and fresh pattern of your Armstrong's Quaker Rug.

And there are so many designs for your selection! New floral arrangements with the cheeriness of spring, Persian motifs with the richness of the Far East, new tile patterns abreast of the "modern" in decoration. Yet all are available in color tones that fit themselves readily into almost any surroundings.

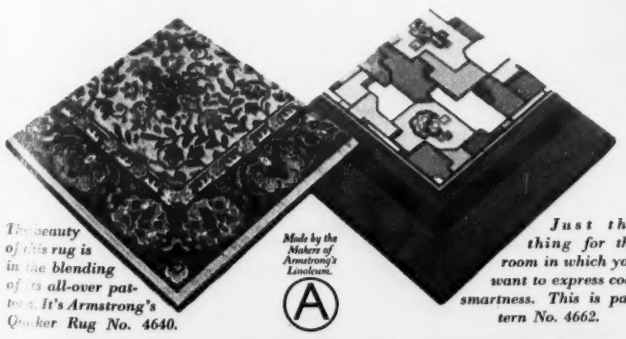
And long after your rug is down, when friends still speak of the newness and freshness—well, you must thank the Accolac Process surface for that. It is this special lacquer treatment that protects the newness, that seals in the richness of the pattern and keeps out the dirt and soil that cause dinginess and wear.

Down goes the ink! But no harm to the pretty rug—because it wipes right off.

As a matter of fact, the stickiest of grease spots, the worst stains, even such caustics as lye, when dropped on an Armstrong's Quaker Rug, disappear with the swish of a damp mop or cloth. Everyday dirt and tracked-in soil are swept right off by the broom.

Yet quite as important as the beauty that friends admire, and the cleaning ease that you enjoy, is the low price of Armstrong's Quaker Rugs. Not until you tell them, or until they, themselves, go into the stores and glance at the price tags, will friends believe that such beautiful rugs can be had for so few dollars.

But even the small amount you *do* spend is safely invested. Because every Armstrong's Quaker Rug is guaranteed. Each bears, right on the face, a Quaker Girl certificate. It is our promise to replace the rug free if it should prove in any way unsatisfactory.



The beauty of this rug is in the blending of its all-over pattern. It's Armstrong's Quaker Rug No. 4640.

Made by the Makers of Armstrong's Linoleum.

Just the thing for the room in which you want to express cool smartness. This is pattern No. 4662.

This attractive pattern with its rich brown and blue tones is Armstrong's Quaker Rug No. 4622.

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Armstrong's Quaker Rugs

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM

Zino-pads End Corns

Stop pain instantly and remove the cause

REMOVING a corn by old-time methods doesn't mean you are finally rid of it. You probably found that out long ago. *The cause remains*—friction and pressure of shoes. Until that is removed, you will continue to suffer from corns. But *correct* the cause and your corns will disappear—and never bother you again. That's what Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads do!

By this corrective action and the soothing medication, corn pain ends the moment you apply them. The result is instantaneous. Zino-pads do this *naturally*—by lifting the pressure of the shoes off the corn.

This is the only *scientific* way to treat corns. No danger of acid burn as with powerful and caustic preparations, or risk of blood poisoning from cutting your corns. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads can't harm the tenderest skin.

These small, thin, dainty, protective pads heal corns permanently. New or tight shoes can't bring them back if Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are used at the first sign of any new irritation. Soft corns, hard corns and tender toes, caused by rubbing or pressing, are instantly relieved by these healing, cushioning pads.

You get the same quick, thorough relief in treating Callouses and Bunions. They are made in special shapes and sizes for these conditions. Zino-pads are recommended by doctors because they are so safe and sure. Buy a box today. At all drug, shoe and dept. stores—35c.

Mail coupon for free sample and a copy of Dr. Wm. M. Scholl's valuable booklet, "The Feet and Their Care." Retail Shops:—21 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago; 503 N. Sixth St., St. Louis; 62 W. 14th St., New York City; 112 Adelaide St., E. Toronto.

Put one on—the pain is gone!

This is the modern, scientific way of getting quick relief. The method is new, unique. It took many years of clinical research and experimenting to perfect it. Now you take no risk—and the relief to corns, callouses, bunions and tender spots is permanent.

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For Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Tender Spots

Why let corns ruin your pleasure and rasp your nerves when you can have instant relief so easily?

For Bunions

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Bunions stop pain at once, protect the enlarged joint from rubbing and pressing of the shoe.

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly relieve pain of Hard Corns, Soft Corns and Tender Toes by removing friction and pressure of the shoes. Thin, protective, healing.

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Callouses immediately relieve pain and remove the friction and pressure of the shoe. Also instantly effective in relieving burning soles.

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Please send me a sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns ☐ Callouses ☐ Bunions ☐ (indicate size wanted), and a copy of Dr. Wm. M. Scholl's booklet, "The Feet and Their Care."

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(Continued from Page 106)

garrulous and tobacco-spattered mechanic; he had grave and kindly eyes in which Clay saw a gleam of strength and courage so strange to them that the boy was half frightened.

"Tell you what," volunteered Mr. Higgins. "You wanter git all you can so's to make up for kinda holdin' out on your big brother—that it?"

"Well, kinda."

"I thought so. It's a credit to you. I know how you feel. Tell you what: I'll see what I can do. You mind puttin' on overalls an' handin' me things? My assistant, he ——"

"What you goin' to do?"

"I'm goin' to fix up that boat of yours until it looks like a million dollars an' will run quieter than a tombstone. I ain't braggin' but I know how. You help—an' watch—that's all."

"Mr. Higgins, I warn you you'll have to start with a new engine and four new tires—and a new radiator and steerin' sector and radius rods. And the clutch slips. Last time I ran her you could hear the transmission kinda gr-r-rowl, and there was a knock somewhere under the floor boards. A kinda skippy b-bump, b-bump, b-bump like that."

"THEM troubles ain't nothin'. I'd rather risk hidin' a billy goat under the hood for a engine than try to sell one with a crumpled fender. But any defect that's a noise can be made all right mighty cheap. It's something real serious, like a rip in the top or paint off the steering wheel, that eats up the profits in used-car sales. I'll show you! You just git into them overalls, an' you'll see what the two of us can do."

Clay got into the overalls, and throughout that pleasant and bright Saturday he saw; for Mr. Higgins was an artist at his calling. "When we get them tires painted she'll be just about three times a worse car than when we started operatin' on her, but she'll sell for just three times as much as she would uv. Say, by the way, you got somebody to buy it yet?"

"Who, me? No. I didn't think anybody would."

"Lemme look around for you. The world is full of these wise guys always lookin' for a hundred an' four cents' worth for every four cents they spend. Nobody much comes here, but I got a friend over on Carrollton Avenue will keep her—an' sell her, I bet yer."

"I'll sure appreciate it, Mr. Higgins." Clay meant it. He was thoroughly sick of financing, owning, driving, reconditioning and attempting to conceal repossessed cars; and he was sure that trying to sell this particular one would offer no variation on present grief.

"I WONDER what's keeping Clint." Cissily was disturbed. Clay had just come in late to the dinner table; that was never unexpected. But Clint either came home promptly at six-fifteen or phoned.

This afternoon Clay was late because he had made a trip to the Millaudon Street garage for news. Mr. Higgins had it for him. The car, noiseless and brilliant with new paint—the quick-drying kind—had been sold for two hundred and twenty-five dollars! And of this princely sum the kindly mechanic would touch not one penny.

The money was in Clay's pocket now. He was anxious to get through with the business of confessing to Clint—and mighty glad that the size of the roll might reasonably be expected to make the dénouement of his story pleasanter than it might otherwise have been.

An auto horn sounded from the curb. Clay's face blanched; he laid down his knife and fork.

"Look!" shrieked Mary from across the table where she faced the window. "Look! It's Clint in a new car—by himself! He's blowing the horn and craning his neck looking in! Oh, I b'lieve he's bought one. Come on!"

Cissily, Mary and Jake jammed into the doorway in their eager exit. "Come on!" Jake called to Clay, who had gotten up from the table slowly with symptoms of nausea. "Even a common laborer has 'em! Clint may even let you wash it—after the first two months."

They streamed outside, Clay in the rear, and surrounded the shining car in which Clint sat smiling his patriarchal best. "It's practically new," he explained.

"I thought it was new," Mary shrilled. "It sure looks it. How could a secondhand car —— Oh, Cissily, look how clean it looks inside!"

"It's not secondhand," Clint corrected kindly. "They call 'em repossessed. Some of 'em haven't been run more than a few miles. You all get ready," Clint offered, "and we'll try a little ride. I ate dinner downtown."

"CLINT," muttered Clay, when the girls had reëntered the house and Jake was inspecting the other side of the car, "I wanner see you a second. Can you come in?" Clint looked up with banter on his lips; then his face sobered and he walked to the house with Clay, who led the way to the "boys' room," the door of which he closed after them.

Clay had perhaps more courage than the average youth, but he was a total loss at fortitude. He had to get disagreeable and painful things done by a system known to himself as "bustin' right in." Clint's attention was clinched immediately because his younger brother first laid upon the bed between them a substantial bale of ten-dollar bills.

The story was not always coherent, but it was convincing because when Clint's amazed eyes flickered even one spark of incredulity Clay would immediately intone, "If you don't believe me, ask Cissily!" And to that tribunal no sinner, however hardened, dared appeal unless he had the dope.

"So Mr. Higgins sold it for me and gave me the money today. Only it was a friend of his up on Carrollton Avenue really sold it. And he sold it to you! Clint, I knew it time I heard the horn!"

CLINT sat down on the bed. "You mean the car you been telling me all this stuff about having its guts full of wheat bran and glue and soap and chicken feed and rubber and cheap paint—it's the one right out there now that I paid two hundred and twenty-five dollars for? The one you bought at ninety-five, marked up from forty-five?"

"Yes! And there's the money—every cent. And more! I didn't tell you that detective gave me a twenty-dollar bill for identifying Mr. Blocke. I've put that with the other, 'cause Cissily would of wanted me to, if she'd known about it."

Heavily and with no joy Clint fingered the bills.

"Come on!" Mary lilted from the hall, pounding the door lightly. "We're ready, Clint. Where's Clay?"

Clint got up decisively. "Here!" he peeled twenty dollars from the roll. "I guess you don't deserve this, but I'm giving you back the money you say that detective gave you."

"Thanks, Clint." Clay was too contrite, too genuinely sorry for Clint to resent any implication which his brother's words and tone might carry.

As he laid the bills in his folder Clint suddenly flinched and looked up. "Does Jake know about any of this?" Clay noted and understood—none better!—the terror back of this significant question.

"No; just me an' Cissily."

"Well, don't tell him. Here." Clay found twenty more dollars in his hand. "And I'll buy your winter suit too. So let's just keep all this to ourselves."

"All right, Clint. Say, how far you meanin' to take us driving?"

"Around Audubon Park a time or two, and back. Why?"

"Better not risk more than just around the block, Clint—not until I get Mr. Higgins hold of her again. I *know* her!"

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NOW the world's largest producer of electric cleaners makes it possible for you to own a powerful, rugged Eureka Special at the sensational low price of $39.50.

No longer need you deny yourself the benefits of electric cleaner sanitation . . . nor the advantages of having a second cleaner for upstairs work, etc. And as a special introductory offer, we will send a brand-new Grand Prize Eureka Special right to your home, to use just as if it were your own, for 10 days' free trial.

This marvelous new Eureka Special . . . full-sized, sturdy . . . with gray enameled steel handle and handsome gray bag . . . represents exceptional quality and beauty at a popular price. It is a worthy companion to the still more powerful Standard Model 11, the world-famous combination home and automobile cleaner, which is priced slightly higher.

Special Small Down Payment

Think of it! You may use this marvelous new Eureka for 10 days in your own home, on your own rugs and furnishings . . . absolutely without obligation. If you wish to keep it, after you have put it to every test . . . you may do so by making a special small down payment, and the balance on easy monthly terms.

There is certain to be an unusual demand for a cleaner of standard make, backed by the name and reputation of the Eureka Company . . . at such a price. We are able to make this extremely liberal offer for a limited time only. Therefore, don't delay. Mail the coupon today. The Eureka dealer near you will then make special arrangements with you for demonstration and free trial.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER CO., DETROIT, U. S. A.

Largest Manufacturers of Vacuum Cleaners in the World

Canadian Factory, Kitchener, Ontario. Foreign Branches: 8 Fisher St., London, W. C. 1, England; 299a-301 Castlereagh St., Sydney, Australia. (514)

The Grand Prize Standard Model 11 Eureka, the super-powered combination home and automobile cleaner with detachable handle, is priced at $56.50—attachments $8.00. It includes features and attachments which adapt it to many special uses—such as cleaning the inside of motor cars, moth control in the home, and the more convenient cleaning of stairways, cupboards and other hard-to-get-at places.

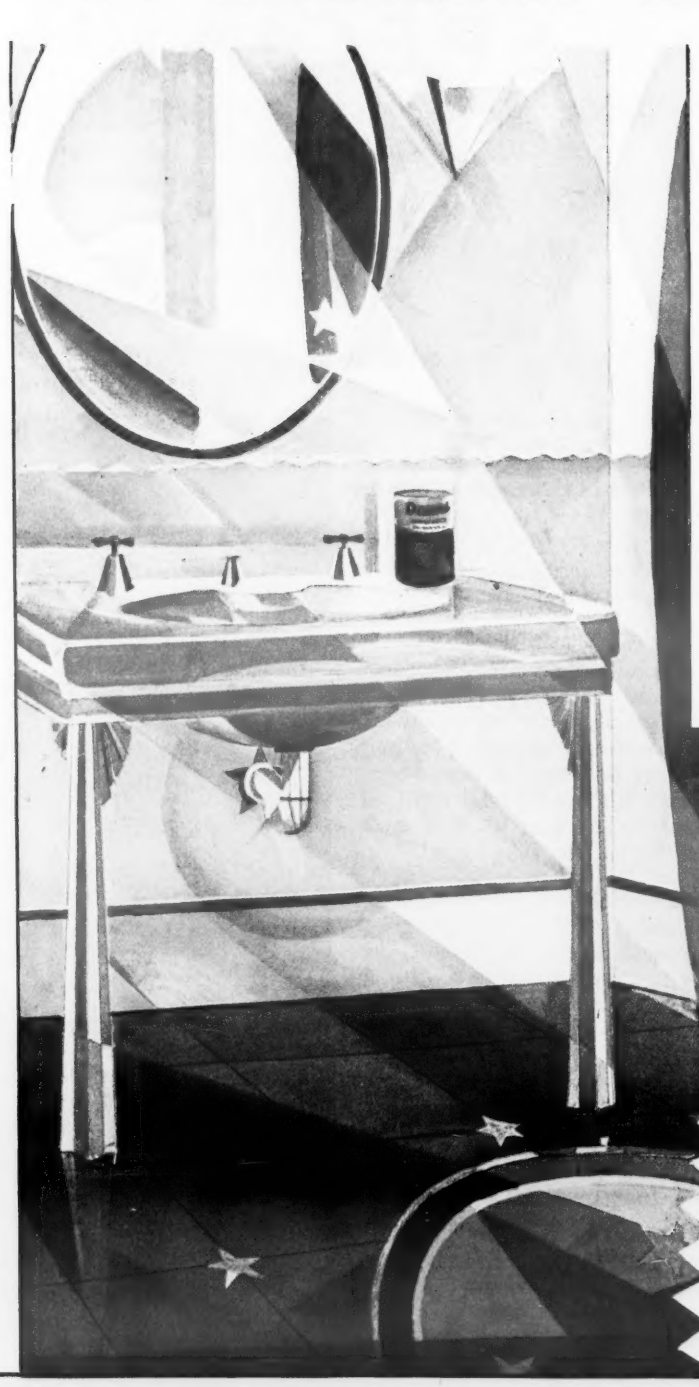
COUPON

I am interested in the new Eureka Special. Please send me complete information without obligation.

Name_____

Address_____

Dawn the MODERN way to care for *the* brilliant bathroom of Today!



A SPRINKLING of Dawn—a whisk with a damp cloth—a rinse—and porcelain, tile and enamel smile with beauty. For Dawn is the modern way—the *safe* way to keep these lustrous surfaces ever gleaming.

Dawn is new. Created for the brilliant bathrooms of today. Dawn is *different—different because it dissolves as it cleans—so it simply cannot scratch.* Yet so searchingly thorough—it melts away bathtub "rings" and grimy marks as if by magic.

Mild as a fine toilet soap, you can rub it on with your hand, without injury to skin or nails.

No wonder this attractive sifter-top can has already found a permanent place on more than two million bathroom shelves.

Try Dawn today—your dealer is sure to have this bathroom "beauty treatment." Order from him, or send us 15c for full-sized can and booklet telling of Dawn's many uses. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

DISSOLVES *as it* CLEANS —*therefore* CANNOT SCRATCH!

Make this test . . .

Put two teaspoonfuls of Dawn in a tumblerful of water. Stir. Note that Dawn completely dissolves. You can *see* that Dawn contains no harsh, scratchy grit . . . therefore, it is safe for fine fixtures.

2 cans for 25¢

DO YOU KNOW Drāno cleans grease-encrusted cooking utensils just as easily as it cleans and opens drains? This is because it dissolves accumulations of grease, hair or lint, no matter where it finds them.

Dawn keeps porcelain, enamel . . . shining, *always beautiful*

Modern Stuff

(Continued from Page 33)

Not two days ago that would have brought her to her knees. Now she looked up with an insufferable air of good fellowship to say, "Well, you know, dear, I have heard it rather often!" She even seemed to expect him to share the joke.

"If a wife is not interested in her husband's affairs," he began stiffly, then remembered what he was aiming toward and pulled up, even forced a confidential note.

"I had a reason for telling that, Ally. It is important that you should realize just what I am up against, and what the opportunities are." He gave so lyric an exposition of what his business might become, properly expanded, that it swept him easily, glowingly, to his point: "If you wanted to put this capital into my business, and let the interest go for the present ——" He spread his plans alluringly before her, but she heard with shut lips and lowered eyelids, offering no comment. He had to fight a growing chill, to be heartily confident and genial in the face of a blank wall. Not even the future he painted for them brought a gleam of encouragement.

"NO, I DON'T want to put money into your business, Osgood." Her voice was cool, detached. "I don't think you are a very good business man."

"You don't!" He tried to sound amused. "Of course, you know so much about business ——"

"Well, you have had eight years and some capital," she pointed out, "and look how little you have advanced. You wouldn't tell about beating the Jensen Company so often if that had happened many times in your experience. Such a victory ought to be all in the day's work. My money is in good bonds, and I mean to keep it that way. You did like your dinner, didn't you?"

He was white, wounded to the soul—and she wanted him to talk about his dinner! "Not a very good business man . . . look how little you have advanced . . ." Lord!

"I didn't know that you had so poor an opinion of me, or I would not have troubled you with my plans," he managed to say. His suffering was obvious, but she refused to take it seriously.

"Oh, come, Oddy! You haven't thought I was a very good cook—or wife! And you have said so freely." She was actually inviting him to smile with her. "I wouldn't have said that if you hadn't cornered me. This being my money, I have to decide how it is spent, don't I?"

THAT was openly and mischievously a quotation. He had not often used the phrase, "my money"; only when he needed to settle some difference of taste. And so Alice had been resenting it.

"You never talked like that before," he muttered.

"I should say not!" She laughed to herself. "God's greatest gift to woman is economic independence, and the second greatest is rouge. Without rouge this lettuce green would make me look ——"

"You talk like a fool!" Osgood blundered about the room, hitting chairs, blurting out his enraged protest. Modern stuff! She had always been a disappointment to him, but at least she had tried and had shown some heart. Now if a little money was going to make her callous and jeering, they might as well give right up. Life together on those terms wasn't worth living.

He stopped for lack of breath and sat on a chair edge, staring his threat at her. The way she took it was another shock.

"Our life together has never been worth living," she said. "We will revolutionize it or, as you suggest, we will give it up." Suddenly she softened. "It is hard on you, Osgood! But if you could have gone with me through the last two days, you would understand. Try to be patient. And try to wake up!"

He would try nothing of the kind, and the way he left the room told her so. Money had not only made her mad, it had made her insolent. Imagine his mother saying things like that to his father! Give up their marriage! A groan came bursting from his suffering heart. He loved his wife. He had believed that she loved him.

IF ALICE could have seen his own home! For his mother did have something to put up with. She was a wonder. Osgood suddenly remembered that he had not written to her for several weeks; but words would not come out of this chaos.

In the morning the breakfast table was set for one and a tray was being carried to Alice's room. He did not believe that she was ill in the least, but he made time to go up and ask. A fever would explain things. Alice sat up in bed in a flame-colored crêpe affair that he had never seen, eating a breakfast that denied anything wrong with her health. She greeted him gayly, just as though there had been no last night.

"If your brekky was as grand as mine, you are a happy man," she declared.

Osgood stayed over by the door. "I thought you must be ill," he said rather gravely. "Are you planning to lie in bed mornings?"

She laughed. "I should say not! I have loads to do. I'm all bathed and ready but my dress. Was your breakfast good?"

He gestured that impatiently aside. "Are you going to breakfast like this every day?" Imagine his mother upstairs with a tray, indifferent to the comfort and the departure of her men!

"But, Osgood, you don't need me now!" She was plaintive, but there was wickedness underneath. "You read the paper all through breakfast, except when you put it down to tell me that something is wrong. Now nothing will be wrong. Why should I go down?"

THERE was no explaining that he simply wanted her there. Felt lost without her, and did not notice whether the food was right or not. She was trying to reduce everything to bald reasoning, and what he felt had nothing to do with reason. Money had made her heartless. Osgood turned away with a heavy mutter and banged out of the house.

In town he had the pleasant task of explaining to the office that he had changed his mind about expansion. "For the present," he said. His head man kept arguing about it. After an intolerable day he got home to find that Alice had three of the family coming to dinner; she had not troubled to telephone and see if he felt like having company. And so he had to play genial host over his heavy heart, and to keep his eyes away from another new gown that was even less what he liked than the green one.

Alice, who was usually worried and absent when they tried to have company, was a new person, laughing, funny, friendly; the relatives had a beautiful time while he suffered and stretched his stiffening face into a grin and wished them at the bottom of the sea. It did not seem to be his house any more.

Osgood finally went off to bed unnoticed and lay staring awake in the dark until long after Alice had come upstairs. She might have looked in to see how his head was! But she did not even listen at the door. They had long ago taken to separate rooms so that her early rising should not do him out of his last hour of sleep—she had had to get up at six to have a perfectly simple breakfast ready by half-past seven, and his good-humored teasing had never taught her to do it in less time; but he would have given all those hours of

"Mum" instantly destroys *all* body odors

without the slightest harm to skin or clothing

ASSURANCE of feminine daintiness is complete at all times for the woman who selects "Mum" as her personal deodorant. For "Mum" instantly destroys *all* body odors, whenever or wherever they may occur.

Just a finger-tip of this delicate deodorant cream applied to the under-arm—and presto!—one is freed for the entire day or evening from the slightest trace of perspiration odor.

Another Important Use

In addition to taking all the odor out of perspiration, "Mum" immediately neutralizes every other body odor. For more than 25 years leading doctors and nurses have recommended its use on the sanitary napkin, thus relieving the last doubt of the fastidious woman regarding her complete personal daintiness at all times.

And "Mum" is so convenient and easy to use, for it can be applied at any time. Even though you are hurried, your full protection need not delay you, for "Mum" takes only a second. And it cannot irritate the most sensitive skin nor harm the most delicate clothing, no matter how freely you use it.

"Mum" is inexpensive, and easy to obtain. At all druggists and toilet goods counters 35c. Extra large jars 60c.

Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 80 Varick St., New York

"Mum" is the word!

He has dandruff

He should use Packer's Tar Soap

. . . the soap that made pine tar famous for shampooing. Pine tar is antiseptic, healing, with properties valuable in the treatment of dandruff. Packer's Tar Soap is endorsed by dermatologists for skin and scalp. For noticeable dandruff use Packer's Tar Soap every few days until improvement begins.

Her hair is dry

She should use Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo

Like all Packer soaps, this shampoo is a vegetable oil soap . . . in addition, it contains a rich, soothing emollient (and nothing to dry the scalp). Dry scalps will never feel a stinging sensation when they use this special shampoo. Leaves your hair soft and silky to the touch—more manageable—and delicately perfumed.

Her hair is oily

She should use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo

If you have the kind of hair that loses its fluffiness shortly after shampooing, use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This preparation is tonic and mildly *astringent* . . . approved by dermatologists. It leaves the hair fluffy, with a natural sparkle. Use it every four or five days at first; later, every week or ten days may be enough.

Select the shampoo your hair needs

Acute cases of dryness, oiliness and dandruff need a doctor's care. But nearly all scalps *tend* to be dry or oily, and many are mildly affected with dandruff. Now—each type of scalp can have the special shampoo which meets its particular needs. The coupon is for your convenience. The regular size of each shampoo is for sale at your drug or department store.

LISTEN IN!

Miss Jean Carroll discusses hair health and hair beauty over the Columbia Broadcasting System's Radio Home Bazar hour: every Friday at 12 noon (Eastern Daylight Saving Time).

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I enclose——cents. Send sample of

- ☐ Packer's Tar Soap.....10c
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☐ Check here if you wish 28-page book on hair health—Free.

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sleep if only he might now see her open the door and come in.

Every night Osgood reached home braced to master the situation, and every night some fresh shock threw him off his righteous base. The pretty, bright Oriental rug of his choice vanished from the hall, and a dim, dull thing took its place; the living room was newly curtained and covered without so much as a sample being submitted to him. The effect was not bad—probably one of his cousins was helping Alice; but the high-handed banishing of what he had bought with such loving care was an insult. Even the marble-and-gold clock that had marked their first anniversary was now ticking uselessly up in his bedroom.

Alice saw him staring at it and paused in the doorway, her brows whimsical.

"It just doesn't go with the room now," she offered.

He would accept no false comfort. "So you have been pretending all these years—about everything I brought home?"

"But, Oddy dear, if I didn't admire what you bought, you made such a fearful row," she said plaintively. "It was such a job to get you cheered again. And I was moved by your kind intentions." There it was again, that mischievous, mocking note. He could gladly have struck her, and still more gladly he could have kissed her; but while he struggled between the two impulses, she slipped away. He came down outwardly stiff, implacable, to the boring perfection of his dinner, and made an excuse to go out immediately after, hoping that a lonely evening would teach her something; but when he came in, she herself was out.

SHE had left a note: "The Allens want us for dinner tomorrow night." He wrote across it a curt refusal. They were at war, and he was in no mood to sit through dinners. That Alice might go without him never crossed his mind, but getting home late the next night he found an empty house and the table set for one. Thelma served him punctiliously, as per contract, and no words passed between them.

Loneliness fell on him like a sickness. In their happy years he had usually spent free evenings in his study with pipe and book, but Alice had been there in the house; without her it was bleakly empty.

Osgood's sickness presently reached from soul to body. He came home at noon with a temperature and took to his bed, gravely important. Illness had befallen him so rarely that he found it frightening; their war was for the moment obliterated.

"This may be serious," he warned Alice from his pillow, when the doctor had prescribed and gone. "Now you want to cancel all engagements and just look after me."

"It's only a cold," she told him cheeringly.

He did not like her tone. In the first year of their marriage he had had tonsilitis, and her little frightened face had hovered over him day and night. There was no "only a cold" then!

"YOU can't tell what a cold will go on into," he declared. "The doctor didn't want to alarm you, but I know that this is no ordinary cold." And he let his lids fall heavily, menacingly over his eyes.

Alice played up suitably. All the afternoon she watched over him devotedly, read aloud, ran to the drug store for sickroom comforts. Toward evening he sent her out to get a breath of fresh air.

"You must keep up your own strength. We don't know what is ahead," he said, and meant it—but he did not expect her to be gone over an hour! The fact that she met Ada in her car and took a drive seemed to him rather heartless.

"It is not very cheerful, lying here all alone," he pointed out.

"Poor Oddy!" she said, but he had an uneasy sense that somewhere she was laughing. That was modern, no doubt.

He wanted Alice to sleep on the couch in his room, as she had in his tonsilitis; he was homesick for that little curled-up figure in a flannel wrapper, her eyes ready to fly open if he stirred. Alice came, of course, but dropped to sleep with discouraging promptness. He woke her to ask if she had the doctor's telephone number beside her, in case they needed it suddenly.

"I COULD find it in one second," Alice assured him drowsily. Presently he wanted water, and then a window shade flapped, and then he thought she ought to look at his throat. That time Alice refused to budge.

"It will keep till morning, old dear," she said through a yawn, and he was too hurt to call her again, though he was lonely and miserable and tormented with fevered thought.

The doctor in the morning was offensively reassuring. Alice devoted herself to him, but outside of his room he could hear her humming, her step was gay. She let Thelma prepare his trays. And she objected to cutting off the telephone.

"With the doors shut you won't hear it," she disposed of that.

He did hear it. And he heard her running to answer it, laughing over it. He remembered his mother sitting up all night, not taking her clothes off, when his father was ill, and he so ached for a devotion like that that by night he could not stand it. When Alice had gone out for an airing, he rang for Thelma and sent a telegram to his mother: "I am ill, need you." He did not tell Alice until he had the answer—the instant, ready "I am coming." His mother would show her what a woman could be to her men!

"I hope you didn't frighten her," Alice said. It did not seem to occur to her that there was some reason to be frightened, with a temperature of one hundred and two and pneumonia all over town.

Oh, but it was comforting to have his mother there, with her kind eyes and her laconic speech and her hair just the way she had always worn it!

"You haven't changed," he said, clinging to her hand and hoping that Alice got the point.

"Might be better if I had," she admitted, and brought out her knitting. "Nice about all that money," she added.

OSGOOD let an impatient breath answer. His mother, wise in danger signs, turned the talk to his symptoms and sufferings. Alice slipped away, and seemed to think that it was a good chance to be gone all the afternoon. Instead of learning from his mother, she was evidently going to drop all responsibility on her. He finally grew absent and irritable, listening for her step.

"I guess Alice needs a day off," his mother suggested.

"When my father was ill, you never needed a day off," Osgood reminded her with suppressed passion.

"Oh, well, I might have needed it," was the mild answer.

It was his mother, of course, who slept on the couch that night.

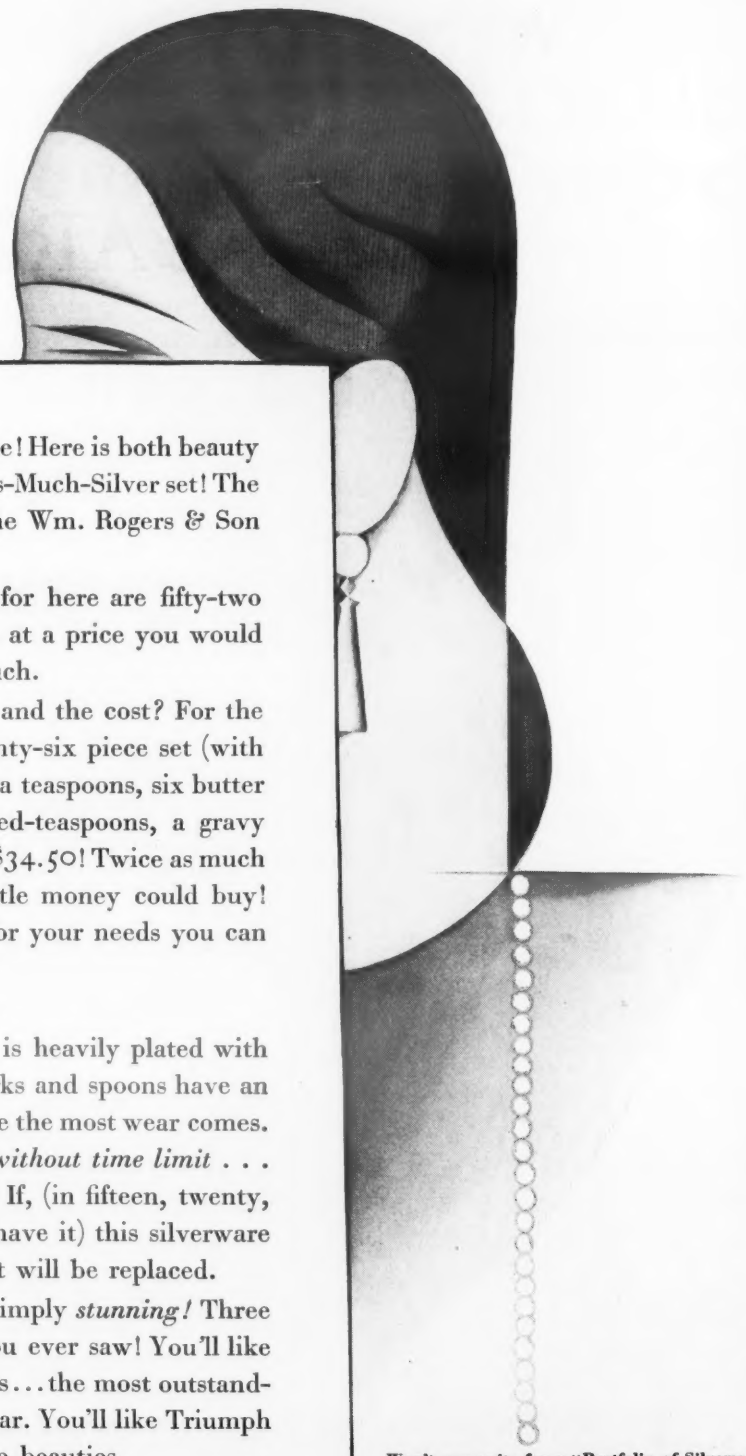
The darkness made intimate speech possible. His trouble came bursting out. "Mother, you wouldn't believe what this money has done to Alice!"

She thought that over. "Well, I know what a little money would have done to me, if it had come in time," she finally offered.

Osgood rose up excitedly on one elbow. "It wouldn't have made you heartless!"

(Continued on Page 115)

if you have an eye for beauty and an ear for bargains



LOOK . . . then listen, lucky one! Here is both beauty and bargain . . . the Twice-As-Much-Silver set! The very, very latest arrival among the Wm. Rogers & Son sets of fine Silverplate!

And price-fears . . . begone! for here are fifty-two pieces of exquisite silverware . . . at a price you would expect to pay for only half as much.

Fifty-two charming pieces . . . and the cost? For the set complete—containing a twenty-six piece set (with stainless steel knives) *and* six extra teaspoons, six butter spreaders, six salad forks, six iced-teaspoons, a gravy ladle and a cold meat fork—only $34.50! Twice as much silver as ever you thought so little money could buy! And if a 26-piece set is ample for your needs you can get 26 pieces for only $17.00!

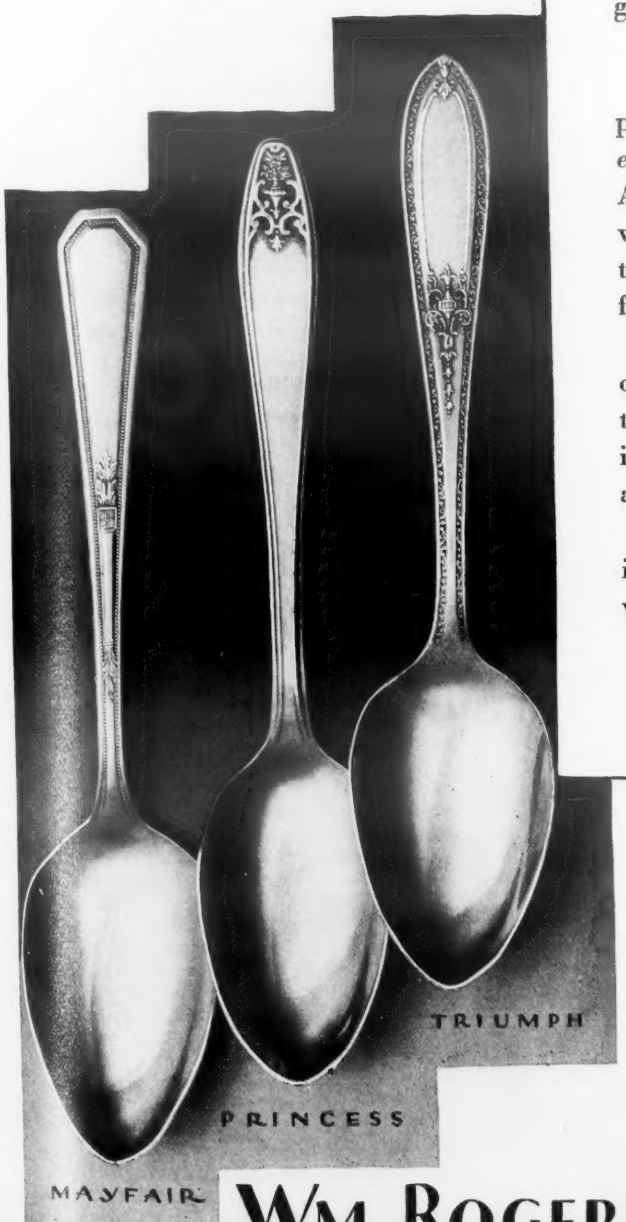
Now for more good news . . .

Every piece of this silverware is heavily plated with pure silver. All the most-used forks and spoons have an *extra thickness* of silverplate where the most wear comes. And every piece is *guaranteed without time limit* . . . which means all that it implies! If, (in fifteen, twenty, thirty years, or as long as you have it) this silverware fails to give satisfactory service it will be replaced.

And the patterns . . . they're simply *stunning!* Three of the most beautiful patterns you ever saw! You'll like the gorgeous new pattern, Princess . . . the most outstandingly successful pattern of the year. You'll like Triumph and Mayfair, too . . . for both are beauties.

Of course you can have the Twice-As-Much-Silver set in any of these patterns . . . but just a wee word of caution . . . when you go to your silver dealer's to select *yours* . . .

DON'T SAY "ROGERS"—
SAY "WM. ROGERS & *SON*"



Six teaspoons, $1.75

WM. ROGERS & SON *Silverplate*

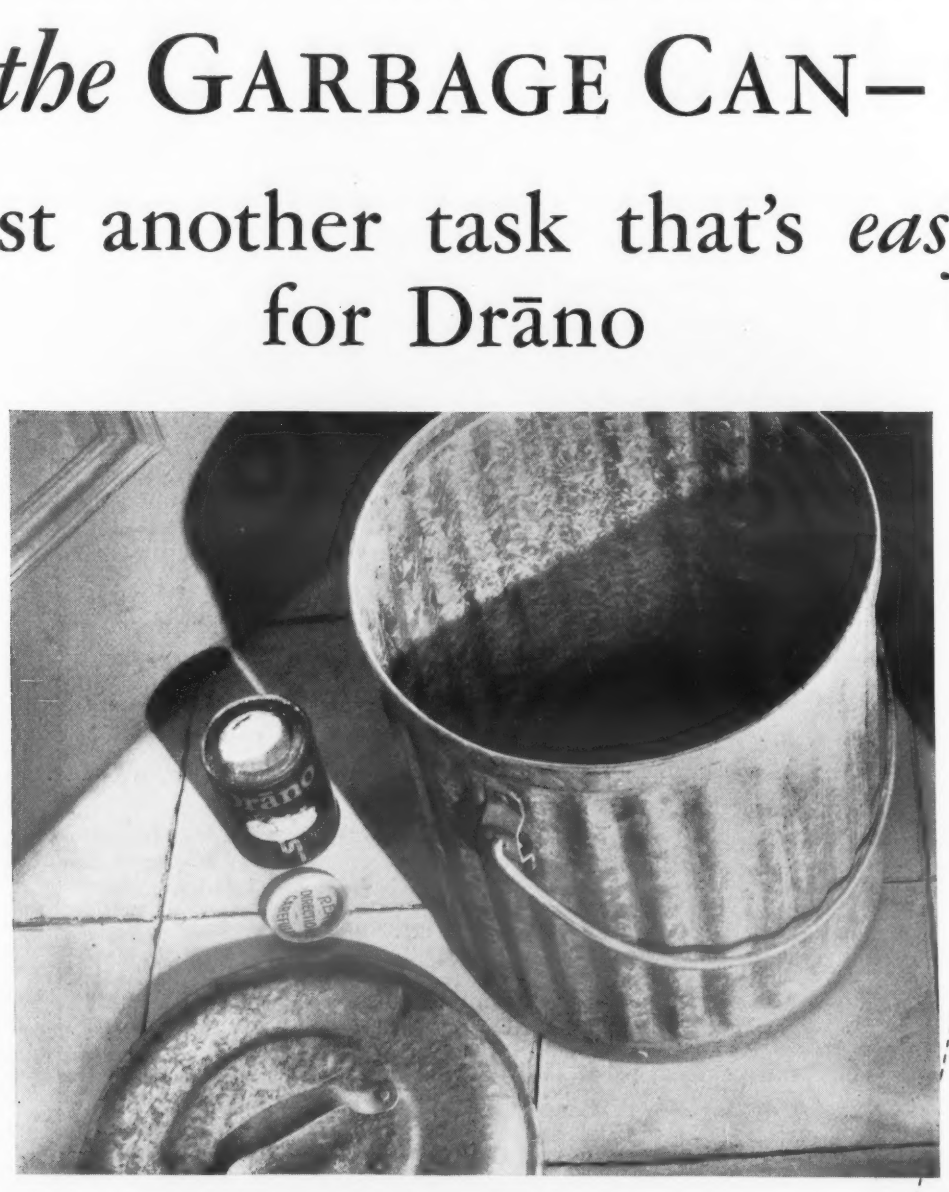
INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Won't you write for a "Portfolio of Silverware Patterns"? . . . it shows the many sets and pieces in Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate . . 26-piece sets for as little as $13.50. (Prices slightly higher in Canada.) We'll gladly send you a copy, free. Write to Wm. Rogers & Son, Dept. L. 5, Meriden, Conn.

Below is the TWICE-AS-MUCH-SILVER *Set*—$34.50

To *Clean and Deodorize the* GARBAGE CAN—

just another task that's *easy* for Drāno



HOW *did* women keep garbage cans sanitary and odorless before Drāno brought modern cleaning methods into the home?

It must have been a messy, disagreeable task—

But now, of course, with Drāno—it's almost as easy as filling the tea-kettle.

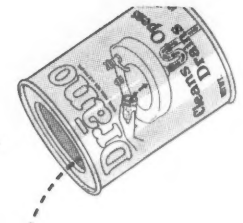
Drāno *is the labor-less way*

Drāno, you know, quickly dissolves all accumulations of grease and fat, animal and vegetable matter, wherever it may find them.

That's why it not only scours, but also purifies and deodorizes garbage cans. That's why it cleans and opens clogged-up drains, keeps them free-flowing. That's why it removes every vestige of baked-on food from casseroles. That's why it opens the grease-clogged burners of the gas range. That's why it melts away the sticky, brown drippings from the broiler-pan.

For the complete story

You'll want a copy of this new booklet, "17 Easy Drāno Ways of Cleaning." Just tell us where to send it. And while you're waiting for it, suppose you try the directions printed here for cleaning your garbage can. Your dealer has Drāno. The Drackett Chemical Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



CLIP THESE DIRECTIONS...
keep them with your recipes

To clean and deodorize Garbage Cans

1. Scrape or clean out loose garbage from sides and bottom of can
2. Put in 1 or 2 inches of water
3. Put in about ¼ can of Drāno
4. Rub sides of can with old brush or rag tied to the end of a stick
5. Let stand 20 minutes or ½ hour
6. Pour off Drāno solution down sewer
7. Rinse can with clear water
8. Let dry in sun

CAUTION—Drāno dissolves animal and vegetable fibre—keep away from hands, face and clothing.

DO YOU KNOW that porcelain, tile and enamel can be kept shining, always beautiful with Dawn? It dissolves as it cleans, therefore cannot scratch. Your dealer has it.

Drāno

Cleans and Opens Drains

...keeps them free-flowing

25¢ *a can*

Slightly higher in Rocky Mt. States

35¢ *in Canada*

(Continued from Page 112)

"Oh, I don't know." She came and sat beside him. "It might have looked that way, son, to your father."

Osgood was astonished out of his own concerns. "Didn't you love him?" he demanded. "Don't you miss him?"

She considered for a long moment. "Well, I was kind of used to him," she decided. "I didn't mind his ways so much. But when he went, and I found out what it was to have enough to live on, and not to have to account to anybody or to keep anybody soothed and flattered for the sake of peace—well, there's no pretending that I've mourned him, son."

He turned away from her in utter desolation. "And so all that women want of us is money," he muttered. "Lie and pretend while they need it—throw us over as soon as they are independent. It's a pretty world!"

Her kind hand patted him to mitigate her words. "You've asked to be lied to, Oddy. If you raise Cain when you're crossed, you won't often be crossed—that's the *a b c* of it. When Alice has had her fling and got used to her money, she'll come back to it—agreeing with you and admiring you to keep you in a good humor—unless she's got more spunk than most women."

He jerked away from her hand. "I suppose you call that being modern."

"More like being honest," she said tranquilly. "But perhaps it's the same thing. Men like you and your father ——"

He glared at her through the darkness. "Oh, good lord—if you think I am like my father, then there is no use trying to talk!"

SHE let a healing silence pass. Then she told him that he was like his grandfather, and dwelt on the old man's power and his charm and his good looks, told how important he was and how beloved until she had Osgood listening with a contented interest. For a soothed and happy half hour he had almost forgotten his sufferings. When she lit the light to pour his medicine, he looked up fondly into her face, meaning to give her some reward in loving speech, but a faint quirk there checked and startled him. It was not exactly a smile; more like an amused twist, a secret, half-bitter joke—the dim reflection of what had been driving him mad in Alice's face ever since the accursed money happened. It was gone when she looked up, and perhaps he had imagined it, but his content was wiped out. He took the medicine and pretended sleep that he might hide and wonder and suffer unwatched. His mother too! What the devil were they all laughing at?

IN THE morning Osgood awoke late. The room was empty, and a Sunday quiet lay on the town. His bodily sickness had abated, but he was weak and lonely and lost, naked in a buffeting world. Things that his mother had said stuck like burs; they would stick forever to ruin his high moments, his best hours. "As the wife of my nephew ——" That was what Aunt Georgia had meant too. And Aunt Miriam, with her, "I think I understand it, dear!" Everybody had it in for him. He ought to have died.

"If I could only go away!" burst from him on a groan.

"Oddy!" Alice was bending over him, so touched that even her secret laugh was wiped out. "It is too hard on you, too sudden," she cried confusedly, her arms about him. "We will go away—we'll take a lovely trip together! And then we can come back and have a family—darling, do you realize that? A little son that looks just like you! And a little girl who will adore you and think you are the most wonderful daddy in the world—oh, won't it be fun?"

He recognized dimly that he was being appeased, admired—never again could he relax completely under soothing; and yet he was too starved for it to refuse. He clung to her.

"I'm not altogether a bad sort?" he stammered. "You do still care for me, Alice?" And then, fearing that he was asking to be admired, he tried to smile at himself. It was a wavering, crooked line of pain, but for all that a smile.

New Dahlias You Can Grow

(Continued from Page 21)

should be open and sunny. A partial shade during the hottest part of the day will help retain the color for a longer period. A situation that is somewhat sheltered by larger trees, or even buildings, far enough away so that the free circulation of air will not be interfered with, is very beneficial, as the danger from high winds that usually prevail, when the dahlias are at their best, will be somewhat lessened.

Dahlias should never be planted under, or very near, large trees. Too near the trees means too much shade, and the soil near large trees is too poor and dry for their successful growth. An ideal place in the garden is one with an open situation to the morning sun, slight shade at noontime, and full sunshine from three o'clock in the afternoon until sunset. Air aids in the cultivation of most plants, but is most essential for the dahlia, and so a site that has a free circulation of air at all times should be chosen.

Dahlias may be successfully grown in various soils, but a good rich garden loam, rich in humus, is the best, as then the gardener can obtain good results with less care. Generally speaking, a garden soil that annually produces good crops of vegetables or annual flowers will be perfectly satisfactory for the dahlia. If the right kind of soil is not present, much can be done to improve the soil by cultivation, but the mechanical improvement of the soil by draining, trenching, and the like, does not come under the scope of this article. It is sufficient to say that many have succeeded in growing splendid flowers on very inferior soils by intelligent cultivation and use of manures.

The dahlia is primarily a fall flower. It is at its best throughout August, September and October until frost. Since it makes its maximum growth after the cool nights of late August set in, it is not necessary to plant very early. Many people who get the annual spring fever of gardening when the days of April come, get their dahlia tubers out of the cellar and immediately plant them. These dahlias grow all right, but they reach their maximum growth in July, and it is too hot then for the flowers to be at their best. Plants become hard, and you have large bushes and few, or at best small, flowers. Now, by planting later, the plants are small through the hottest part of the summer and they reach their maximum growth with plenty of young, vigorous shoots, which produce larger and better flowers in September when the nights are cool. The colors are better and they last longer. About the fifteenth of May is soon enough for the first dahlias to be planted, and some should be planted as late as the fifteenth of June.

In the cultivation of the dahlia there are two kinds of stock that may be used, and either can give good results. One is the planting of dormant tubers and the other of green growing plants. In preparing the tubers for planting the parent clump of tubers should always be divided. These tubers should be cut off carefully with a sharp knife, and should be cut only after the eyes are visible, for it is from these eyes that the new plant will come. The eyes are on what is known as the

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crown—that is, the portion that is attached to the old stem—and in order to save this crown intact with its eyes it is necessary to leave a portion of the old stem. The whole clump should never be planted, as only a bunch of foliage will result. One tuber with a good live eye will always give the best results.

Plants are made by starting these tubers into growth and then taking off the young shoots, or slips, rooting them in sand, and later potting them up. For the best results, of course, one needs a greenhouse for this, but it is a good way of increasing the stock of new and valuable varieties.

With most varieties of dahlias it is necessary to use stakes, and the best stake is one made out of inch-square cypress. These should be from six feet to seven feet in length. The soil, which has been well prepared and leveled, should now be marked off and the stakes set. If one is only going to plant one row of dahlias through the center of the plot, plantings may be as close as two feet apart, but if one is going to plant a bed or a square piece of ground with them, then the stakes should be set from three feet to four feet apart. After the stakes are set, we are now ready for the actual planting. If you are planting tubers, they should be buried at least six inches deep in light soils, and about four inches deep in heavy clayey soils. The tubers should always be laid on their sides, with the eye close to the stake and the eye looking up. If your tubers have already started into growth, and the growth is more than an inch in length and blanched from being in the cellar, remove this shoot carefully by cutting, and another eye will develop a shoot, which will make a better plant.

In planting the green pot plants much the same procedure takes place. They should be planted close to the stake and the ball of earth placed about four inches below the surface. If the plant is very small the hole need not be entirely filled up at first, but will be gradually filled up with cultivation. A too deep covering of the young plants is to be avoided, as the young roots are too far from the air. If the ground is very dry, both plants and tubers should be well watered at time of planting, as this settles the soil and prevents open air spaces in it. From now on the principal thing is cultivation and watering. The ground should never be allowed to become hard, but the surface should always be kept in a fine tilth. Water should be applied whenever necessary, and an overhead spraying of the plants will be very beneficial in the evening after a hot day. Only one shoot should be allowed to grow from each tuber, and of course in the case of plants we have only one to start with. The plants as they grow should be kept tied to the stake securely, but the main stem should always have room for expansion. By the end of the season it will be several inches in diameter. All buds should be removed until about the first of August. This is called disbudding, and in removing the unwanted flower buds the two pairs of shoots immediately below the buds should also be taken off, as this allows the lower buds to develop, which produces longer-stemmed flowers and keeps the plants from getting top-heavy.

Storing Roots

AFTER the first of August every bud at the point of the shoot may be allowed to develop, but all the side buds should be removed. This will throw all the strength into the center buds and result in finer flowers. If the soil is not very fertile, a good application of bone meal should be applied as a top dressing and scratched in, as soon as the plants show buds. In cutting the flowers for decorative purposes, they should always be cut with long stems. This tends to keep the plant in shape and the thinning out of these stems allows the later ones to develop better. It also improves the appearance of the plant.

After the plants have become blackened by frost, they should be cut over and the roots carefully dug. This is best done with a spading fork. The roots should never be pulled up, but always lifted with the fork, for the roots are easily strained, and if cracked or broken at the neck will be useless the following year. The clump of roots should be thoroughly dried in the sun and air before being put in the cellar, and a few hours in the open will usually be enough. Any good cellar that will keep potatoes or other vegetables will be found to be suitable for winter storage. The roots may be placed in boxes or barrels, but if the cellar is too warm should be covered over with papers or bags to prevent undue drying out.

Choosing Varieties

IN MAKING a selection of varieties to grow we have thousands to choose from, and there are several different types. There is the decorative with large, somewhat flat flowers; the cactus with fine petals, both straight and incurved; the hybrid cactus which is a hybrid between the cactus and decorative; the peony which has an open center, with some curled petals round the disk; the single which has only one row of petals. We have also singles that are dwarf, called the mignon, which is splendid for cutting; the old-fashioned kind, called show or ball-shaped; and last but not least, the miniature, or pompon. These little pompons are in all colors, are splendid as border plants and make delightful bouquets. A bowl of them is always welcome in any room.

In the list below, all are standard varieties, the best in their respective classes, comparatively easy to grow and equally good in the garden or for cutting.

DECORATIVE

ELITE GLORY, a very large red.
ELINOR VANDERVEER, a large, satiny rose-pink.
JERSEY'S BEACON, scarlet with a buff reverse.
JERSEY'S BEAUTY, a beautiful pink and a universal favorite.
JERSEY'S SOVEREIGN, salmon-orange in color, medium-sized flowers.
JUDGE MAREAN, a glowing salmon-pink.
MARGARET WOODROW WILSON, very large, pale pink.
MARGARET MASSON, large, silvery-rose pink.
MRS. I. DE VER WARNER, large, mauve in color; one of the best.
TRENTONIAN, a blending of old gold, amber and copper-bronze.
WORLD'S BEST WHITE, one of the best whites.

CACTUS

AMBASSADOR, the largest and finest of all, soft yellow-shaded salmon-pink.
AMBERLOW, bright yellow shading to orange.
F. W. FELLOWES, long, narrow, orange-colored petals.
PIERROT, deep amber sometimes tipped with white.

HYBRID CACTUS

EL GRANADA, a vivid orange.
EMMA MARIE, a bright pink.
FRANCIS LOBDELL, soft pink and white, a dwarf and sturdy grower.
JERSEY'S RADIANT, a splendid, rich orange.
SISKIYOU, one of the very largest, mauve in color.

PEONY TYPES

PEARL RUGGLES, carmine-rose suffused with pink.
ROSALIE STYLES, a beautiful pink.
RUTH C. DENNISON, vermilion or burgundy.
YELLOW JEWEL, a fine yellow.

SHOW OR BALL-SHAPED

A. D. LIVONI, the best pink.
GOLD MEDAL, yellow and tipped with red.

SINGLE TYPES

COLTNES GEM, bright red, dwarf and a good border plant.
CARDINAL CENTURY, large, bright cerise.
NEWPORT ANGEL, a beautiful new white.
NEWPORT WONDER, apple-blossom pink.
SUNSET GLOW, a fine clear yellow.

POMPON

AIMEE, very small, bronze.
ATOM, orange-scarlet.
BOB, dull red.
BRONZE BEAUTY, golden-apricot.
DAINTY, white shading to pink.
JOE FETTE, the best white.

Insist on this Package

Different from any Oats you have ever tasted

You will never know the delicious difference between Genuine 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES, distinguished by the Big Red 3 on the package, and ordinary oats, until you have actually tried it in your own home. Set a steaming bowl before each member of your family and let them tell you.

Vitamized
by Natural Process

Mother Nature in her infinite wisdom pours into sun-ripened oats more of the important growth-producing elements than into any other grain; and these, with the natural Vitamins, protein, carbohydrates and minerals, are preserved by the 3-MINUTE process—nothing is added and nothing is taken away. In 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES (*the package with the Big Red 3*) you will find these elements in just the proportions that Nature intended—unaltered by man.

Fireless Cooked—at the Mill—for 12 Hours

Selected whole white oats still in their hulls are *Fireless Cooked—at the Mill—for 12 Hours*—in their own moisture, in big, tight cookers that retain and perfectly blend all of the goodness of the grain, and bring out to the fullest extent a wonderful, new, nut-like flavor found in no other oats.

All of the flouriness that cooks into a soggy, glutinous mass is eliminated; so that 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES (*the package with the Big Red 3*) looks delightfully light, flaky and appetizing in the dish. This appetizing appearance and delicious flavor combine to make it the favorite of children and adults too.

Cooks Perfectly in Exactly 3 Minutes

This long cooking at the mill, besides bringing out all of the delicious flavor of the grain, partially dextrinizes the starches to a point where the thorough cooking is completed on your stove in exactly 3 MINUTES—no more—no less.

Regular Package, 10¢ Family Size, 25¢
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We want you to actually try 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES (*the package with the Big Red 3*), in your own home. Fill out the coupon, mail it now and we will send you a free trial package and our interesting booklet.

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Gentlemen: I want to try 3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES—please send me a Free Trial Package and your new booklet.

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Mother . . . Accept This Outfit

Build Up Your Child This Summer

FREE—*50c Shaker*
with 3-Day Trial Package
NOTE COUPON

Add a Pound a Week in Weight—Correct Nervousness Appreciably—An Utterly New-Type Food-Drink From Switzerland That Increases Weight a Pound or More a Week and Curbs Nervousness Remarkably—Use Coupon for 3-Day Supply and Free Shaker

YOU have probably heard people talk about Ovaltine; but may never have tried it for your children. The offer below is made to induce you to try it. New to America, 20,000 doctors are advising it.

The discovery of Swiss Science—world-leader in child health—it is credited with many remarkable results. So remarkable that its use has spread over 54 different nations.

It may make your child over this Summer—or it may not—one can never tell. But, in light of its effects on other children—it deserves a trial.

What Ovaltine Is

Ovaltine is a food-drink UTTERLY DIFFERENT from any other known. A scientific food concentrate not remotely to be confused with "Chocolate" and "Malt" drinks common in this country.

Developed 37 years ago by a famous Swiss Scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, practically every single vital food element necessary to life.

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such easily digested form that a child's system will absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

How It Acts

Some of those elements in Ovaltine build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight. Others develop nerve poise; for, as weight increases nervousness perceptibly decreases.

Other elements (such as iron, lime and phosphorus) foster richer blood. And thus combat conditions of anemia. All are supplied in scientific ratio to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often so astonishing.*

Digests Starches

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but greatly increases the effectiveness of *all* starch food your child eats. Such as oatmeals, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprise over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store. Or send coupon for 3-day supply and *free* shaker. Note the difference in your child's weight; in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what this creation means to you and yours. Give at breakfast, always. Give at meals and between meals to increase the effectiveness of ordinary diet. Delicious as a cold "shake-up" drink. Results will surprise you.

*NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. They take it hot at night, too, to insure restful sleep. During the Great War, it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations.*

"We Tried it From Curiosity"

MY 7½ year old daughter was about 12 pounds underweight. Oil "tablets" and the various brands of "malteds" were tried without success. Then chiefly from curiosity we tried the food-drink Ovaltine. We mixed it with milk—she drank it down eagerly and asked for more. She has gained 3 pounds already and is taking 4 glasses of Ovaltine a day—which means a full quart of milk, too.—A. J. Rosenstein, 137 Third Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. H-21
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine and *free* Shaker. (Offer not applicable to Canada)

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Name.....
(Please print name and address clearly)

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The Swiss Food-Drink

All LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Recipes Call *for* Level Measurements Using Standard Measuring Cups *and* Spoons

The Practical Homemaker

A Department of Cookery and Household Economies

Conducted by MILLICENT YACKEY

All Recipes Printed Here Have Been Successfully Made *in* Our Own Home Demonstration *and* Testing Kitchen

Scoring Your Own Marketing Information

By RUTH L. PARRISH

IN SPITE of the fact that nearly every food advertisement and many of the editorial articles in our women's magazines give marketing information, home-makers find it difficult to keep up with the new food products appearing on the market, and with the old ones appearing in new forms. Many women feel that the job of household marketing has taken on the earmarks of a professional purchasing agent's duties, without the same preparation for it or adequate time to devote to it. When the matter of food marketing comes up, homemakers usually realize they are not at all up-to-date on the question of how to buy what is really available.

One of the easiest ways to find out what one does not know on any subject is to take an examination in it. This is especially true if the examination is one of the modern kind that provides the correct answers to the questions. The way these new examinations are given puts them somewhat in the form of a game which you can play alone or with any number of people.

Here is one to help busy homemakers bring themselves up-to-date on some of the newer and more interesting marketing information that has appeared on our pages recently. You will find after playing this game yourself that some questions chosen from it will make an excellent form of entertainment for a group of your friends.

The statements below are called true-false statements, because their meaning is either true or false. The idea is to mark the true ones true and the false ones false. If one is not wholly true, it is false. For marking them, use *T* for true and *F* for false, or use + for true and — for false. Put your marks in the margin to the left of each statement. After all have been marked, turn to the answers on page 148 and compare them with your own. Make a check mark on all your errors to the left of the + or — mark. Add the number of errors and subtract from 129, the total number of statements in the first group.

Group A

1. Brussels sprouts are imported from Belgium.
2. "Maine style" canned corn is corn packed with the milky cob scrapings.
3. Mushrooms are always canned in salted water.
4. Today the term "water ground" in reference to corn meal designates the use of the whole grain, germ and all.
5. "Full cream" cheese is made from cream.
6. Cocoa is made from chocolate after about half of its butter has been extracted.
7. Tarragon vinegar is ordinary vinegar flavored with tarragon, an aromatic herb.
8. The largest and blackest truffles are the best.
9. Oregon prunes are sweeter than California prunes.
10. "Thread" and "shred" coconut are the same thing.
11. There are twelve sizes of green olives.
12. There are three types of baking powder on the market.
13. All the baking powders are safe to use.
14. These three types of baking powder differ in their leavening power.
15. Baking powder does not deteriorate on standing, therefore the housewife should buy a large supply at a time.
16. The parchment paper which lines cans for lobster, shrimp, crab and fish flakes is only to improve the appearance of the pack.
17. The best caviar is made from sturgeon caught in the Caspian Sea.
18. Hawaiian pineapple is canned in the United States.
19. A Number 2½ can of pineapple contains eight slices.
20. All evaporated milk on the market contains 9 per cent butter fat.
21. The red cherries found in canned fruits for salad are prepared from white cherries and are artificially colored.
22. Condensed milk contains a little more than 40 per cent sugar.
23. A beef heart weighing four and a half pounds will furnish two inexpensive meals for a family of six.
24. The best beef fat sold in the retail shop is kidney suet.
25. The fell is a reddish skin which is left on lamb to protect it during marketing.
26. Neck of lamb is very inexpensive and furnishes good steak or stew.
27. A pound of bulk sausage will make six to eight small patties.
28. Milk-fed chickens have light-colored flesh with fat distributed through the muscle tissue.
29. Milk-fed chickens are less tender than a chicken with a heavy layer of fat directly under the skin.
30. "Homemade" always means quality when it refers to sausage.
31. Nearly every well-advertised brand of meat product is packed under Federal inspection.
32. Bananas are improved in flavor if allowed to ripen on the tree.
33. Bananas should be kept at a moderate room temperature—never in the refrigerator.
34. There are only two grades of canned salmon on the market.
35. Sliced canned peaches are usually cheaper than canned perfect halves.
36. Canned cherries and pears of fancy grade are packed in heavier sirup than peaches and apricots of the same grade.
37. It is more economical to purchase a seldom-used spice in small packages.
38. Frozen fish are as nutritious and wholesome as fresh fish.
39. Fish which have been frozen should be bought in the frozen state and then thawed in the home refrigerator or in a cool place.
40. All chickens for the market should be drawn when killed.
41. Because the consumer demands fresh fish out of season, the dealer may thaw out frozen fish of the variety called for and sell them as fresh fish.
42. The practice described above is illegal.
43. The consumer should demand frozen fish frozen, and thus get good fish.
44. How to tell good fish is quite difficult for the inexperienced person. She should therefore choose a reliable dealer and let him help her in her selection of fish.
45. The name "vinegar" used alone may apply to any product with a vinegar flavor.
46. The Temple orange is a cross between an orange and a tangerine.
47. The stems of asparagus should never be allowed to stand in the water.
48. The Japanese persimmon, unlike the native variety, may be eaten while quite hard.
49. Short, thick, green cucumbers are best for salad.
50. A frozen fish may be a very good fish.
51. Little Neck and Cherrystone clams may take the place of oysters in cocktails or on the half shell when oysters are out of season.
52. Brown sugar is made from either sugar cane or sugar beets.
53. Both liquid and paste food colorings are perfectly harmless.
54. The following are all good salad plants which may be eaten raw: Cabbage, chicory, cress, dandelion, endive, escarole, romaine, tender spinach, tender mustard.
55. The waste in good tomatoes runs as low as 5 per cent.
56. The dealer is not always able to cut the exact weight of meat you ask for, and it is thus better to buy meat according to the number to be served.
57. Chuck and neck are satisfactory and economical cuts for chopped meat.
58. One should encourage the dealer to sell his frozen fish frozen.
59. Paste rather than liquid colorings are better to use for such foods as frostings and candies.
60. A four-pound rump pot roast will carve to good advantage and furnish two meals for the average family of six.
61. Leaves of kale are coarse and darker green than those of cabbage and they do not form a head.
62. The best potatoes for general use are large ones with deep-set eyes.
63. The edible portion of large potatoes costs less per pound than that of small potatoes.
64. Half of the weight of unshelled fresh peas is inedible.

An excellent form of entertainment for your friends.

(Continued on Page 145)

Do You Understand the "Why's" of Canning?

By GERTRUDE SUNDERLIN

DO THE things you can always keep? And if not, why not? "Why" is the most natural question in human experience. If you need any proof, just listen to the conversation of the next three-year-old you meet. In the meantime, here are some of the "why's" of canning. If you have no canning difficulties, maybe you have a natural curiosity to know the reasons for the directions you so carefully follow. If you do have canning problems, maybe some of these answers to "why" will help you to solve them.

Let us start with the "why" of a perfect seal. That may be putting the cart before the horse, but it is a good place to begin, because the explanation is so easily given and so easily understood that it cannot help being interesting. A perfect seal is a guarantee that no bacteria can get into the jar, after it is sealed, to eat the food for its own use, leaving it spoiled for ours. Through how small an opening do you suppose bacteria can enter a jar between rubber and lid? Or how big a pin hole in a tin can it squeeze through? The space in either case need not be very big, for some bacteria are so tiny that if placed end to end it would take 125,000 of them to make an inch. When we study them under a microscope we often magnify them one thousand times, and even then they are merely small dots. A whole globe of fifty million bacteria will be only the size of a drop of water. With this conception of their infinitesimal size, you can see why it is so necessary to get a perfectly tight seal if you expect your products to remain in the condition in which they are canned.

To assure this, use good jars with new rubbers and good caps with edges unbent or unbroken from being pried loose. Then, the minute the jars come from the processing bath, fasten the lids as tightly as possible. If you are using new mason caps, you can easily test them to see if you have secured a perfect seal by noticing whether the top of the can is drawn in by suction. Before using the caps they are bulged part way up, but they will curve downward when in use if you get a perfect seal. Of course, there is also the test of inverting the jars to make sure there is no sign of leakage that cannot be stopped by tightening the lid. If there is, you can be pretty sure the food won't keep.

Use Only Fresh, Clean Products

THESE precautions will keep bacteria out of the jars, but we also have to get rid of those that are already present in the food and equipment. Perfect sterilization accomplishes this, but it is not so easily acquired, because we do not want to heat the foods long enough to spoil their appearance, texture or flavor, and yet we depend on long heating or high temperature, or both, to kill bacteria. In canning fruits sterilization is not so difficult, especially if we use the hot-water-bath method, because the fruit acids themselves help to kill the bacteria present and to keep the spores, which are undeveloped bacteria, from growing. The spores are especially troublesome, for they sometimes live right through the heating or cooking process and develop later with the same bad effect. Certain varieties can live through many hours of boiling, but these extremely long-lived ones aren't the kind that live in the foods we are likely to be canning at home. Those usually present are resistant enough, however, to make getting rid of them the real problem of canning.

To start with, let us not put any more bacteria into the jars than we can help, so that there will be as few as possible to kill. All do not die off at once, but only a few at a time, so the more we have to begin with the longer it takes to kill them. Here is the place where having freshly gathered, sound products plays an important part.

In order to find out about the best ways to can vegetables and meats and how long they have to be boiled when using the hot-water bath, we canned more than 3000 pints by this method at Iowa State College. The first summer we tried to find out just how important using fresh vegetables was. We had the gardener gather enough for several days' canning, and then we canned some the same day and the remainder after one, two, three and five days' storage. We found that the vegetables canned soon after gathering kept much better than those left for a day or longer. For instance, with the tomatoes canned the day they were gathered, all those processed for twenty minutes or longer in the boiling-water bath kept, but those that had stood for two days before canning and had spoiling spots which had to be cut away required almost twice as long for processing in order to kill the bacteria. We found that other vegetables also kept much better when canned fresh.

Some people think vegetables gathered the day before they are used are fresh, but they aren't so far as canning is concerned, because the bacteria have had a chance to multiply for twenty-four hours—and when they do, they multiply very rapidly, doubling in number every twenty minutes. It is to get rid of these bacteria that you should do an extra-good job when you are washing vegetables for canning, as dirt is a mass of bacteria. Someone tried adding a spoonful of dirt to cans of spinach before the processing, to test the effect of unwashed vegetables, and found that there was much greater spoilage in the jars to which the dirt was added than in those of the same spinach to which no dirt was added. Of course we do not add dirt to our jars of canned vegetables, but do we always wash all of it from the vegetables used? And do we always use jars and covers that have been thoroughly washed?

The Packing is Important

WHEN the product is cleaned and ready to pack, the next question is how to get the jars to the desired temperature for processing in the shortest time possible. In using such narrow vegetables as beans and asparagus, where the liquid can flow easily around each piece, the heat penetrates the center of the jar at a fairly rapid rate, requiring very little more time for the cold-pack than the hot-pack method. This is not true, however, with products like sweet corn or greens, where there is not room for the liquid to flow freely about the vegetables. If, in such cases, they are packed with cold instead of hot water, it takes nearly an hour longer for the center vegetables to reach the temperature of the water surrounding the jars. This may be why there are some people who prefer using the hot-pack rather than the cold-pack method. Our beans and asparagus, however, packed hot did not keep any better than those packed cold, but the same is not true of corn or of greens, for either of which it proves best not only to have a very hot pack but also a loose one.

The results of experiments in commercial canneries have shown that merely an extra two ounces of spinach in a twenty-ounce can will make a difference in the keeping qualities in favor of the looser pack and more water. It is thus not economical to cram the jars as full of corn or greens as you can, and it does pay to can some water with the vegetables to help carry the heat to the center of the jars more quickly. The latest directions from the United States Department of Agriculture at Washington for the canning of sweet corn advise using half as much water as corn by weight and packing the mixture boiling hot to get the desired temperature most quickly.

As for the keeping qualities, we found them the same when the vegetables were scalded and the water discarded as when the same water in which they were precooked was used to fill the jars, and the vegetables in neither case were cold-dipped, with the exception of tomatoes, since Government research workers have found that the cold dip doesn't do any of the things we have been claiming for it except to make more firm those fruits or vegetables, such as peaches and tomatoes, which are to be peeled after scalding.

Now that we have the vegetables cleaned well and properly packed, we shall consider the problems of killing the bacteria. In using the pressure cooker, remember that you do not get the high temperatures you need to kill the bacteria unless the pet cock is left open for seven minutes after the first appearance of steam. Otherwise, the air is not completely out before closing the valve and the temperature you think you are getting is not so high as registered by the pressure gauge, for it is the air that was left in, and not the steam, that is pushing the gauge up. And so you can readily see that unless the pressure cooker is correctly operated, you will not get the increased temperature necessary to kill the bacteria and to shorten the time of cooking.

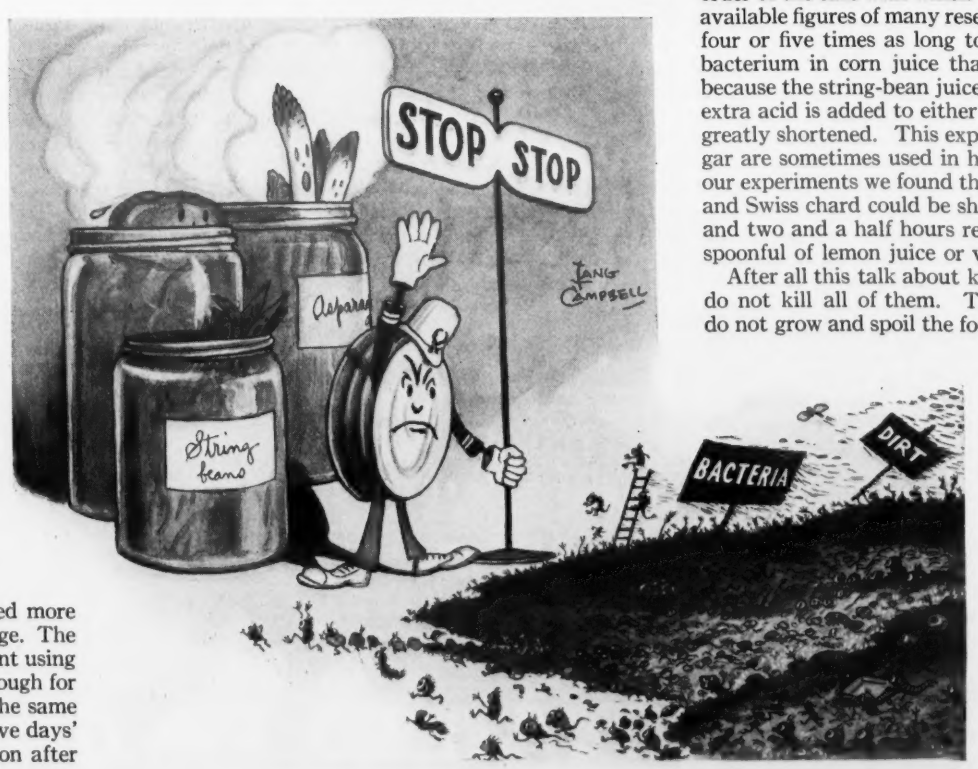
If, however, you are using the boiling-water bath for canning your products, there are other pointers that will be helpful. First, the water must actually be boiling, that is, a "jumping boil," and timing should not be started until this point is reached. Then, when once the boiling has started, keep it up or the bath water will enter the jar. It also enters the jar if the covers are not put on properly. They should be screwed as tightly as possible, then unscrewed for half an inch of the turn. This we proved by putting bluing in the water in the boiler and clear water in the jars. That in the jars soon became blue when these precautions were neglected.

Select the Storage Space With Care

AS FOR the amount of water for the hot-water bath, there should be enough to cover the tops of the jars for several inches in order to have them get hot throughout much more quickly. Another thing that will shorten the time of heating the jars throughout is a tight-fitting cover for the water bath.

Though we depend upon the heat of our canning processes to kill the bacteria, the time is greatly shortened by the natural acidity of some fruits and vegetables. Most of the fruits, as well as tomatoes and beans, have much more acid than spinach, asparagus, peas and corn, which suggests the order of the ease with which these products are canned. The available figures of many research workers show that it takes four or five times as long to kill a resistant spore-forming bacterium in corn juice than it does in string-bean juice, because the string-bean juice is more acid. Consequently, if extra acid is added to either of these vegetables, the time is greatly shortened. This explains why lemon juice and vinegar are sometimes used in home canning of vegetables. In our experiments we found that the time for processing beans and Swiss chard could be shortened to one and a half hours and two and a half hours respectively for one pint if a teaspoonful of lemon juice or vinegar was added to each pint.

After all this talk about killing the bacteria, as a rule you do not kill all of them. The spores of undeveloped ones do not grow and spoil the food, however, unless it is stored in an unusually warm place. With one series of canned beans we used four storage temperatures — basement, room, incubator at body temperature, and incubator at 130° F. The beans stored at basement and room temperatures kept perfectly, but those at the higher temperatures nearly all spoiled, so store your home-canned goods on a pantry or cupboard shelf that is not too warm. Thus, you see, canning problems include not only the preparation and cooking itself, but the storage as well.



What's New?

Or, What the Up-to-Date Homemaker Wants to Know

ALONG with the refrigeration discoveries, there's a new wrinkle for securing a lower temperature if you have a box that needs daily icing. The idea is this: Instead of having the ice put in in one large piece, have it cut into pieces of three to ten pounds. This exposes a larger surface, which cools the same number of cubic feet of air in the ice chamber much more quickly and keeps it much colder than one large piece, the logic of which one can easily understand, even were there no scientific proof available.

Service plates that charm the eye with painted woodland scenes which are copies from paintings of the old masters, are among the latest accessories for households where dining is the customary form of entertaining as a social art. Many of these service plates are designed so that the beauty of their pattern is visible through the glass serving plates which may be used on them. A different design may be used for each course, as there are many appropriate ones from which to select.

With spring comes the time to store away the winter household woolens and clothing. To insure them against moths, there are several necessary precautions. The first of these, and probably the most important of all, is to have them spotlessly clean. The second is to store them in such a way that any moth larvæ which may have escaped the cleaning will be killed, and also to guard against flying moths crawling in and laying new eggs. It is these larvæ which hatch from the eggs that do the damage. For blankets and other washable materials, the cleaning is no more than the usual laundering, but for winter coats or other goods where soap and water cannot be used, a thorough brushing inside and out is necessary, paying special attention to the seams and pockets where the larvæ seem to cling. Beyond this, a sunning and thorough dry cleaning are the best moth preventives. After the materials are clean, there are several successful means of preventing moth damage. One way is to inclose them in heavy wrapping paper or in several layers of newspaper, with naphthalene flakes or paradichlorobenzine, which can be purchased at any drug store. One pound for every six to ten cubic feet of space should be used to be effective. For an average-size trunk a pound will be enough, if it closes tightly and has a well-fitting lid. Cedar chests, however, are much more certain than trunks if you are storing goods away in large quantities, as they are designed for this use and have no cracks or loose joints through which the odor of the cedar is lost. There are also the ready-to-use mothproof paper bags, the chief advantage of which is to keep the moths from getting at an already thoroughly clean article. Be sure in using them that there is no hole around the coat hanger.

A new type of folding banquet table for school or church use combines many practical features. First of all, they come in various sizes—either rectangular or round—so the best seating capacity for a given space may be had. Secondly, they can be stored in a small space, as they fold up to only three inches in thickness and a pile of twelve measures only three feet. Then, too, they may be set up by one person, as they can be swung into place on a roller that fits under one corner out of sight and when you unfold one leg the others automatically open into place. This may sound as if they are light and fragile, but they are well constructed to avoid squeaking or wabbling. They are not unfinished-looking either, as the hardwood legs are stained, but expense is curbed by having the tops unfinished. For any institutions which frequently seat large numbers there is no substitute for such equipment as this. *—Howe Automatic Folding.*

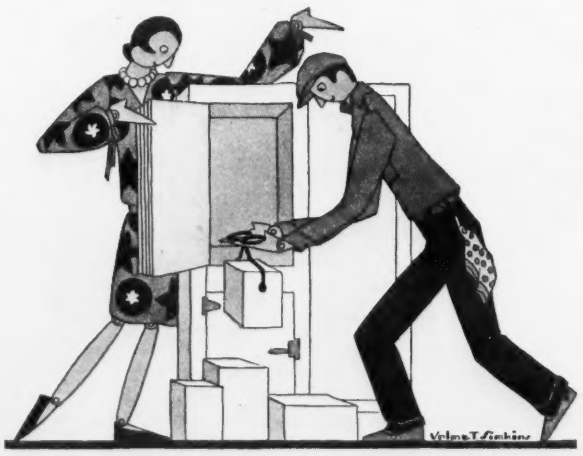
In cooking for church suppers, school banquets, community teas, and so on, the question always arises as to what is easiest to prepare in large quantities and just where to go to get really good recipes. Requests for large-quantity recipes have been so heavy that many booklets have been especially designed for this purpose and we will be glad to give you a list of them.

New Federal legislation now demands that the labels on all manufactured food products containing fruit flavor must definitely state whether these are natural fruit or imitation flavors. For instance, when fresh fruit itself is used for flavoring, the label reading "Strawberry" is all right; otherwise, the label should read "Imitation Strawberry Flavor." The consensus of opinion in the Department of Agriculture is that a picture of fresh fruit with its name on the label is also misleading and implies that the pure-fruit flavoring has been used. Let us go further than just knowing what legislation is doing to protect us as consumers and coöperate by reading carefully and intelligently the labels that appear on every package we buy, whether food or not, and thus make sure that we clearly understand just what each one does say.

Every woman has her own favorite recipes that she ordinarily follows, but she also likes to have at hand a condensed source of information where she can look up a reliable standard recipe for foods less commonly used. There are volumes and volumes of cookbooks, but the great question is which single one is of the greatest help. The experienced cook will have to decide this according to her own taste, but for the inexperienced homemaker we have an excellent suggestion. It is a card catalogue of recipes, filed under twenty popular divisions of food, such as beverages, breads, cakes, and so forth. Each division is marked with a blue card which lists the recipes it includes and space is allowed for new recipes to be added. Each recipe card lists the ingredients, the amounts, and the directions for combining and cooking them. These have been worked out for classroom usage in one of our largest universities and thus have been thoroughly tested. The concise description of general methods necessary in the preparation of all classes of foods, such as cakes, pastry, and the like, is an additional advantage, and the large printing adds to the usefulness of the whole file. *—Bell Recipe File.*

Who does not love the luxury of thick carpeting! This comfortable and pleasant effect can be gotten without having the rug itself too heavy to handle by using one of the new rug cushions. These not only help give a luxurious atmosphere but ease the wear on the rug itself. One variety of these cushions is made of mothproof vegetable fiber covered with another durable, more fibrous material that very effectively prevents the penetration of dust and keeps the cushion filling in a good sanitary condition, to say nothing of preserving its original resilient qualities. For rugs of standard size you can buy cushions to fit, making your choice of weight from the several thicknesses offered.
—Treadmore.

A small-size electric washer is a present-day vogue among homemakers who live in small houses or apartments, especially if there is a tiny tot in the family and daily washing is necessary. These washers are all light enough—weighing not more than twenty-five pounds—and small enough to be easily moved about and conveniently stored when not in use. But, withal, they are sufficiently large to hold a practical amount of either personal or family clothing, for eight men's shirts or two sheets and two pillowcases, or the equivalent of either, is the average capacity. Several of the styles are equipped with wringing or drying apparatus and an outlet for the used water as well, making them a very practical and complete washing unit.



You can save your hands as well as your dainty garments from needless rubbing by using a small hand vacuum washer for the delicate pieces that you yourself wash. The size of this little washer makes it very easy to use—the handle and all measuring only thirteen inches. The washer itself is an aluminum, funnel-shaped, double cup about four inches in diameter, which gives a double-vacuum action and added speed. You just plunge it into the sudsy water, then lift it up and down among the clothes, using one hand only. The washing takes but a few minutes and the washer, when not in use, will fit into almost any corner. It isn't unattractive at that, with its colored handle and a shiny metal cup.
—Handi-i-rac.

The vacation traveler or summer cottage dweller can scarcely do without a small electric pressing iron. One that fits into a leather case and has an accompanying steel stand on which it may be inverted to provide an emergency cup of tea or a little warm water is one of the most appropriate going-away gifts. Its weight of two and a half pounds adds little to one's baggage in comparison to the comfort it provides. *—Dover City.*

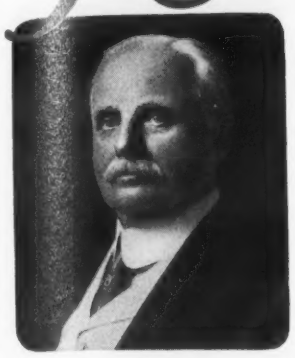
As all housekeepers know, soap comes in many forms, but you can't always get the one you want in the most convenient form for use. For instance, when you want a soap that has some of the characteristics of a dry cleaner in that it takes grease and dirt out of excessively soiled garments, you are annoyed at the time you have to spend in using bar soap. Were these soaps, however, made into chips, some of their effectiveness would be lost through evaporation. As it is, the ingredients in the bar are so balanced as to composition that a film forms over each fresh surface exposed by use to seal in the cleansing agent. You can, however, have all these advantages and an easily soluble product too, by using a soap grater made for this purpose. You merely rub the soap lightly over the cutting surface and it falls in thin loose shreds that quickly form suds.

A well-lighted mirror is indispensable for final touches which give a neat and well-groomed appearance to man or woman. Often one's room does not afford a bright corner for the dressing table, but an "electric mirror" will solve the problem. These are designed to throw a soft, indirect light upward at just the right angle to illuminate the face completely, which is accomplished by an electric bulb and reflectors inclosed back of the mirror. The light itself comes from an opening just below the glass. This new-style mirror is made in many attractive shapes, one of which is swung on a movable stand designed to rest on the dressing table. It is framed in silver-finished metal. Another kind, unframed, hangs on the wall and has a dainty cut design at the upper edge. Still another comes with the mirror and medicine cabinet in one. This may be hung in the bathroom, where a good mirror for shaving is necessary. *—Facealite.*

Chromium plate for flatware has become so popular that it has now been adopted for use in all sorts of electrical household equipment. Because of its ability to withstand stain and tarnish, it is especially practical for such equipment as waffle irons, toasters, pecolators, and the like. Its blue-silver sheen is easily recognizable and very attractive, and its strength and durability are characteristics which have brought service flatware into vogue for kitchen use.
—Universal.

Every season there are many homemakers who want to bring themselves up-to-date on the newer recipes and methods for canning and preserving a few home delicacies. Often they look for something unusual or for a simpler method for an old-time favorite. Frequently these recipes can be found in booklets available through state or Federal circulation, as well as through the manufacturers. You may have a list of those on file in our office if you so desire.

50 YEARS OF WOOLWORTH



brings increased buying power to the small coins of the world

FIFTY years ago Frank W. Woolworth opened his first store. He was a country boy from upstate New York, with three hundred dollars of borrowed capital and a new merchandising idea. That idea was destined to affect more millions of people more intimately than any other in the history of retail merchandising. Today the more than twenty-one hundred F. W. Woolworth Co five and ten cent stores span five countries in two hemispheres . . . and serve more than ten million customers daily.

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY SALES

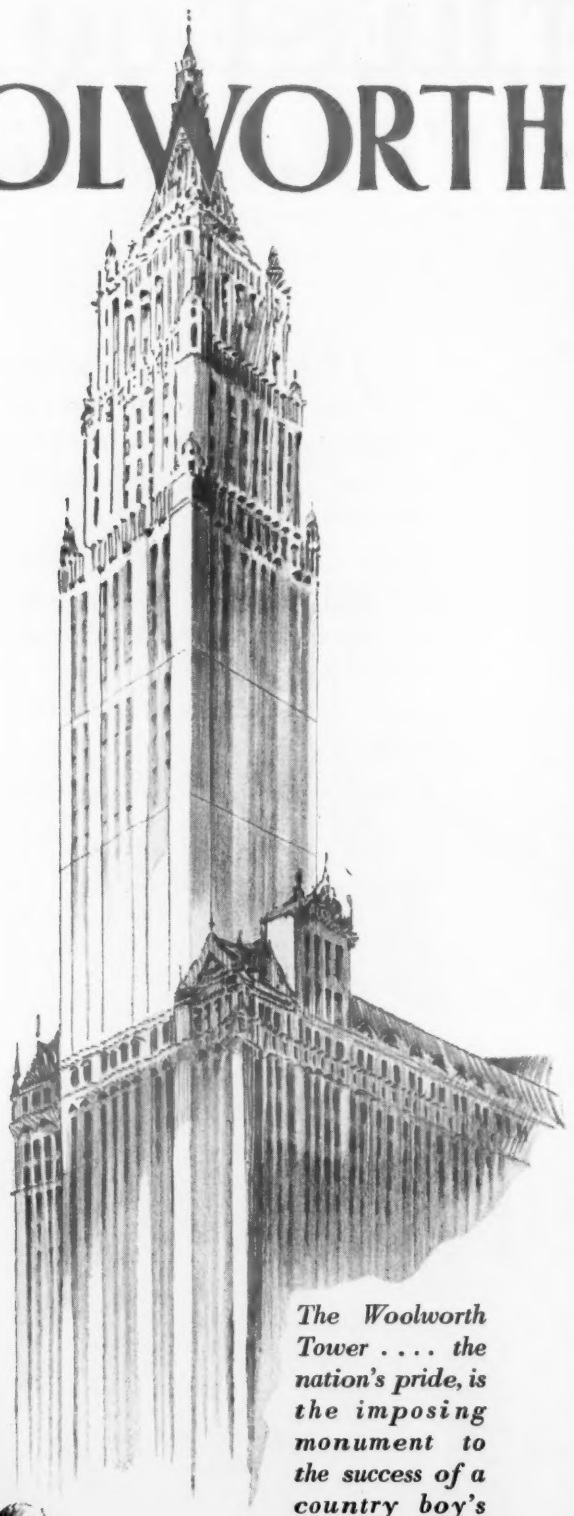
To Interest a Continent

EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY DURING MAY

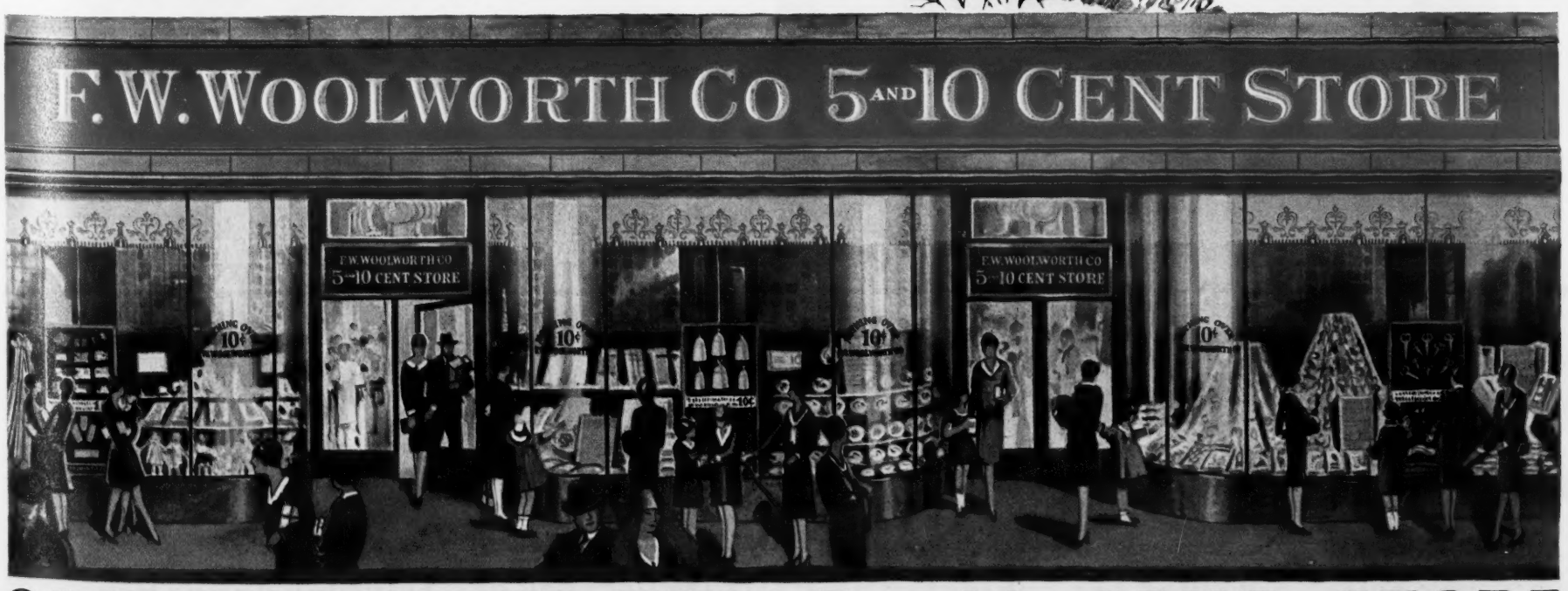
To give fitting emphasis to its 50th Anniversary the F. W. Woolworth Co has arranged for the month of May a series of special sales . . . with values to emphasize the remarkable buying power of nickels and dimes at Woolworths. These sales will begin in every Woolworth store throughout the United States, Canada and Cuba, on Wednesday, May 1, and will continue each Wednesday and Saturday during the month. See the windows of all Woolworth stores for special sales announcements and displays.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY SOUVENIRS
An interesting Golden Anniversary Book and a Home Shopping Guide of service to every home. Secure copies at any Woolworth store.

READ THE FOLLOWING PAGES ***for some of the unusual values to be found at all times in Woolworth stores.***



The Woolworth Tower . . . . the nation's pride, is the imposing monument to the success of a country boy's great merchandising dream.



ORIGINATOR OF THE 5 AND 10 CENT STORE

THESE QUALITY HAIR NETS *exclusively at* WOOLWORTHS

SMART women prefer Lorraine guaranteed Hair Nets for their clever shaping and the carefulness with which they are made.....for their lightness and their comfort.

They prefer them for their exceptional wearing qualities and the beauty they bring to the hair.....for the unusual economy with which they buy them, and the complete satisfaction with which they wear them.

No better hair nets are obtainable anywhere!

Lorraine Water Wave Net with chin elastic. Woven of fine silk in pastel and hair shades. 10¢

Lorraine Sports Net. With or without chin ribbon. Woven of soft, heavy silk in pastel shades. 10¢

Lorraine HAIR NETS 10¢

Lorraine Silk Net —with elastic edge. 5¢

Lorraine Bobbed HairNet–Specially sized and shaped for the bob. 10¢

Double or single mesh; unusually durable. 10¢

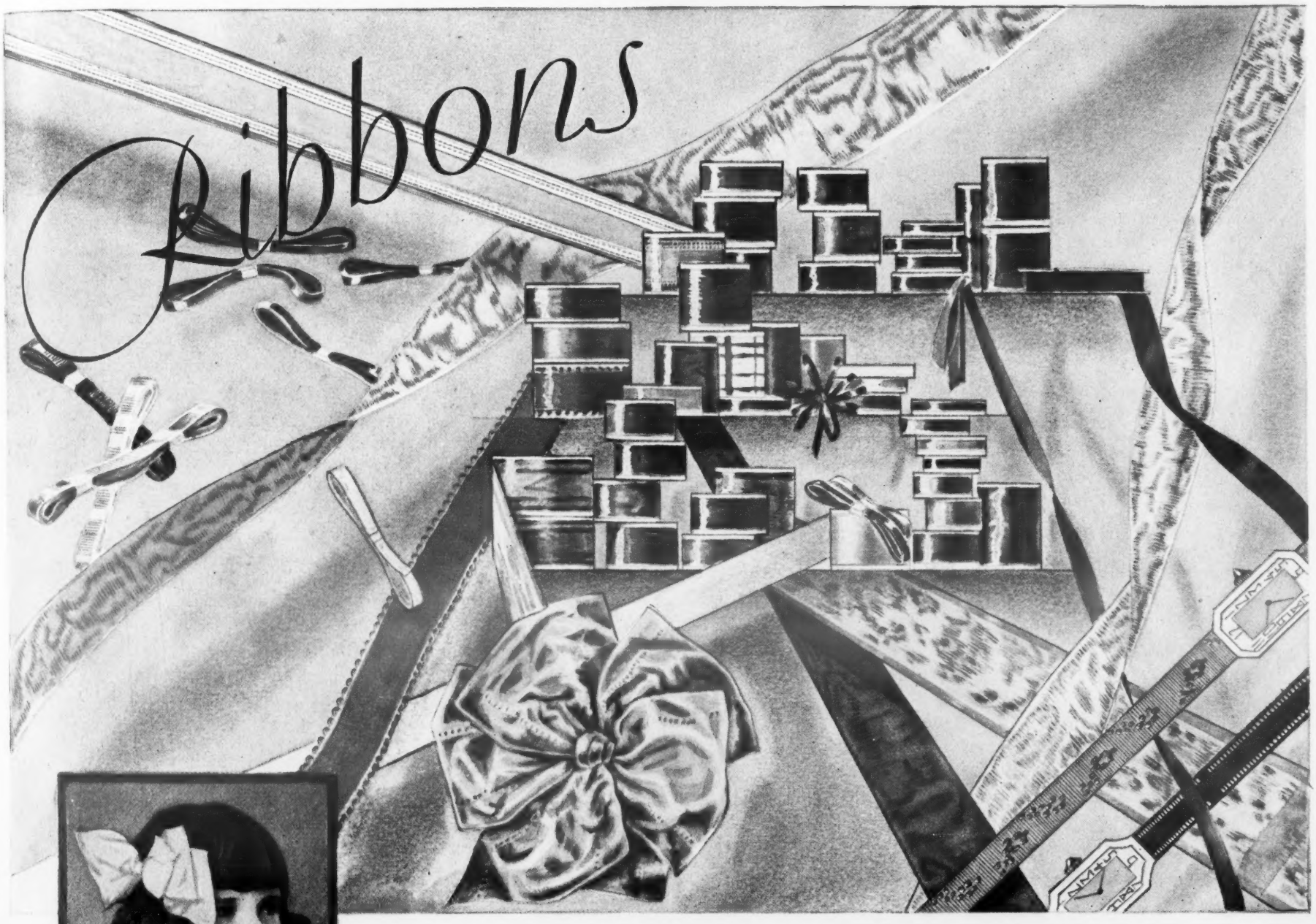
F.W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORE

50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

Special Sales Days . . . . .

Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

VARIETY, QUALITY AND STYLE *at* WOOLWORTHS



Children's hair bows are again the vogue! Most Woolworth stores present a wide and beautiful variety of hair ribbons.

IN every Woolworth store you will always find a ribbon for every ribbon need . . . ribbons of fine quality in every fashionable shade, in every desired width—all at the low Woolworth prices . . . A visit to a Woolworth ribbon counter will be a revelation to you . . . a convincing demonstration of the beauty and variety of ribbons offered by Woolworth . . . a striking illustration of the truly worthwhile savings that are made possible through greater Woolworth values!

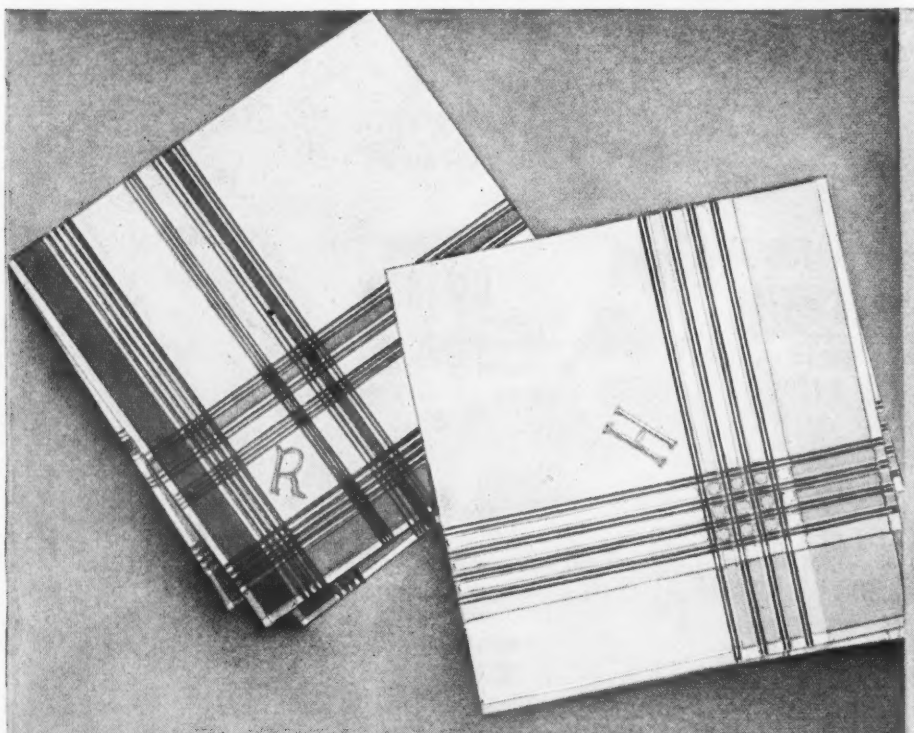
5 yards for 10¢.....5¢ a yard
10¢ a yard..10¢ for ½ yard

F.W.WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORE

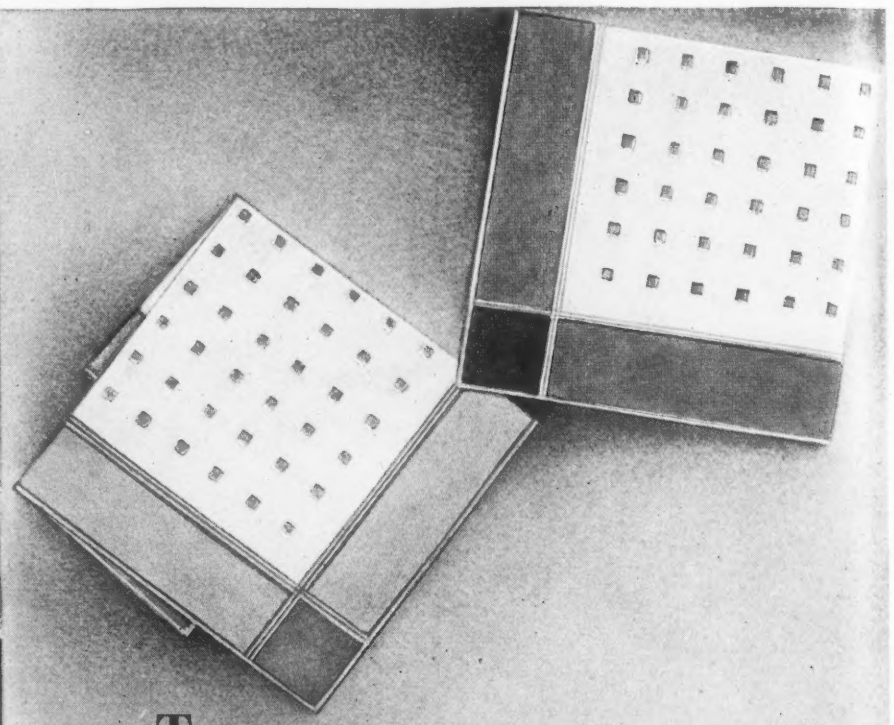
50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

Special Sales Days . . . . .
Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

HANDKERCHIEFS OF FINE QUALITY *at* WOOLWORTHS

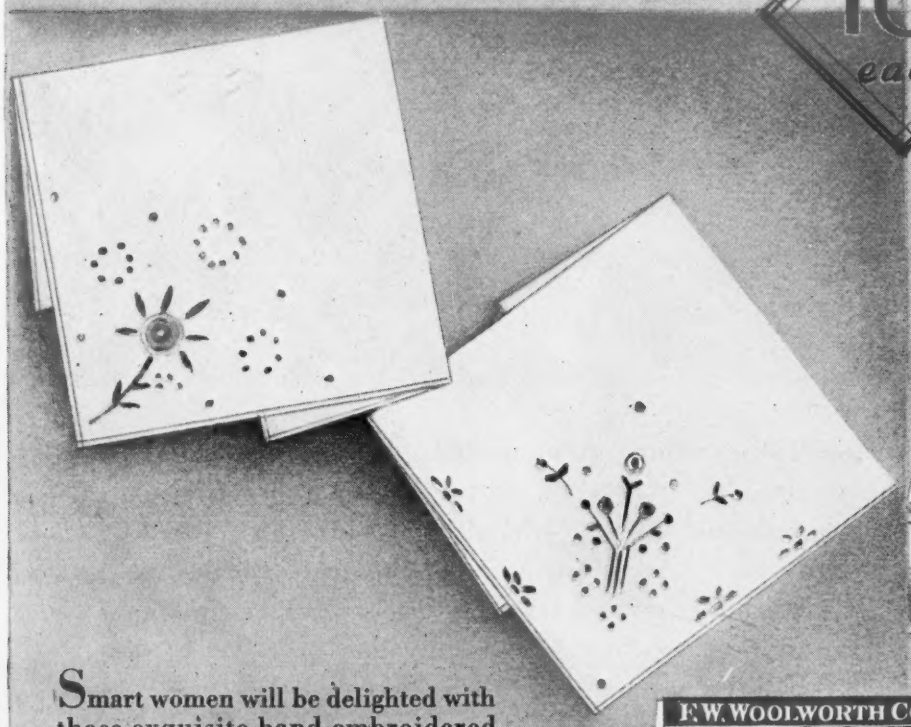


These attractive Handkerchiefs for Men are smartly styled. The correctness of their woven patterns of fast color and embroidered initials to match is quickly recognized.

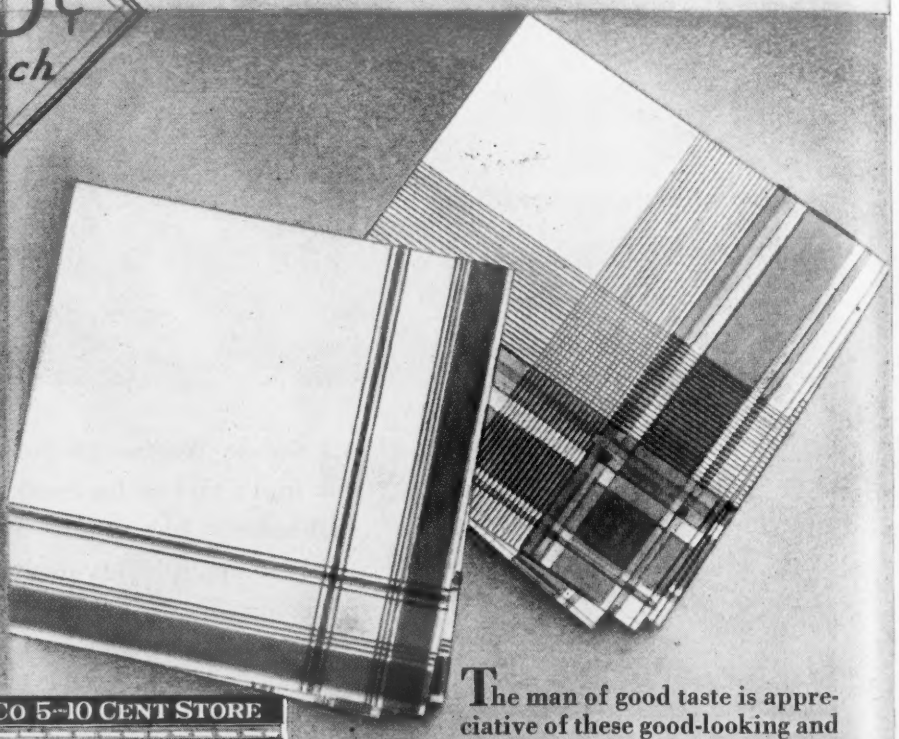


These lovely Handkerchiefs for Women are most attractively designed with colored woven blocks, and wide border, woven in colors, with narrow hemstitch. Choose from four beautiful shades—Pink, Blue, Orchid and Nile.

10¢ each



Smart women will be delighted with these exquisite hand-embroidered Handkerchiefs. They come in many lovely designs . . . with dainty narrow borders which are attractively hemstitched.



The man of good taste is appreciative of these good-looking and serviceable Handkerchiefs. They are woven of fine quality cotton . . . and are obtainable in many attractive colors and smart patterns.

F.W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORE

50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

Special Sales Days . . . . .

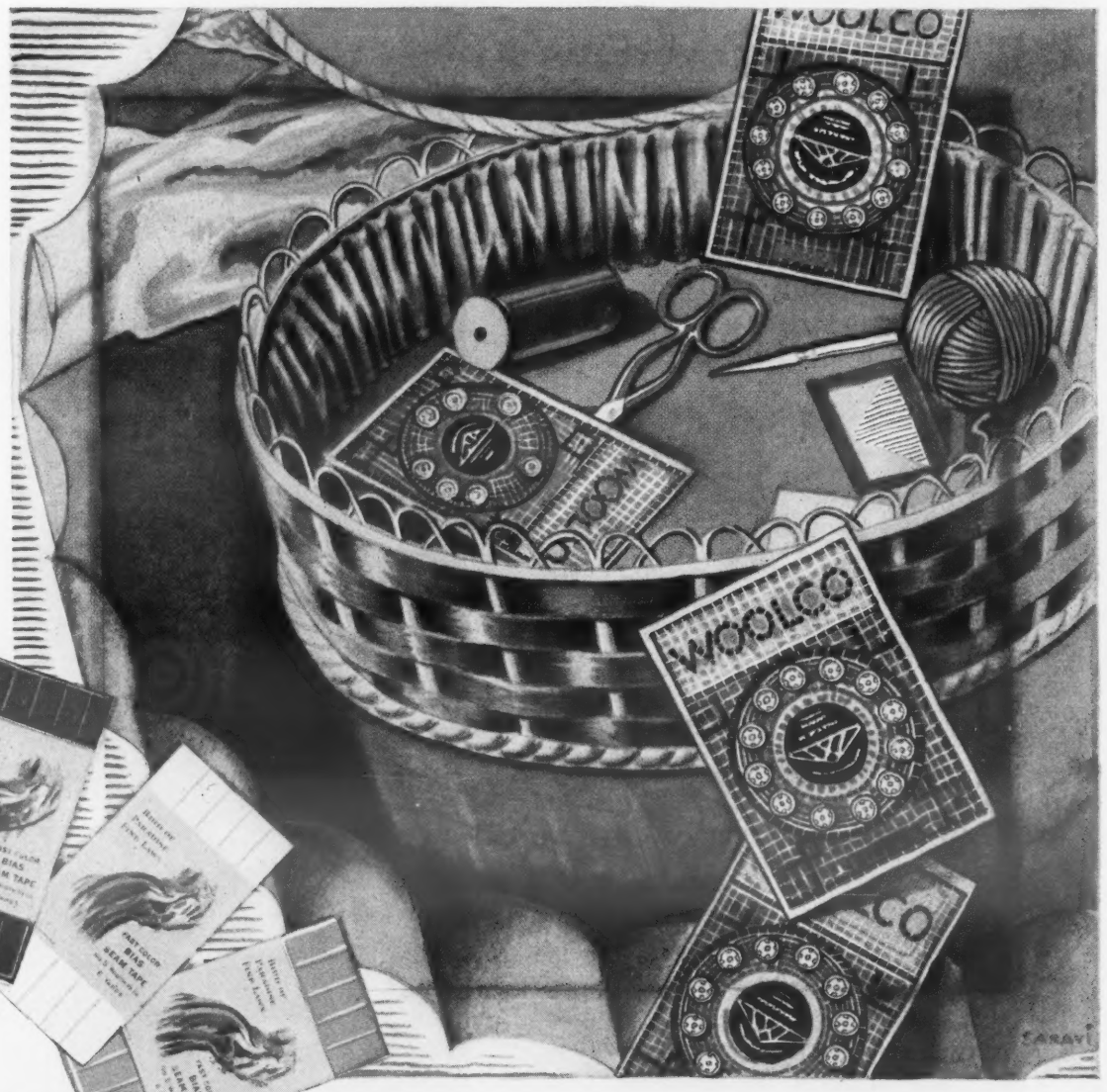
Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

TWO TYPICAL VALUES IN NOTIONS *at* WOOLWORTHS

Bird of Paradise Bias Seam Tape....10¢

6 yards to the piece

For binding or trimming lovely dresses and children's clothes—*Bird of Paradise Bias Seam Tape.* Made of the finest, smoothest lawns—easy to sew and easy to handle. Offered in a wide variety of exquisite fast-dyed colors.



Woolco Snap Fasteners...5¢

Sew one on, and it's on to stay. Rounded edges prevent cutting of the threads. Snap it closed and the spring holds it closed—until you release it. Rust-proof, wear-proof, trouble-proof. Obtainable in the best sizes.

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORE

50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

Special Sales Days . . . . .

Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

MODERN AND NOVEL JEWELRY *costs little at* WOOLWORTHS

THE remarkable jewelry displays . . . always such a feature at Woolworths . . . would be out of the question if Woolworth did not sell so much jewelry in more than twenty-one hundred stores. These astonishing sales are because Woolworth keeps alert to the new trends in fashion . . . and is able to supply at such little cost the smart-looking jewelry for which it is famous.

Not all the pieces shown here are in every Woolworth store but there is always a varied selection of similar pieces of everyday and novelty jewelry. Visit your nearest Woolworth store often to see the colorful variety of both novelty and standard pieces you can buy at the low Woolworth prices.

BROOCHES . . . see the many styles pictured . . . the fancy shapes, the white and colored stone settings . . . the cameo style brooch which is always in good taste . . . the brooch in form of anchor or cross is silver finished, ornamented with hand-tinted flowers and set with brilliants.

PINS . . . beauty pins of rolled gold plate in sets of three . . or with the larger bar pin and two small beauty pins . . . men's soft collar pins . . . shoulder pins or hat ornaments with dangling pendants.

RINGS . . . for men, women and children . . . the best nickel finished mountings, set with stones in many shapes and colors. Simulated ruby, jet, aquamarine, sapphire and the like. There is always a good selection.

BRACELETS . . . the one shown comes in nickel and gilt finish and pastel-colored alternating links and is typical of many lovely styles . . . the toy wrist watch with its genuine leather strap and nickel buckle is a favorite with the kiddies.

NOVELTY JEWELRY . . . the bunny purse and bobby comb of celluloid . . . and the "lucky" pendant on its cord . . . these are typical of the wide selection on Woolworth jewelry counters.

F.W.WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORE

50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

Special Sales Days . . . . .

Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

MANY THINGS ONCE LUXURIES *now at* WOOLWORTHS

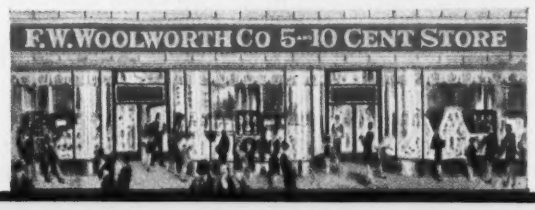
FAMOUS
FIFTH AVENUE LINEN
exclusive at
WOOLWORTH STORES

FIFTH AVENUE LINEN, a distinctive quality writing paper, is made from the finest cellulose and the blue-white waters of a deep underground lake. It is sold exclusively at the Woolworth stores which have made it famous.

The fine linen finish is as nearly hand-made as possible. Fifth Avenue Linen gives to your pen a perfect writing surface which justifies its registered trade-marked name.

Be sure to see the displays at the Woolworth Anniversary Sales during the month of May. Every store carries the gray and white shades. In some stores the larger assortments may include the pretty orchid, peach, blue and green shades. Fifth Avenue Linen comes in two styles and sizes as pictured here—with envelopes in matching colors and sizes.

If you insist upon quality in your personal writing paper, yet appreciate economy, use Fifth Avenue Linen



F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORE

50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

Special Sales Days . . . . .

Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

OAKVILLE SAFETY PINS *and* PINS *at* WOOLWORTHS

HOW excited we do get over little things like pins and safety pins—especially when we can't find one! We never seem to have enough of them.

Why not form the easy habit each time you shop, of taking home from Woolworths one or two cards and papers of the reliable Oakville brands? Safety pins in every size for every need of baby, miss, and madame—nickel plated, gold plated, and enameled in colors—and common pins in the correct sizes for dressmaking and similar purposes. Of the brands illustrated, your Woolworth store carries those that are most popular in your locality.

Just think! For over forty years, Oakville safety pins and pins have been moving in a great steady stream from Woolworth counters to the nurseries and dressing tables of the American home. You know this remarkable service can only be built on quality and value. You know it's safest to buy Oakville brands—or Woolworth wouldn't have them!

ALMOST AS FAMILIAR AS THIS RED FRONT WOOLWORTH SIGN IS THE YELLOW CARD OF CLINTON SAFETY PINS. BOTH STAND FOR DEPENDABILITY AND SERVICE.

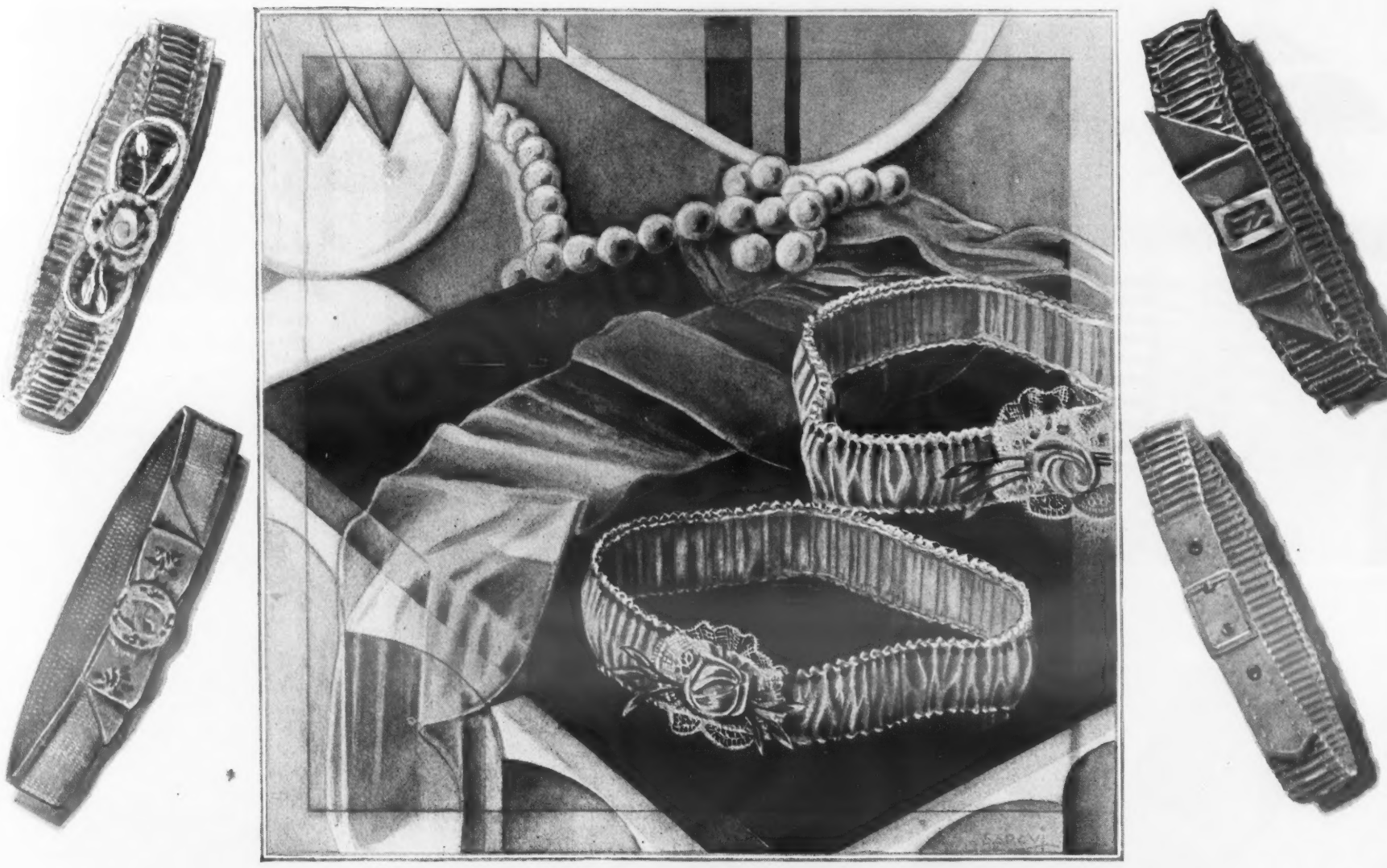
F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORE

50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

***Special Sales Days* . . . . .**

Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

EXQUISITE MILFORD GARTERS
wonderful values at WOOLWORTHS



It's little wonder that smart women wear Milford Garters. They are made in a gorgeous array of dainty colors and patterns—and there are a number of chic, exquisite styles to choose from!

10¢ *each garter*

Milford Garters are made with fresh, live elastic which will keep your stockings trim and neat without pulling or tearing. Truly, in the smartness and the wearing qualities of Milford Garters you will recognize a splendid example of Woolworth value!

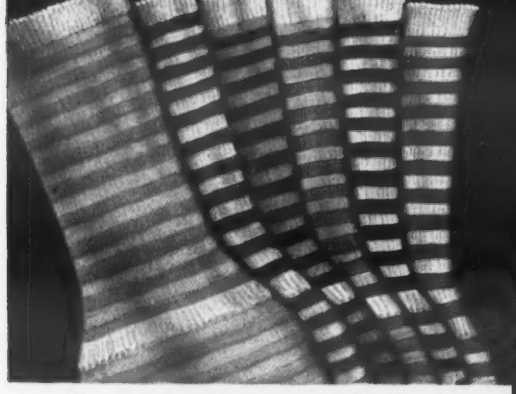
F.W.WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORE

50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

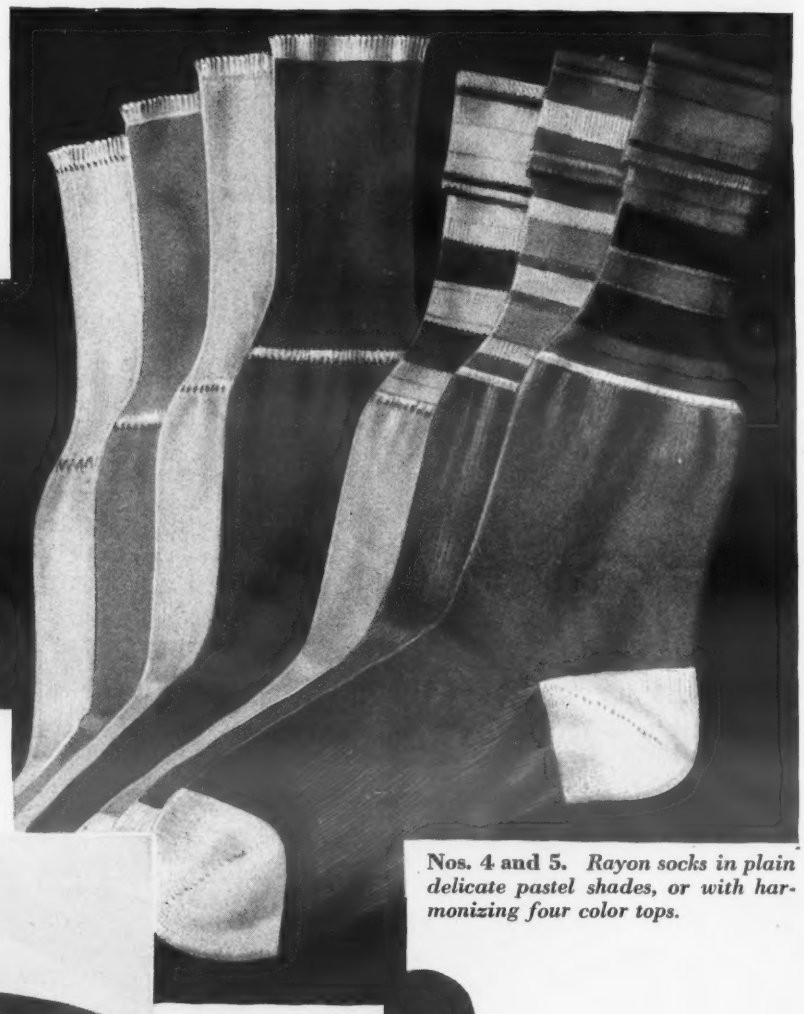
Special Sales Days . . . . .

Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

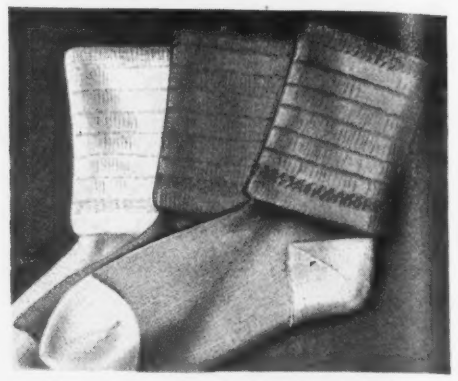
MANY SUPPLIES FOR CHILDREN *at* WOOLWORTHS



No. 7. *Popular rayon socks in zebra striped pattern in popular shades.*

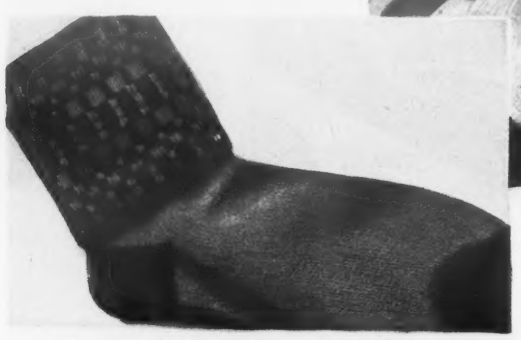


Nos. 4 and 5. *Rayon socks in plain delicate pastel shades, or with harmonizing four color tops.*

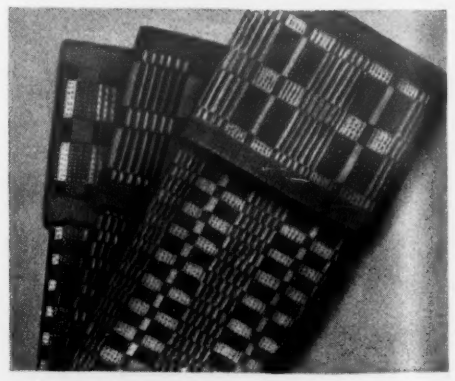


No. 780. *Ankle-high socks for babies and small children. White, pink and baby blue.*

No. 639. *Children's rayon plaited hose in ⅝ length in pretty colors.*

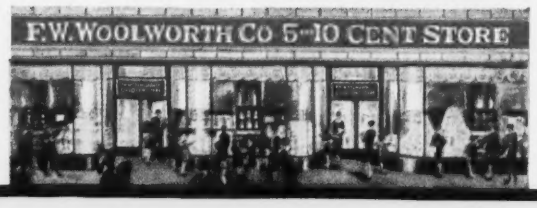


No. 19. *Children's smart ankle-high socks with plaid tops for play and sports wear.*



No. 626. *Children's mercerized hose in attractive patterns. ⅝ length.*

THE lovely socks and stockings shown on this page are typical of the variety of colors and patterns Woolworth stores provide for the little folk of a continent. It is because so many millions of little feet wear these pretty stockings that Woolworth is able to buy in such quantities . . . which, of course, is what makes possible the remarkable values. You can buy stockings for the whole family at Woolworth stores.



F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORE

50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

Special Sales Days . . . . .

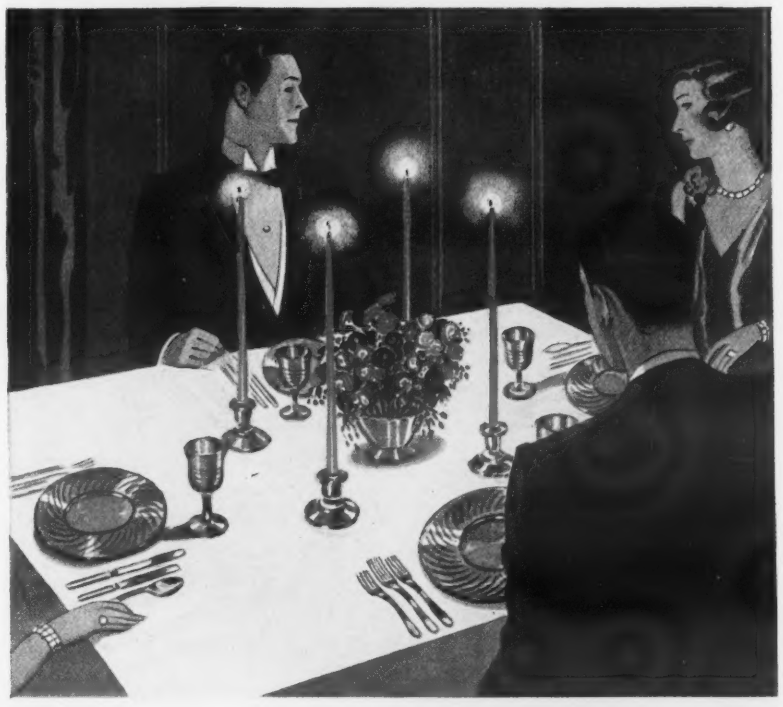
Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

LOVELY CANDLES *and* ART GOODS *at* WOOLWORTHS

WOMEN can buy so many pretty things at Woolworths to add beauty to homes. Millions of work-baskets are supplied each year from the more than twenty-one hundred stores. Woolworth customers know that they can find attractive stamped pieces . . . pillow tops, scarfs, lovely novelties . . . little girls' dresses in new styles and colors . . . as well as silk and cotton threads, rayon embroidery floss (guaranteed boilfast) and other supplies for home sewing from needles to laces and ribbons.

Decorative Candles

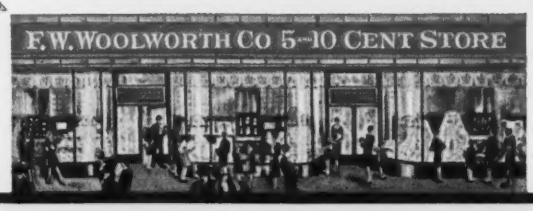
Graceful candles in fashionable shades . . . genuine hand-dipped, non-dripping, non-smoking . . . the kind which decorates America's finest homes and most fastidious tables . . . at 5¢ or 10¢ each . . . at Woolworths, the largest retailer of candles in the world.



The table you see here was set entirely from the counters of one of the larger Woolworth stores.

The pillows and scarf, the apron and the child's dress shown here were all made from materials sold on Woolworth counters.

The woman who sews will find much of interest in the Golden Anniversary Book and Home Shopping Guide to be distributed free in Woolworth stores in the United States and Canada.



F.W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORE

50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

Special Sales Days . . . . .

Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

HIGH STANDARDS OF PURITY *always at* WOOLWORTHS

PURE CANDIES

THE F. W. Woolworth Co and the candy manufacturers whose names appear on this page feel a definite responsibility to the public to supply good candy. Woolworth candy not only must taste good—and millions know how good—it must *be* good. The manufacturers who make Woolworth candy are prouder of the purity of their products than of the low prices at which these candies are sold. The purity has been made possible by modern sanitary production and strict adherence to all Pure Food Laws. The low prices have been made possible by the huge buying demand of Woolworth customers . . . a demand built upon real enjoyment of delicious, wholesome candy.

Woolworth candies are made under strict sanitary conditions in modern factories by candy makers in all parts of the United States and Canada.

BALTIMORE, MD.
Chocolate Products Company
Josselyn's

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.
Binghamton Candy Co., Incorporated

BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Wm. Derrenbacher, Incorporated
Euclid Candy Company
National Licorice Company
Novia Candy Company, Incorporated
Pecheur Lozenge Company, Inc.
Rigney & Company
Rockwood & Company

BOSTON, MASS.
Geo. C. Miller & Company, Inc.
Shaghalian's, Incorporated
The Touraine Company

BUFFALO, N. Y.
The Emerick Candy Company, Inc.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
New England Confectionery Company

CHICAGO, ILL.
Fred W. Amend Company
Walter Birk Candy Company
E. H. Edwards Company
Farley Candy Company
Haberkorn Candy Company
W. E. Jacobs Candy Company
Walter H. Johnson Candy Company
Peanut Specialty Company
Peerless Confection Company
S. Pooley Company
Thinshell Candies, Incorporated

CINCINNATI, OHIO
Wm. C. Johnson Candy Company
The Nuss Confectionery Company

CLEVELAND, OHIO
The Wm. M. Hardie Company
The Robt. F. Mackenzie Company
The Wuest Factory

CLINTON, IOWA
Schall's, Incorporated

COLUMBUS, OHIO
P. S. Truesdell Company

CONEY ISLAND, N. Y.
A. Bonomo

DALLAS, TEXAS
Brown Cracker & Candy Company

DAVENPORT, IOWA
Davenport Candy Company
The Halligan Corporation

ELIZABETHTOWN, PA.
Klein Chocolate Company, Inc.

HAMMOND, INDIANA
Queen Anne Candy Company

HOBOKEN, N. J.
S. Fisher & Company, Incorporated

KANSAS CITY, MO.
Dye Candy Company

LANCASTER, PA.
American Caramel Company
Frantz Candies, Incorporated
R. E. Rodda Candy Company

LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.
Repetti, Incorporated

LOUISVILLE, KY.
Bradas & Gheens

MCKEESPORT, PA.
Crown Chocolate Company

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
George Zeigler Company

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
Cunningham Le Baron Company

MOUNT JOY, PA.
Bachman Chocolate Manufact'g Co.

NEWARK, N. J.
Charms Company
Schwarz & Son

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
The Bradley Smith Company

NEW YORK CITY
American Mint Corporation
Henry Heide, Incorporated
Park & Tilford
Runkel Bros., Incorporated
Up-To-Date Candy Manufact'g Co.

NORTH CHICAGO, ILL.
Goelitz Confectionery Company

OSWEGO, N. Y.
Oswego Candy Works, Incorporated

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Brandle & Smith Company
Browns Confectionery Company
F. M. Paist Company
Thos. D. Richardson Company
Youngs

PITTSBURGH, PA.
The D. L. Clark Company
Eatmor Chocolate Company
Hardie Brothers Company

PORT CHESTER, N. Y.
Life Savers, Incorporated

PROVIDENCE, R. I.
M. G. Shaghalian & Company

READING, PA.
Luden's, Incorporated

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
Mueller Keller Candy Company

ST. LOUIS, MO.
National Candy Company, Inc.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
Sweet Candy Company

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Golden Nugget Sweets
Pacific Coast Candy Company

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
Kibbe Brothers Company

SYRACUSE, N. Y.
Coughlin Bros. Company, Inc.

WEST SOMERVILLE, MASS.
Hub Confectionery Company

WINONA, MINN.
Schuler Chocolate Factory

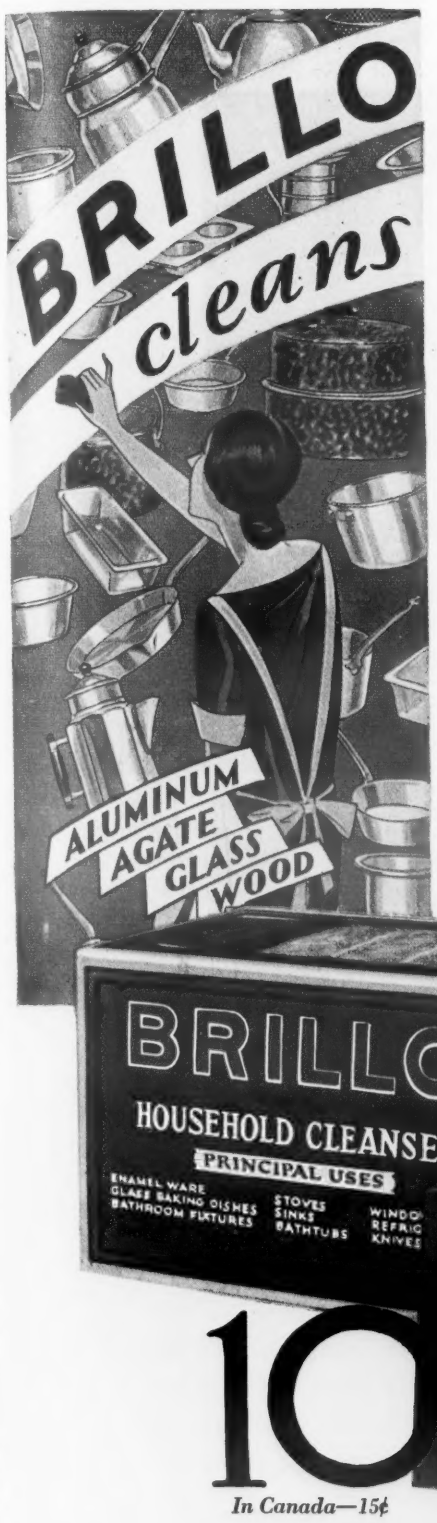
F.W.WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORE

50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

Special Sales Days . . . . .

Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

BUY ALUMINUM AND BRILLO *at* WOOLWORTHS



In Canada—15¢

Made for but one purpose—to clean—Brillo does its work, and does it well. Apply Brillo to aluminum and it shines. Apply to greasy pots and they gleam.

Brillo—the soft fibre lubricated pads and pure, free-lathering soap—is safe. It cleans aluminum, agate, wood or glass. It cleans them quicker, easier, better, and cheaper. Brillo even removes paint-spots. And it will not harm sensitive hands.

Have *you* tried Brillo? 10,000,000 homes are never without it. *Deservedly a best-seller at all Woolworth stores.*

BRILLO GUARANTEE

A new aluminum or other cooking utensil free for any Brillo fails to clean.

TODAY
in the kitchen
IT'S ALUMINUM
shiny, bright, easy-to-clean aluminum

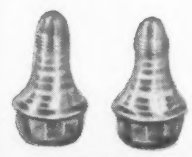
Sauce Pan
Also sold in other styles

Fine Aluminum (99% pure) at popular prices. Aluminum pots, Aluminum pans, Aluminum percolators! These and many others, at Woolworth prices.

Panelled Percolator. Capacity—Four Cups
Sold in three parts, separately

And, always, new articles in Aluminum. Things to make your work easier! Watch for them. Buy them. They promise satisfaction. They *give* it.

Mug
One-half pint capacity
Also sold in other styles



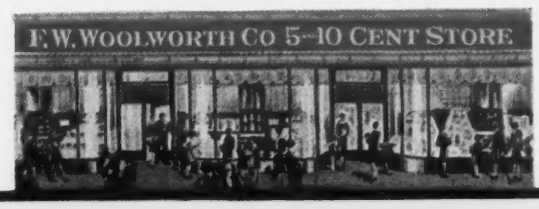
Colonial Salt and Pepper Shakers
Also sold in other styles

On this page are illustrated some of the Aluminum pieces sold in all Woolworth stores.

Coffee Ball
2⅜ inches wide, 2⅝ inches high

Today, in the kitchen (as elsewhere) it's Aluminum. Shiny, bright, easy-to-clean Aluminum—made by ALUMINUM SPECIALTY COMPANY, MANITOWOC, WISCONSIN.

Panelled Dipper
Also sold in other styles



F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORE

50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

Special Sales Days . . . . .

Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

LOVELY THINGS FOR TABLES *at* WOOLWORTHS

Watch your Woolworth store for frequent new surprises not only in dishes but in other dainty appointments for your table. And be sure to visit the departments devoted to dishes when you are in Woolworths on the Sales Days mentioned below.

The two patterns illustrated on this page are from open stock. They can be added to from time to time—or replaced when necessary.

CHARMING dishes such as those chosen from the Woolworth stocks to picture here are a constant source of joy and amazement to women who delight in lovely tables. That dishes so fine in quality and so smart in design can be provided at such small prices seems incredible—indeed it is only because of the great buying power of Woolworth, combined with the manufacturing resources of the Homer Laughlin China Co., of Newell, W. Va., largest makers of dishes in the world, that these values are possible.

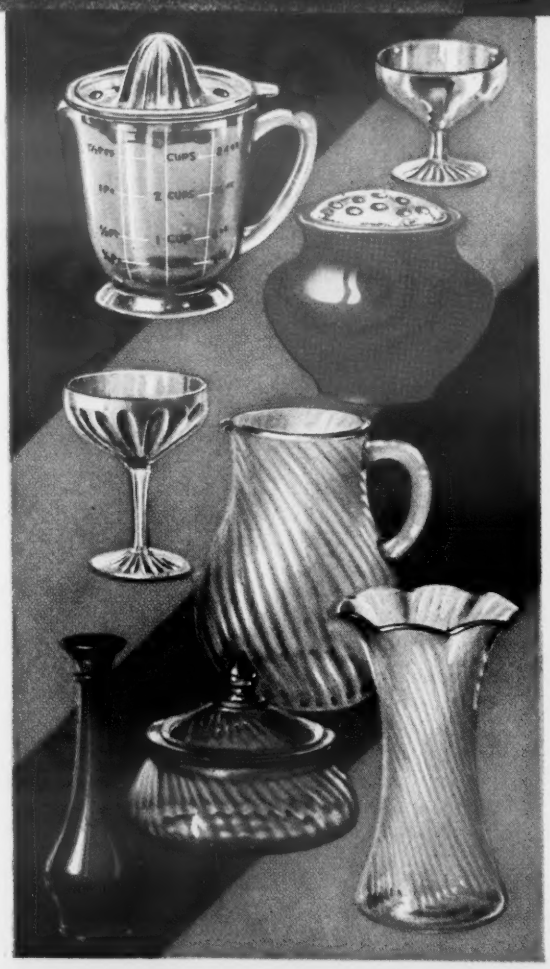
F.W.WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORE

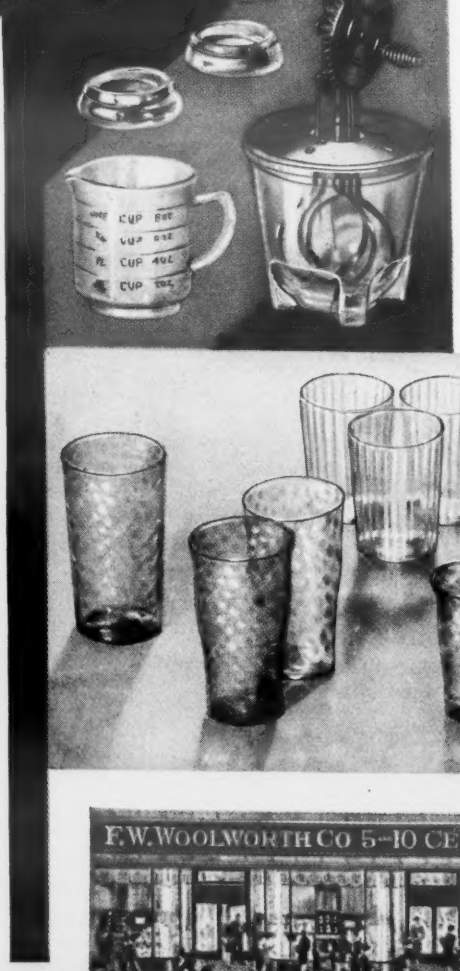
50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

Special Sales Days . . . . .

Every Wednesday and Saturday during May

CHARMING VARIETY IN GLASS *at* WOOLWORTHS





This page pictures some of the glassware on sale at all stores. The staple glassware — the plain and fancy tumblers, salts and peppers, measuring cups, sherbets, jello molds, sugar and creamers, and many other everyday pieces—can always be found in all stores. And it costs so little to replace these from large stocks. Where there is a demand, many stores carry novelties in colored glassware. See the glassware in the great May Anniversary Sales.

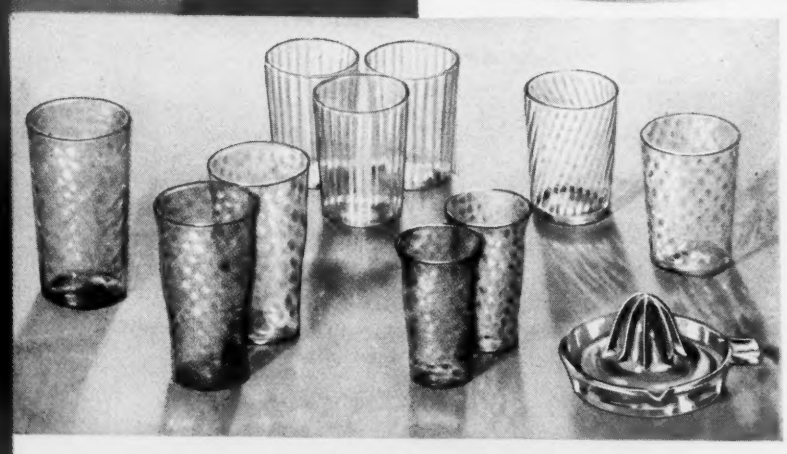
Ask for
The Handy Little Shopping Guide

which you can secure free of charge at any Woolworth store. Get your copy also of the Golden Anniversary Book which tells the story of the growth of the five and ten cent stores originated by Woolworth fifty years ago.

WOMEN are delighted with the remarkable variety of glassware at Woolworths . . . both for practical use and for home decoration. They always find smart novelties . . . because Woolworth keeps in touch with new styles . . . and takes them out of the luxury class without lessening their charm.

GLASSWARE IMPORTANT
in the Great Anniversary Sales

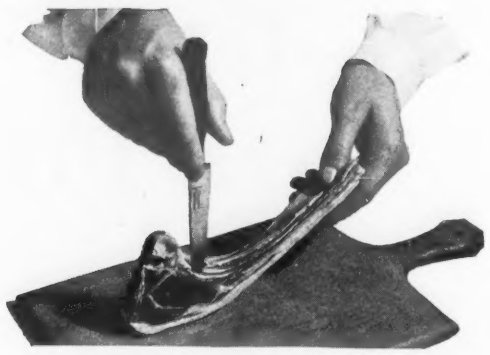
. . . not only because of special values . . . but because of the standard pieces whose service and popularity have been proven in millions of homes.



F.W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORE

50TH ANNIVERSARY SALES

Special Sales Days . . . . .
Every Wednesday and Saturday during May



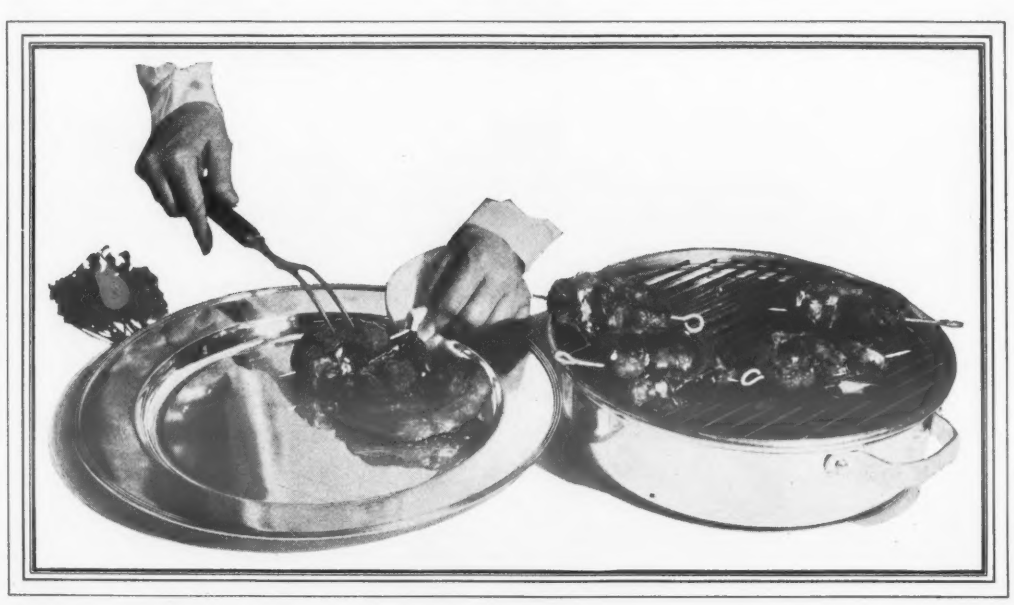
1. Rib lamb chops, though cheaper than loin, may be served just as attractively if Frenched. To do this, first run the point of a sharp knife down lengthwise on each side of the rib bone.

2. Then, holding the bone with the left hand and the knife with the right, scrape the tail meat of the chop away from the entire length of the bone, by using quick short strokes of the knife.

3. The rib bone can then be easily disjointed from the remaining section of the backbone. Merely bend it out and downward and cut through the tender cartilage which joins them.

Economy in Chops and Steaks

4. When the rib bone is removed, curl up the tail end of the chop loosely to fill in the hollow left by the bone. This makes a nice round service of lamb, with the tail no more overcooked than the eye, and both nice and juicy.



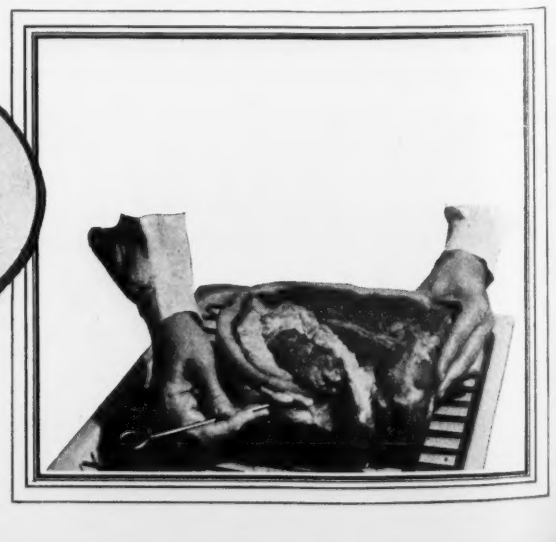
5. Before cooking, pin the end securely in place against the backbone with a small skewer. This will keep the chop in shape during the cooking, but it must be removed before serving. The discarded rib bones may be used for a stock for sauce.

6. The tail of tenderloin steak has a fine flavor, but is often overcooked before the steak itself is done. To avoid this, cook the tail as follows: First cut the meat from the fat.

WHEN the subject of economy is under discussion, a matter which often comes up is the relative cost of meat per pound. The question is: "How much per pound do we actually pay for meat bought in the form of chops and steaks, when we take into consideration the waste in bones and fat?" The question seldom goes far enough, however, to ask: "How much of the meat so bought is wasted in poor cooking?"

The original cost per pound is regulated by supply and demand and is not so easily changed, but the control of waste due to poor cooking is a very simple matter. If you want to use the cheaper cut of lamb chops to good advantage or to feel that you are getting the full value from a tenderloin steak, serve these meats according to accompanying directions.

7. Then put this piece of tail meat through a food chopper. Mix lightly with salt, pepper, a few bread crumbs, and an egg for a binder, and shape to the thickness of the steak.



8, 9, 10. Fit the ground meat against the side of the steak, skewer the fatty end of the tail around it, and then broil. When done, it is ready to serve to the children without any further cutting up.

Chosen for the Sumptuous Washington Home of MRS. JOSEPH LEITER

MRS. JOSEPH LEITER, whose perfectly managed Washington home is the scene of many smart functions. Keen thinking and energetic, Mrs. Leiter is a woman of rare charm and independence of spirit. Her home is famous for its lavish elegance, priceless bibelots, and the exquisite "blue Bouchers."

Beds that suit its lavish lace and taffeta . . . yet are thoroughly modern in comfort

MRS. JOSEPH LEITER'S HOME in Washington's exclusive Dupont Circle is a veritable palace of treasures! In a lofty-ceilinged ballroom, polished floors reflect the scores of glittering chandeliers.

From France came exquisite XVIIIth Century murals by François Boucher, the only "blue Bouchers" in America, which hang in the delightful high-ceilinged reception room. They are framed by the original French painted woodwork.

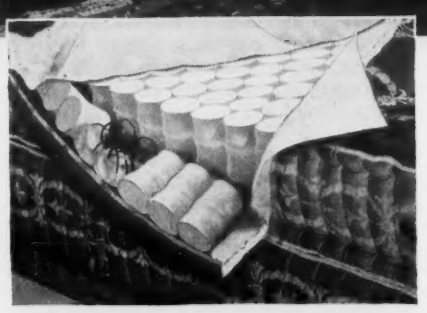
Decorated in an age of extravagant taste, this treasure house remains essentially unchanged today. Mrs. Leiter has wished to preserve its fascinating *fin de siècle* atmosphere practically intact.

For her blue guest room, lavish in lace and taffeta, Mrs. Leiter chose Simmons Beds No. 1581, with rounded headboards and low posts, painted blue-green with apricot trim—quite in keeping with the spirit of the room. And to match their beauty with equal comfort, she equipped them with Beautyrest Mattresses and Ace Box Springs covered in beige damask in a rich medallion pattern.

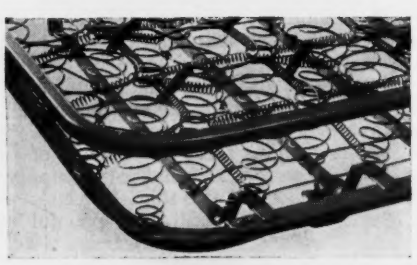
Mrs. Leiter is most enthusiastic about her superb Simmons equipment. She calls her Beautyrests and Ace Box Springs "marvelously comfortable," and adds, "I think the damask covers are a wonderful idea—now one can have every detail of a room in perfect harmony."

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Beds, $10 to $60; No. 1581, $32.75; Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Simmons Ace Box Spring, $42.50; Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring, $19.75. Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

FOR HER BLUE GUEST ROOM Mrs. Leiter chose Simmons Beautyrest Mattresses and Ace Box Springs covered with a medallion patterned damask in beige. This pattern also comes in sea-foam green and Venetian blue.



SIMMONS BEAUTYREST MATTRESS and ACE BOX SPRING—supreme achievements of the world's largest manufacturer of beds, springs and mattresses. The Beautyrest has hundreds of individually pocketed resilient wire coils buried deep in fine upholstery. The new Ace Box Spring, equally resilient, has the same stitched sides and neatly taped edges. Both covered in damask—two patterns, six pastel shades.



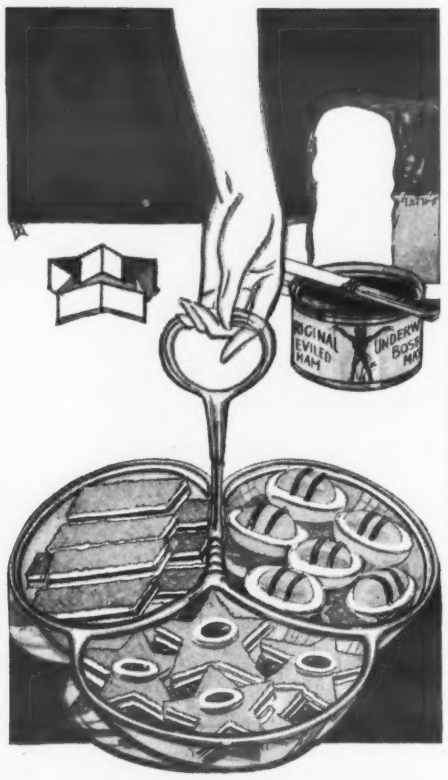
SIMMONS ACE OPEN COIL SPRING—the perfected open Spring—wonderfully resilient, low in price. Light weight, with coils close together, affording individual freedom of action. Smooth finished border protects sheets.

SUMPTUOUS GUEST ROOM in Mrs. Leiter's Washington home—walls hung with blue satin brocade, matching hangings. Taffeta skirted dressing table, gilt-framed mirror, bedspreads of Alençon lace and flesh silk. Blue-green Simmons Beds, No. 1581; this model also in peach, mahogany and walnut finishes.

SIMMONS

BEDS • SPRINGS • MATTRESSES

[BUILT FOR SLEEP]



A piquant base for *hors d'oeuvres*

RICH in consistency and tanged with appetizing flavor, UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM makes an ideal ingredient for hors d'oeuvres and canapes.

Spread Underwood Deviled Ham plain, on crackers or inch-wide slices of bread. Combine it with tomato, eggs, olives, or celery. You'll find it an ingredient to conjure with and one that is economical to use because it is all solid goodness . . . Just the finest ham blended with choice spices by a secret formula.

We shall be glad to send you an Underwood Recipe Book that is full of suggestions for making new kinds of hors d'oeuvres, ham-and-egg dishes and all sorts of sandwiches.

UNDERWOOD Deviled Ham

Wm. Underwood Co.
42 Walnut Street
Watertown, Mass.

CHECK THE ARTICLE WANTED:
One copy of the Underwood Recipes FREE.
One 10c can of Underwood Deviled Ham, 10c enclosed.
Six 10c cans of Underwood Deviled Ham, 50c enclosed.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Shortcakes in Season, and for Children Too

By CAROLINE B. KING

OF THE "sweet cakes and shortcakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes" which Washington Irving enumerated so appealingly, there was none, I am sure, more popular than the shortcake; furthermore, it is as great a favorite today as it was in the good old days of Ichabod Crane. Indeed, one might almost declare it to be the national cake of the United States, for in no other country with which I am familiar does shortcake, as we Americans know and love it, ever make its appearance on the menu or the table.

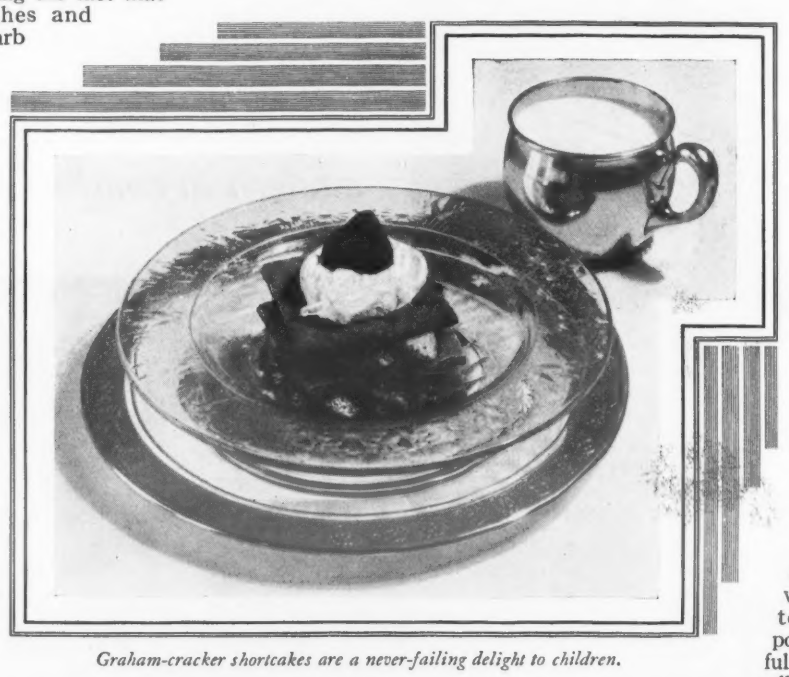
And of course when we think of shortcake, it is almost invariably strawberry shortcake, notwithstanding the fact that raspberries and peaches and cherries and even rhubarb are temptingly good made into shortcakes, and that with them it is quite possible to prolong the shortcake season to the very end of the summer.

However that may be, I have only to say that all shortcakes are delicious if they are made deliciously—that is, if they are really "short," crisp of crust, tender, rich, flaky and buttery; if the berries are finely flavored, just at the proper stage of ripeness, and well sugared; and if the cake is eaten while still fresh and with real cream—either whipped or plain—for to a true connoisseur of shortcakes no meringue, no matter how thick and high and fluffy it may be, can ever quite take the place of cream, any more than the most ethereal of sponge cakes can ever hold its own with the good old-time feathery biscuit-dough shortcake with its rivers of crimson, sirupy, buttery juices.

OLD-FASHIONED STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE calls for two cupfuls of flour, pastry preferred, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a cupful of butter, or other shortening and butter mixed, and rich milk or cream to make a soft dough. Sift the flour with the baking powder, salt and sugar, cut in the shortening, then add the liquid gradually, using about three-quarters of a cupful. Toss together with a spatula and turn out on a floured board. Divide the dough into two sections, and pat into round cakes not more than three-quarters of an inch thick to fit into well-greased pans. Place one section in the pan, brush it well with melted butter, then place the other over it and bake in a hot oven—400° F.—for about twenty-five minutes. One and a half quarts of ripe berries measured after hulling will be required for a cake of this size. Cut the berries in halves or quarters, crush lightly with a silver fork, and cover with three-quarters of a cupful of granulated sugar. Mix well and set in a moderately warm place while the cake is baking.

To serve, lift the sections apart, cover the bottom layer with berries, place the top over it and spread with more berries. Top with sweetened whipped cream and whole perfect berries and accompany with plain cream or a strawberry sauce.

MINIATURE RASPBERRY SHORTCAKES make a delightful last course to a little dinner just for four. Three cupfuls of berries are required for their making, with half a cupful of extra-nice berries for garnishing. For the cakes themselves, sift one cupful of pastry flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of sugar. Cut in two tablespoonfuls of shortening and one of butter, moisten with a quarter cupful of rich milk, and turn out on a floured board. Roll lightly and cut into eight sections, brush alternate ones with melted butter and put each two together sandwich fashion. Set close together in a baking pan and bake in a hot oven—425° F.—for twenty minutes. To serve, lift apart, fill with berries crushed and seasoned as above and garnish in the same way.



Graham-cracker shortcakes are a never-failing delight to children.

FRESH RIPE APRICOT SHORTCAKE is heavenly. Peel and quarter the apricots and sugar to taste. Then prepare the cakes as described in the last recipe. Reserve perfect halves of fruit for the center of the whipped-cream topping.

CHERRY SHORTCAKE is as exquisite as it is piquant. Use just the ordinary sour pie cherries which have been pitted, arranged in sugar-sprinkled layers in a bowl, and left to seethe in their own juices for several hours in a warm place. When deep red and translucent place between freshly baked layers of a shortcake and serve for any meal—even breakfast, if the latter is a Sunday-morning company affair, when something unusual is always welcome. Red currants are delicious, too, used in quite the same way.

RHUBARB SHORTCAKE is very nice for luncheon. Use the pink rhubarb, cutting the stems into inch pieces, then cooking them with sugar and very little water, until tender and floating in a delicate pink sirup. Make the shortcakes in individual forms, split while hot, butter well, and fill with the rhubarb. A very simple soft custard is a delicious finish to this shortcake, or if by any chance it is possible to secure real Devonshire clotted cream, it will be a dish fit for the gods themselves.

PASTRY SHORTCAKES have a certain festive aspect that seems to make them especially suitable for company occasions. The pastry for their making should be of the rich flaky sort which calls for two cupfuls of sifted flour and two-thirds of a cupful of shortening, with half a teaspoonful of salt. Sift the flour and salt together, then chop in the fat until the mixture resembles coarse meal, add very gradually just enough ice water—about half a cupful—to make the dough easy to handle, turn out on a floured board and knead very lightly.

Cover with a cloth and set away in a cold place for an hour, then roll out in a sheet half an inch thick, fold in three and turn crosswise, then roll again, fold once, turn and roll, this time from one-eighth to one-quarter of an inch thick. Cut in rounds about three inches in diameter, prick well with a fork to prevent blistering, and bake in a hot oven—425° F.—about ten minutes or to a pale creamy tint. Put together with sugared and lightly crushed berries, in tiers of three or more cakes. Serve with cream or a sauce made by beating a whole egg very stiff with three-quarters of a cupful of powdered sugar, add a cupful of stiffly whipped cream, mixing gently, and flavor with a few drops of vanilla extract.

WAFFLE SHORTCAKES are becoming tremendously popular. They are very nice for breakfast parties, especially when made at the table and served crisp and hot to each guest. Sift two cupfuls of pastry flour with three and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt. Beat three egg yolks well, add them to one and a quarter cupfuls of milk with four tablespoonfuls of melted butter and stir gradually into the flour. The batter may be made in advance, even as long as twenty-four hours, and left in the refrigerator, as chilling only serves to make the waffles more delicate when finished.

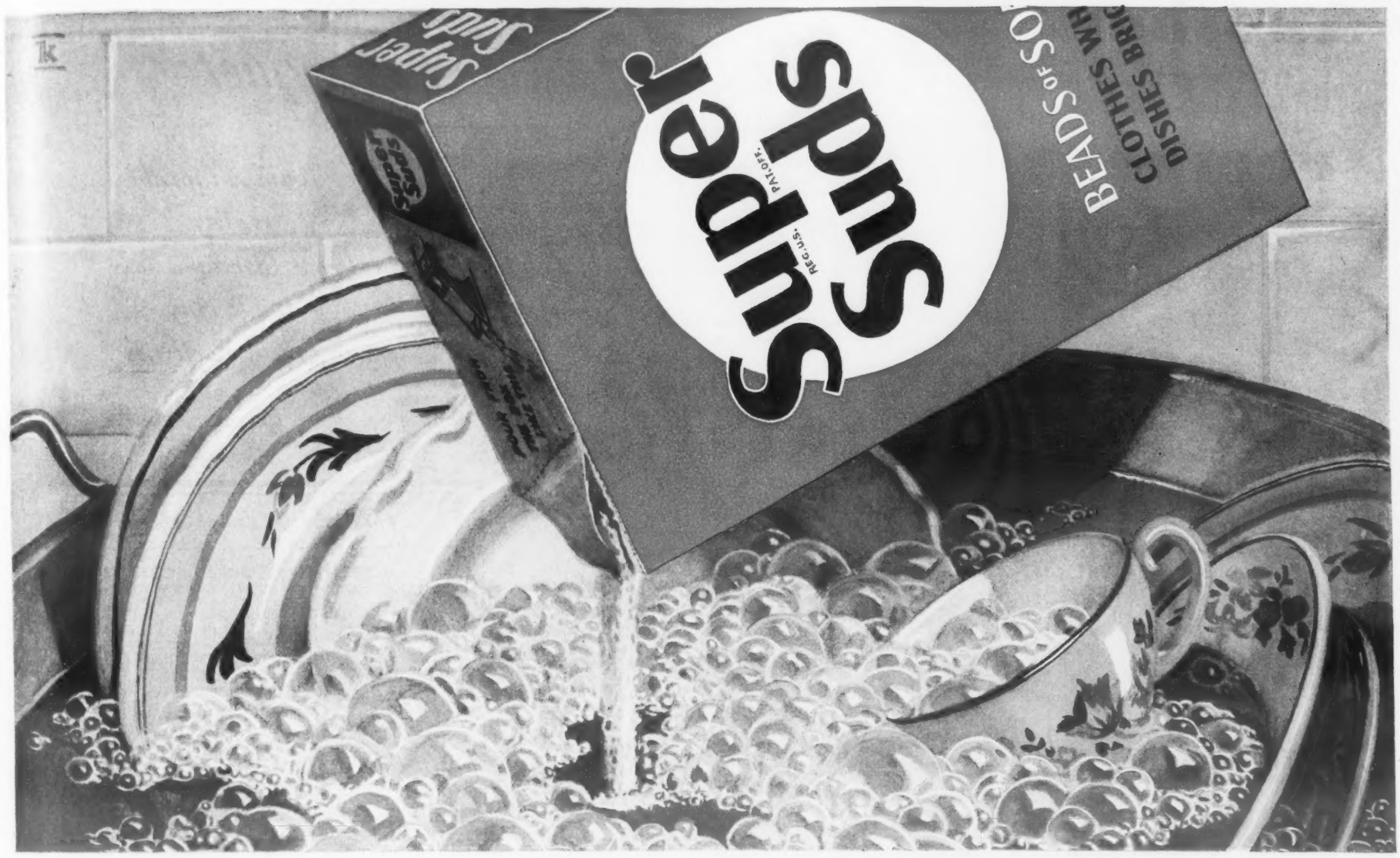
Butter the waffles liberally while hot and cover generously with berries.

FLUFFY STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE is made on a sponge-cake basis and put together with quartered, well-sugared berries, then topped with this unusual sort of strawberry meringue. Beat the white of one egg to a partial froth, then add half a cupful of crushed but not strained strawberries, whip together lightly and add very gradually one cup of xxxx confectioners' sugar, beating vigorously all the time. When the meringue is fluffy, pile it on the cake and garnish with whole berries.

SHORTCAKES FOR CHILDREN are delicious and wholesome as anyone could wish. Quarter ripe, perfect strawberries or lightly crush raspberries, or shred apricots or peaches, and sweeten to taste. Arrange between three fresh graham crackers, top with berries and serve the shortcake with a mug of milk.

OLD-FASHIONED SODA-CRACKER SHORTCAKE. Heat old-fashioned thick soda crackers in the oven slightly, butter and put together with any preferred fruit prepared as directed in the preceding recipe. Serve warm with plain cream or top milk.

BREAD-AND-BUTTER SHORTCAKES are also much appreciated by children. Butter thin slices of bread, and cut in squares. Put together with prepared fruit, sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve with individual pitchers of thin cream.



Last Year a New Soap Discovery

TODAY.... America's Greatest dishwashing soap

New form of soap gives instant under-water suds down where they're needed . . . dissolves completely . . . rinses easily. No dishwiping needed . . . just rinse and let drain

ON the market only a little more than a year, Super Suds is already used for dishwashing—instead of bars, chips or flakes—in one home out of every three, according to a recent nation-wide survey.* Never before has any new soap met with such quick success.

This success is due to its revolutionary new form. Super Suds is not a chip . . . not a powder . . . but soap in tiny hollow beads with walls so thin they actually burst into suds the moment water strikes them. Super Suds is four times as thin as the thinnest chip. Hence many times faster in action. The photograph opposite shows how much more rapidly it dissolves than the ordinary chip or flake. Make this test yourself and see.

Faster for dishes . . . for clothes

Super Suds dissolves instantly . . . completely. This gives you not only instant *top* suds. But rich soapy *under-water* suds as well. Just as the photograph opposite shows you.

These active below-the-surface suds wash dishes faster . . . clothes whiter . . . because they go to work instantly all through the water. Thus with Super Suds you get super cleansing power.

Since Super Suds dissolves so completely, it is the easiest rinsing soap on the market today. Think what this means to you. In your laundry work it means fragrant, snow-white clothes . . . soap-free clothes . . . in actually one less rinsing.

It means, too, that dishwiping is no longer necessary. For with Super Suds every bit of the soap film will rinse off dishes in one hot rinse. They will drain clear and sparkling dry without wiping.

Make this test

Demonstrate to yourself, by this simple test, how rapidly and completely Super Suds dissolves

Take 4 glasses. Into one put a teaspoonful of Super Suds. Into another, a teaspoonful of any chip or flake. Fill the other two glasses with water of the temperature you are accustomed to use for dishwashing. Then empty this water into the glasses containing the soaps.

Instantly every bit of Super Suds dissolves, sending thick suds to every part of the water. The chips or flakes, on the other hand, yield suds but slowly. Undissolved bits of soap remain long after every particle of Super Suds has become suds.

Wash your next batch of dishes with Super Suds. See how white and smooth it keeps your hands. Then use it for laundry and cleaning. You'll agree that here is really a wonderful soap discovery. The big box of Super Suds is only 10c. It's so inexpensive that you can use it freely.

*These figures are based on 212,960 answers given us by housewives when called upon in their homes. 4433

THE BIG BOX OF SOAP FOR 10¢

Another muffin recipe

rich in the flavor of peanut butter

HERE is a recipe for muffins we want you to try. Their delicious nutty flavor will, we are sure, bring forth exclamations of approval from the whole family.

Beech-Nut
Peanut Butter Muffins

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup sugar
¼ cup Beech-Nut Peanut Butter
1 egg, beaten
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons butter, melted

Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Rub into them the peanut butter with tips of fingers. Add the milk and egg gradually. Beat well, add the melted butter. Bake in hot, well-greased muffin pans in a rather hot oven (400° F. to 425° F.) twenty to twenty-five minutes.

When you've made these muffins we know you'll want to send for our leaflet of many other dishes and cooked foods to which Beech-Nut Peanut Butter imparts a tempting and entirely new flavor. Just fill out the coupon below.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO. LH-5-29
Canajoharie, New York
Please send the FREE folder featuring new Peanut Butter recipes.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....

The High-School Banquet

Menus Adaptable to Any Color Combinations and to Any Cookery Facilities

For Combinations of Green

CLAM BROTH WITH NOODLES
Chopped Parsley May be Added if Noodles are Homemade. Otherwise Buy Spinach-Colored Noodles

CHICKEN ROLL WITH RICH CHICKEN GRAVY
A Very Thin Sheet of Biscuit Dough Spread Thickly With a Chicken Mixture, Baked Like a Jelly Roll and Served in Slices

SPICED RICE
Brown Rice Steamed With a Sweet Relish
or
Sliced Stuffed Green Olives

GREEN SPRING SALAD
Gelatin Colored Green, Flavored With Onion Juice and Molded With Slices of Mushrooms

TOASTED SWEDISH WAFERS ROSES OF MAYONNAISE

ICE-CREAM CUPS
Pistachio or Lime Ice Cream Served Between Split Cup Sponge Cakes

For Combinations of Orange

CHICKEN SOUP WITH RIVVELS
GARNISHED WITH GRATED ORANGE RIND

BAKED *or* BOILED HAM
SWEET POTATOES AND APPLES EN CASSEROLE
or
PLAIN MASHED POTATOES AND CODDLED APPLES
FRIED CAULIFLOWERETTES
Each Separate Stem of Flowerette Cut Free From the Head, Crumbed and Egged and Fried in Deep Fat

SUNSET SALAD
Celery Stalks Stuffed With Grated Carrots Mixed With Mayonnaise

ICE-CREAM TARTS
Ice Cream Served in Tart Shells With Caramel or Chocolate Sauce

For Combinations of Red

ASSORTED HORS D'ŒUVRES
Many Possible Selections in February Journal—Page 87
or
HARVARD SOUP
Made of Beet Pulp, Flavored With Tabasco Sauce and Onion, Thickened With Arrowroot and Garnished With a Beet "H"

MINT-STUFFED SHOULDER OF LAMB
Mint-Flavored Bread-Crumb Stuffing

BROWN GRAVY BUTTERED NEW BOILED POTATOES
ARTICHOKES OR NEW ASPARAGUS WITH HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

HEAD LETTUCE *or* ROMAINE SALAD
CORN-MEAL CRISPS CHOPPED RADISHES IN FRENCH DRESSING

STRAWBERRY CHARLOTTE
Whipped Cream Folded Into Strawberry Juice, Thickened With Gelatin, Beaten Well and Molded

For Combinations of Yellow

CANAPÉS
Designed to Carry Out a Class or School Event.
See Page 100 of October, 1928, Issue of the Journal for Suggestions

ROAST DUCKLING
DAMSON PRESERVES *or* DAMSON DUMPLINGS
ESCALLOPED POTATOES BUTTERED LIMA BEANS

NEW-CABBAGE SALAD
YELLOW CHEESE BALLS MAYONNAISE GARNISH

FROZEN CUSTARD WITH CHOCOLATE ANGEL-FOOD CAKE
YELLOW MINTS SALTED ALMONDS

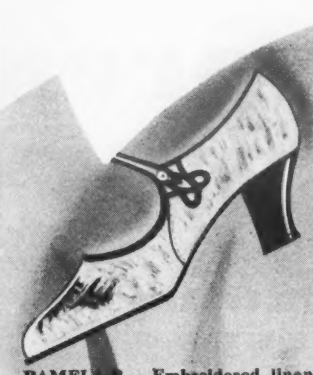
For Any Color Scheme

FRUIT CUP
Fresh Pineapple, Orange Juice, Grapefruit, and a Strawberry for Garnish

ROAST BEEF WITH BROWN GRAVY
ONION SHORTCAKE—*See Page 144* STEAMED HOMINY

STRING-BEAN OR EGG-PLANT SALAD

BON GOUT PASTRIES
Pastry Turnover, Made With Cream Cheese and Filled With Ginger Pear Preserves or Guava Jelly—See Page 144



PAMELA-B — Embroidered linen with Almond "periustre" kid.

PHYLLIS—Black satin, with twisted strap of black satin and silver kid.

VERONA — Gray genuine water-snake, with quarter of gray kidskin.

LAURIE—The indispensable Tawnette Kid tie, in a new variation.

PAMELA-A — Marron glace kid, trimmed with genuine lizard.

With such styles as these

is it any wonder that America's best-dressed women are eager to enjoy the matchless comfort of Arch Preserver Shoes?

For here are foot health and boundless activity without sacrificing a particle of style. Here is the comfort shoe that answers the fashionable woman's demand for tasteful smartness in the New York and Paris manner.

There is no outward trace of the famous Arch Preserver patented features that keep the foot exquisitely high-arched and youthfully vigorous . . . the arch-bridge that takes all strain off the arch . . . the flat inner sole that prevents pinching . . . the metatarsal support that puts verve and foot-free grace into every step.

And these lovely shoes are fitted to the foot by an individual method of heel-to-ball measuring that achieves a custom-tailored appearance, which, because of the Arch Preserver construction, lasts as long as the shoes themselves.

Yet most models are priced only $10 to $15. Let your local Arch Preserver dealer show you how smart they look and how good they feel on your feet.

THE
ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

Supports where support is needed—bends where the foot bends

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

Made for women, juniors, misses and children by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, O. For men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

THE SELBY SHOE CO.
111 Seventh St., Portsmouth, O.

Please send pictures of Spring styles, and new booklet, No. L-11, "Style and Comfort in Every Step."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

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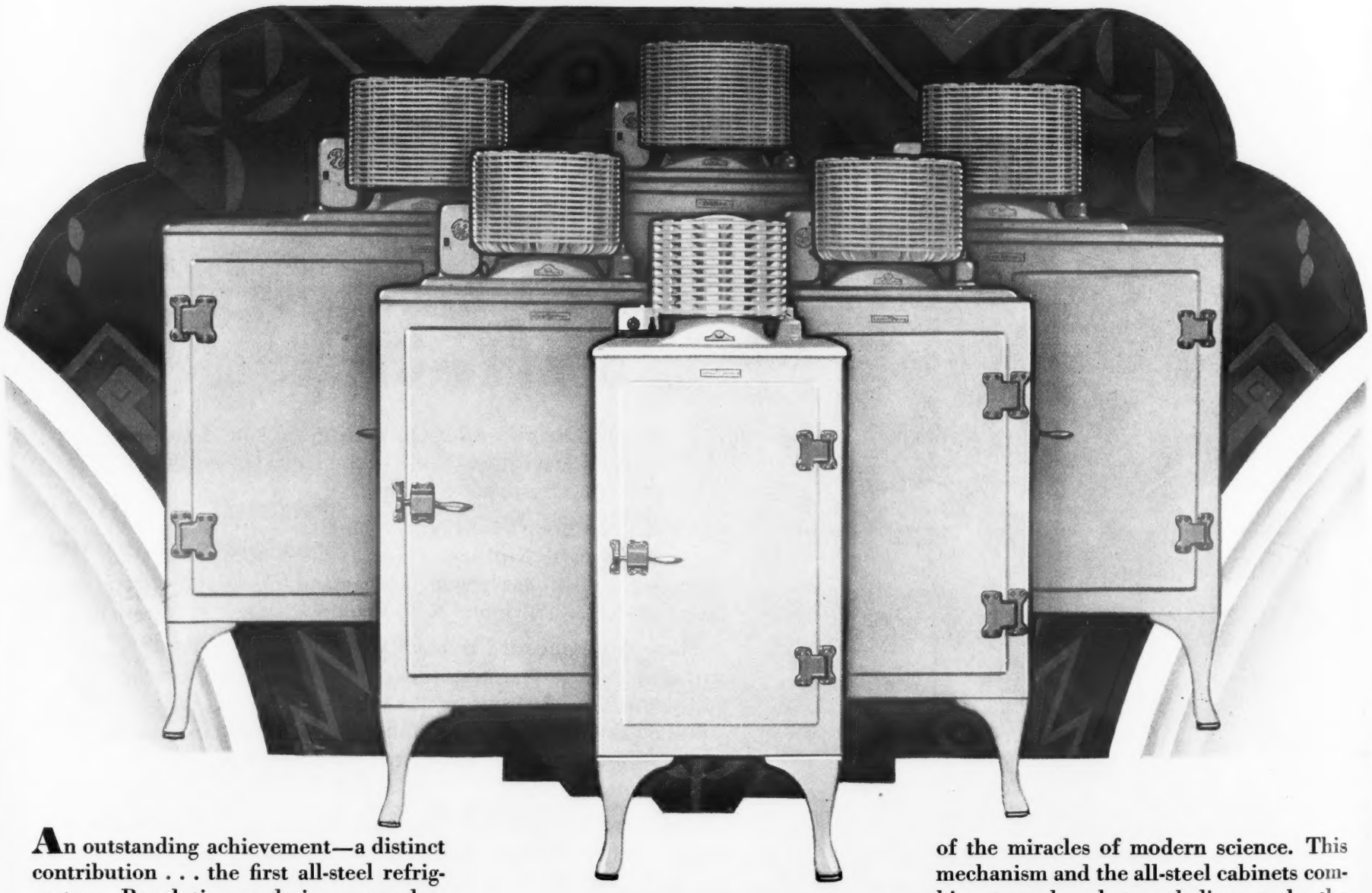
Now presenting six ALL-STEEL MODELS

INTRODUCING STILL HIGHER STANDARDS OF EFFICIENCY



An outstanding achievement—a distinct contribution . . . the first all-steel refrigerators. Revolutionary designs—new low prices. The greatest values ever offered by General Electric.

This all-steel refrigerator development marks the climax of years of painstaking work. It is another contribution to better living—made by the engineers and scientists of the General Electric Research Laboratories. This is the same group that perfected the hermetically sealed mechanism which, by reason of its simplicity, its quietness and its efficiency, has already made the General Electric Refrigerator an outstanding success.

CAN'T WARP STRONGER, STURDIER COST LESS TO OPERATE

Now you can buy a refrigerator with a cabinet built like a safe. One with doors that will always fit perfectly. One which will operate with the least amount of current.

The hermetically sealed mechanism remains just as it has always been . . . sealed away from dust and difficulties, permanently oiled, quiet, unseen, untouched . . . one of the miracles of modern science. This mechanism and the all-steel cabinets combine to make what we believe to be the most perfect refrigerator ever built.

Mass production has made possible many important economies. Prices now start at only $215, at the factory, and there are six sizes of the all-steel models to choose from.

These new all-steel refrigerators are now on display. You owe it to yourself to investigate them thoroughly. Meanwhile, if you prefer, drop us a card for a descriptive booklet. Address Section J-5, Electric Refrigeration Dept., General Electric Co., Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

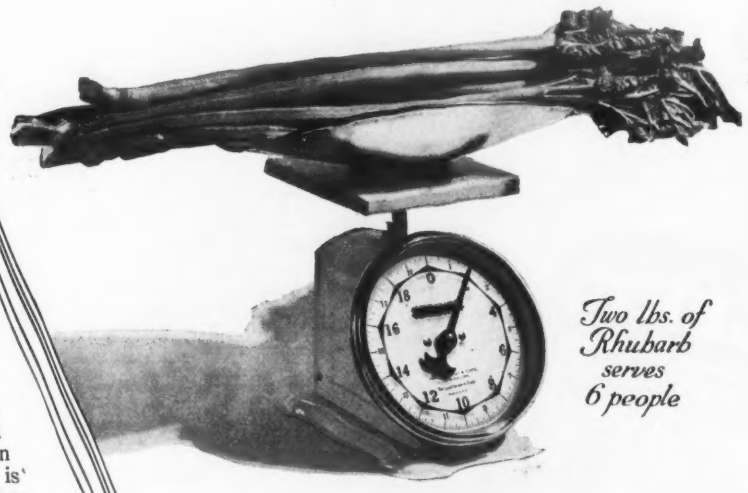
ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

Buying Vegetables by the Pound

SHALL I shop at a market where bananas are sold only by the number and never know whether six of a large size at a higher price per dozen will give me more for my money than ten of a smaller size costing slightly less per dozen? Shall I continue to pay fifteen cents for a small head of cabbage and twenty-five for a larger one, and then, on buying the larger one, occasionally find that, when cutting it through the center, the leaves are loosely separated from the core, which causes me to wonder whether the smaller head would not have been a better buy, especially if it appeared to be a heavy solid one? How can I judge whether asparagus at fifty cents a bunch is cheaper at one place than it is at another where the price is fifty-nine cents, if the bunches look about the same size and the stalks about the same length and color? How shall I buy rhubarb, by the bunch, where I am left to handle each one and gauge for myself as well as I can which has the most stalks or longer ones in it, or by the pound, where leaves and all are weighed? What difference does it make in buying potatoes by the pound or by the measure? Is it not cheaper to buy by weight, since fewer of the large ones fit into a measure in which many small ones will go?

THESE are only a few samples of the many questions that arise in the minds of conscientious and intelligent homemakers who live in large cities where a variety of methods of buying fresh vegetables are still offered by different types of stores. There is one method, however, that is becoming increasingly popular in all types of stores in all parts of the country, and that is buying by the pound. This method is by far the most exact and has proved very practical in the Far West, where it is in almost exclusive use not only for fresh vegetables but for most fresh fruits as well. It eliminates much of the guesswork of the kind pointed out in the questions above and reduces all prices to a common unit of measurement which makes them readily comparable. It is not only of great value in selecting the cheaper place to buy vegetables of the same quality, but is of importance in putting quality itself in its proper relation with price. For instance, in the case cited above of buying large and small cabbages, if the smaller one is heavy and costs more in comparison with a larger head, you may be fairly sure that it is a firm solid head such as is needed for salads and the like. In such matters as the use to which the food is to be put, personal judgment and taste will always be a necessary element in determining the better buy for one's money. Thus, to reduce the impersonal element, by using a common unit of measure and making it as all-inclusive as possible, will greatly simplify marketing. Using the pound, which is already familiar to every consumer and distributor, adds much in the way of satisfaction and pleasure to the task of household marketing of vegetables.

If you live in the West you are probably saying to yourself, "What's new in buying vegetables by the pound?" But if you live in the East, this will explain which in the long run is the cheapest way to buy fresh vegetables and why buying them by the pound is becoming increasingly popular in all parts of the country.



Two lbs. of Rhubarb serves 6 people

One lb. of Mushrooms serves 6 people

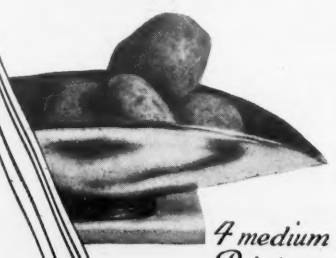
A pound in number-varies

Small Cabbages are heavy—if solid

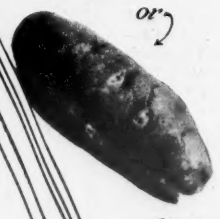
One lb. of Broccoli serves 6 people

One lb. of Asparagus serves 6 people

One lb.—4 medium Tomatoes



4 medium Potatoes or



one Idaho Baker weighs one lb.

"No more shiny noses since I use MELLO-GLO Face Powder. It stays on longer and keeps ugly shine away. It spreads more smoothly and prevents large pores." Desirée Tabor (operetta star famous for her beauty), 66 W. 46th St., New York City.

"MELLO-GLO Face Powder means skin loveliness, for it keeps ugly shine away without ever giving a pasty or flaky look." Berna Deane (beautiful prima donna), 243 West End Ave., New York City.

"No wonder beautiful women protect their lovely skins with MELLO-GLO Face Powder. It is so exquisitely fine textured and pure. No pasty or flaky look with MELLO-GLO but a velvety youthful bloom." Rachael Chester (famous beauty), 301 W. 105th Street, New York City.

Loved by America's Most Beautiful Women

MELLO-GLO Face Powder must be wonderful—so distinctive—so exceptional.

Two million of America's loveliest women know MELLO-GLO stays on longer and prevents large pores—conquers shiny nose—spreads more smoothly and gives a youthful bloom unknown before. These marvelous qualities are due to a new French Process owned and used by MELLO-GLO only.

The purest face powder known! MELLO-GLO is made of the finest imported ingredients and the coloring conforms to our Federal Government standards before it is used.

MELLO-GLO is an exclusive powder made for and used by Beautiful Women. Its purity, smoothness, softness and fineness insure you against any flaky or pasty look or irritation.

Your favorite store has MELLO-GLO or will get it for you. Use this truly wonderful Face Powder and protect your complexion.

¶ *MELLO-GLO has become so popular among beautiful women, that any store that tries to substitute does you an injustice.*

A complete book of recipes is under the label of every bottle of Certo

Here is Your Certo Recipe Booklet
Always use the recipe booklet that comes with the bottle. Every bottle has a booklet you need not
CERTO
FOR USE IN MAKING JAMS & JELLIES
CERTO CORPORATION, ROCHESTER, N.Y.U.S.A.

97 *easy recipes for delicious* JAMS *and* JELLIES!

Anyone *can make them using the modern* "short-boil" *method* ✓ ✓ ✓

UNDER the label of every bottle of Certo is a book of 97 recipes for all sorts of delicious homemade jams and jellies.

The recipe below for pineapple and strawberry jam is one of them. Read it and see how easy it is to make this delicious combination. Each of the 96 other recipes is just as easy!

Certo has revolutionized the art of making jams and jellies. Now *anyone*, the most inexperienced cook, can make perfect jams and jellies every time—with only one minute's boiling. That's why it is called the "short-boil" method. Famous cooking experts, including Alice Bradley and Sarah Field Splint, recommend this Certo "short-boil" method. The Home Economics Departments of universities and colleges all over the country teach it.

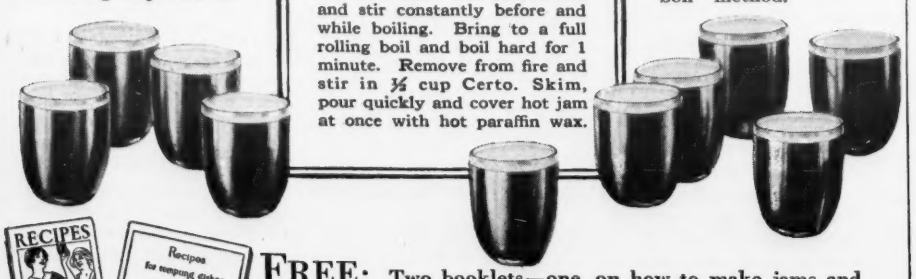
* * *

Certo is a Pure Fruit Product—just the natural jellying substance extracted from fruit in which it is abundant. With Certo, you can make jams and jellies from *any* fruit or fruit juice—quickly, easily, perfectly!

Millions of women have discovered that jams and jellies made the Certo "short-boil" way have better color and flavor—more like the fresh fruit itself—and that the cost per glass is from 1 to 3 cents less than by the old "long-boil" method.

PINEAPPLE AND STRAWBERRY JAM, MIXED

Crush to a fine pulp about 1 quart ripe berries. Put pineapple (fresh or canned) through food chopper, or chop very fine. Measure 2 level cups of each fruit into large kettle. In case of slight shortage of one fruit, use enough of the other fruit to make 4 level cups (2 lbs.) total. Add 7 level cups (3 lbs.) sugar and mix well. Use hottest fire and stir constantly before and while boiling. Bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard for 1 minute. Remove from fire and stir in ½ cup Certo. Skim, pour quickly and cover hot jam at once with hot paraffin wax.



FREE: Two booklets—one, on how to make jams and jellies by the "short-boil" method; the other, an illustrated booklet of "Recipes for Tempting Dishes Using Jams and Jellies." Mail coupon to Elizabeth Palmer, Home Service Dept. She will write you and send the two booklets.

Elizabeth Palmer, Home Service Dept.
Certo Corporation,
340 Granite Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.
(If you live in Canada, address: Certo, Cobourg, Ont.)

Please send me the two booklets described above.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Check here and send 10¢ if you want trial half bottle of Certo.

We Test Our Readers' Recipes

New York Comes Again

An Hors d'Œuvre Paste

3 Chicken Livers
3 Hard-Cooked Eggs
1 Tablespoonful of Grated Onion
⅛ Teaspoonful of Pepper
¾ Teaspoonful of Salt
2 Tablespoonfuls of Drippings

THE pungent yet delicate flavor of this chicken-liver paste makes it very suitable for an hors d'œuvre spread or for a filling for celery stalks or quarters of tomato from which the seeds have been removed. Simmer the chicken livers until just tender, with only enough water to keep from sticking. This takes scarcely more than ten minutes. Then put through the meat chopper and mix to a paste with the grated hard-cooked eggs, the onion, seasonings and fat.

—MISS M. M. K., *Howard Beach.*

Rainbow Casserole

2 Large Boiled Potatoes
3 Hard-Cooked Eggs
1 Cupful of Boiled Peas
1 Cupful of Boiled Carrots
½ Cupful of Finely Chopped Stuffed Olives
1 Pint of Sour Cream

THIS dish is an excellent, well-flavored and unusual casserole for the meatless luncheon. You arrange a layer of the potatoes thinly sliced in a medium-size oiled baking dish, and over them pour some of the cream. Add a layer of eggs, sliced crosswise, a quarter of an inch thick, one of peas and of carrots, also sliced. Cover the top generously with the olives and the last of the cream before slipping into a hot oven—400° F.—to cook about half an hour. —H. VAN V., *New York City.*

Onion Shortcake

2 Cupfuls of Onions
1 Teaspoonful of Salt
1 Tablespoonful of Shortening
½ of a Slightly Beaten Egg
½ Cupful of Sour Cream

COOK the onions, sliced paper thin, with the shortening and salt until well steamed and tender but not at all brown. When cool, spread over a round of rich baking-powder dough, rolled a quarter of an inch thick and about nine inches in diameter, pouring over the top the cream and egg thoroughly beaten together. Bake in a hot oven—450° F.—for about twenty minutes until slightly brown on top. When done, serve with a pork roast in pieces cut for individual serving. —MISS G., *Dongan Hills.*

Herring Salad

1 Medium-Size Salt Herring
1 Hard-Cooked Egg
1 Large Onion
⅓ of a Large Tart Apple
½ Teaspoonful of Sugar
A Speck of Cinnamon

ALTHOUGH very simply made, herring salad is quite a distinctive luncheon dish, due to its blending of flavors. Soak the herring in cold water overnight, then parboil in fresh water about eight minutes. Drain, remove the skin and bone, then chop finely with the egg, onion, apple and a half-inch slice of bread soaked in a quarter of a cupful of vinegar. Add the sugar and cinnamon, chill and serve on lettuce.

—MRS. P. S., *Bronx.*

Cream-Cheese Paste

½ Cupful of Shortening
¼ Cupful of Cream Cheese
½ Cupful of Pastry Flour
A Tart Preserve or Jelly

THE flakiness and delicate lusciousness of these surprising little pastries are never to be forgotten. Just cream the shortening and cheese together thoroughly, then beat for several minutes before sifting and cutting in the flour. Roll out very thin, cut into two-inch squares and drop a spoonful of tart preserve or jelly on each. Moisten the cut edges and fold into triangles, pressing the edges together with a fork. Cook on a baking sheet in a hot oven—400° F.—until brown, or about twelve minutes. Serve with afternoon tea or make a little larger for dessert.

—M. N. O., *Freeport.*

Caramel Squares

¼ Pound of Brown Sugar
¼ Cupful of Butter
1 Egg
1 Cupful of Pastry Flour
1 Teaspoonful of Baking Powder
¼ Teaspoonful of Salt
⅓ Cupful of Nuts
⅓ Cupful of Pitted Dates
½ Teaspoonful of Vanilla

MELT the sugar and butter together over a low flame; cool, add the unbeaten egg and beat until light. Stir in the flour, sifted with the baking powder and salt, and beat again thoroughly before folding in the whole nuts, the dates shredded, and vanilla. Spread about a quarter of an inch thick in a shallow pan and bake in a moderate oven—350° F.—until brown, about twenty-five minutes. When done, cut into strips an inch wide and two inches long and keep on hand for future use, as they remain fresh longer without losing their original "chewy" quality than do most small cakes.

—A. H. G., *New York City.*

Fanks

1 Yeast Cake
1 Quart of Milk
7 Cupfuls of Bread Flour
2 Egg Yolks
1 Egg White
¾ Cupful of Sugar
1 Tablespoonful of Melted Butter
3 Tablespoonfuls of Grated Lemon Rind

SOFTEN the yeast in the milk, made lukewarm, and gradually beat in five cupfuls of flour. Cover and stand in a warm place for an hour, then whip the eggs slightly, beat in the sugar gradually, and stir into the above sponge with the butter and grated lemon rind. When thoroughly mixed, add the remaining flour and knead until elastic. Let rise until doubled in size and knead once more. Roll to about half an inch in thickness, cut into inch rounds and moisten the edges of every other one, dropping some tart jam in the center. Cover with the other round and press the edges together firmly, then stand aside until double in size again. Fry in deep hot fat—350° F.—until well risen, puffy, and a golden brown in color.

—H. M. B., *New York City.*

Scoring Your Own Marketing Information

(Continued from Page 118)

65. A pound of mushrooms, if broiled and served on toast, will serve five people.
66. Iceberg lettuce is the most popular variety of winter lettuce.
67. The bones of a fresh fish do not adhere tightly to the flesh.
68. The edible portion of meat from the top round and chuck is larger than from any other cut of beef.
69. Mushroom "buttons" are more expensive than the larger, but flatter caps.
70. In selecting sweet or mango peppers for stuffing, choose those which are deep and long.
71. The only safe way to select an ear of corn is to strip back the husks and examine the grains.
72. Brussels sprouts are improved by frost and are better, therefore, in the late fall and early winter.
73. The freshness of a fish can always be determined by the elasticity and firmness of the flesh, which means that an impression made with the finger will not remain.
74. There are more than one hundred cuts from which to select your meat.
75. It is possible to save six or eight cents on a pint of orange juice by using oranges that grade as 300's rather than 176's.
76. The purchaser who tests melons by pressing them leaves a trail of decay in her path and thus increases the cost of food to all consumers.
77. In buying citrus fruits, be sure the fruit is heavy for its size.
78. Cranberries are in season only from Thanksgiving through the Christmas holiday season.
79. Some of the larger fancy dates in the market come from Africa and some from California.
80. Because of the low temperature to which fillets of fish are subjected during freezing the original flavor and texture are retained in the fish.
81. Canned fish left for a time in the open can is in no more danger of spoiling than if it is emptied into a bowl.
82. California dates are considered of far better flavor and are cheaper than Tunis dates.
83. Wild rice, which is often served with game, resembles oats in appearance.
84. Every state has a law requiring that bread be sold by weight in units of one pound, one and one-half pounds, or multiples of one pound, or that the weight be marked clearly on the label or wrapper.
85. In many cases the flavor of the standard grade of a canned fruit is quite as good as that of the fancy grade.
86. No dates are washed before being marketed as this would impair their keeping quality.
87. According to the Standard Container Act, a berry box must hold a dry quart or a definite division of a quart, as one-half quart, or a multiple of a quart, as two quarts.
88. If the housewife wishes to see the berries in the bottom of the box, it is better for her to let the dealer tip the box, for he is more expert and will not injure the fruit so much.
89. Grades of polished rice are based upon the differences in food value of the grains.
90. A quart of lima beans measured in a liquid measure is about one-seventh less than when measured in a dry measure.
91. Macaroni and spaghetti, being made from the same mixture, are usually the same price and the housewife bases her choice only on her preference for the larger or medium-size tubes.
92. It is just as safe to buy and use bulk dates as package dates, if the bulk ones are kept clean and covered.
93. Brown rice is that from which the outside husks have been removed but the germ and the outer skin left remaining.
94. The purpose of the label on the packaged goods is to tell the purchaser what she is buying—that is, whether the food has been mixed with cheaper products, or whether preservatives have been added, and to give the exact weight of the contents.
95. It is wise to wash all eggs before placing them in the refrigerator.
96. After a housekeeper has planned her meals and carefully made out a market list, she should never allow the dealer to persuade her to change her plans.
97. It is unwise to buy below the market price unless you know the reason for the reduction.
98. The term "fresh egg" as commonly used means any egg which has not been in cold storage.
99. By processing good fresh eggs and then refrigerating them during transit, it is possible to have Pacific Coast eggs shipped to South America, and then several hundred miles inland, where they compete successfully with the locally produced eggs as to quality and price.
100. It is a simple matter to compute the cost of a cereal by the pound from the price paid for the package.
101. In the manufacture of many cereals the germ is removed to improve the keeping quality.
102. Careful chemical tests have shown that there is no difference in the quality of new-laid eggs, regardless of the color of the shell.
103. A whole-grained cereal containing the germ is superior in food value to one which contains only starch.
104. When marketing, the housewife makes a considerable saving by buying food in large rather than in small containers.
105. Extract bottles are so well standardized as to size that the housewife is never deceived as to the amount of flavoring in the bottle.
106. In first-class bacon there is a good marbling of lean and fat, with the strips of lean less than one-quarter of an inch wide.
107. Cottonseed oil is used more than any other oil for edible purposes.
108. Winter cottonseed oil is different in flavor from summer cottonseed oil.
109. Caviar, which is the preserved roe of the sturgeon, comes to us from Russia, Norway, Germany and America.
110. "Process butter," "factory butter" and "imitation creamery butter" are terms used for renovated butter.
111. If cheese is made from unskimmed milk, it may be called "full cream cheese."
112. For such foods as milk, butter, eggs and bread, a standing order for regular delivery is the best mode of purchase.
113. Food wastes which reach the garbage pail may result from careless marketing and poor storage of food.
114. The American consumer is in general very wasteful, because she confuses pride and custom with economy and common sense.
115. All food packages are required by law to be marked with the net contents.
116. It is not proper to leave a clean plate, to use left-over food, or to save scraps of meat left from serving.

If *you marry it to the Proper Flavor in the Dressing.*

That is the great point of salad—flavor!

Not a striving after exotic or "hot house" fruits and vegetables, but the unerring instinct for right flavors, marks you as a sophisticated salad maker.

The dressing is the soul of the salad. Its flavor must be alive, pricking the appetite, pulsing with the racy tang which quickens cold vegetables into—Salad!

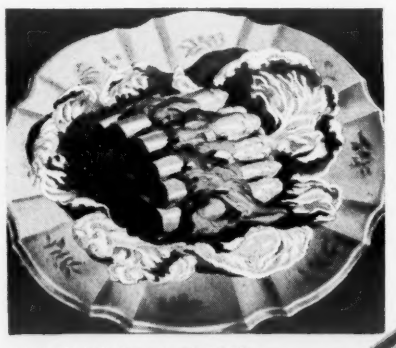
Alas, how often the salad falls flat for want of half a teaspoon of Colman's Mustard!

For Colman's is milled from the especially pungent mustard seed which grows only in Lincolnshire, England. There Jeremiah Colman found it in 1805 and encouraged its cultivation. Now the whole countryside is engaged in raising this precious seed for Colman's Mustard.

Put a dash of Colman's in all your salad dressings—whether you make them at home or buy them ready prepared. It will make all the difference in your reputation for sophisticated salads.

For cooked foods, too

Colman's Mustard accents the flavor of cheese dishes and points the interest of meats, fish, vegetables and eggs. Our newest recipe book contains many of these canny hints. Why not send for it—it's free. Just fill in and mail the coupon below.



DINNER SALAD: Bind bunches of succulent "tips" with sliced onion rings and serve with *French Dressing*—½ cup oil; 2 tablespoons vinegar; 1 teaspoon paprika; 1 teaspoon powdered sugar; ½ teaspoon Colman's Mustard; 2 teaspoons salt; dash cayenne. Place all of the ingredients in a bottle or cruet, chill, shake vigorously just before serving.

LUNCHEON "MAIN DISH" SALAD: Asparagus with *Thousand Island Dressing*—1 cup mayonnaise or boiled dressing flavored with Colman's Mustard; ¼ cup thick chili sauce; ¼ cup catsup; 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper; 3 tablespoons chopped pimento; 3 tablespoons chopped beets. Stir together the other ingredients and to them add the mayonnaise.

By appointment to His Majesty The King.

COLMAN'S MUSTARD

J. & J. Colman (U. S. A.) Ltd.,
Mustard Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me free your new booklet of recipes for salad dressings, sauces, meats, entrees and relishes.

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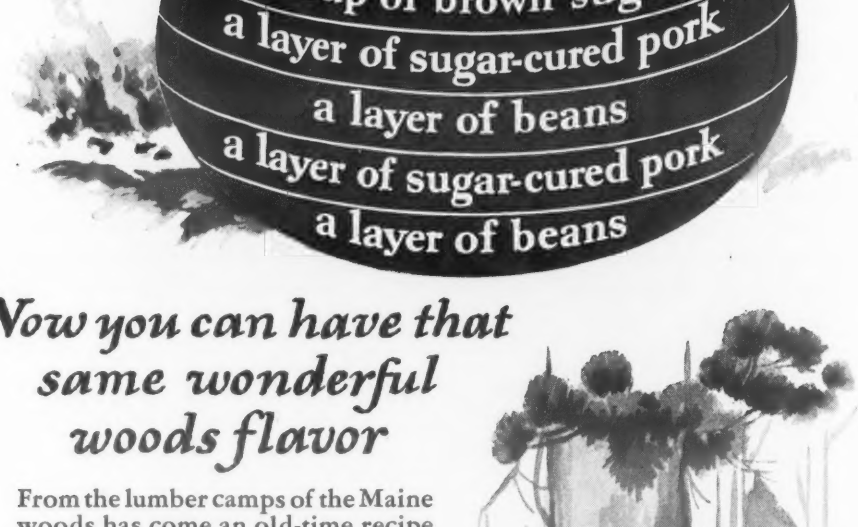
L-5-29

Beans baked outdoors!

—in an oven in the ground called the "*bean hole*"


a cup of molasses
a cup of brown sugar
a layer of sugar-cured pork
a layer of beans
a layer of sugar-cured pork
a layer of beans

Now you can have that same wonderful woods flavor

From the lumber camps of the Maine woods has come an old-time recipe for baking beans.

These beans are famous for their wonderful flavor—a flavor that has blended in it the fragrance of pine forests, the tang of wood smoke, the sweetness of fresh earth.

They are baked in a unique way. The big iron bean pot is first filled to the brim with flavor-rich ingredients. A layer of beans, a layer of sugar-cured pork, a cup of molasses and one of brown sugar. Repeated again and again.

Then the pot is buried in the hot earthen oven called the "bean hole." There it bakes all night in a bed of fragrant pine embers.

And now you can taste beans just like these Maine woods beans! In Bean Hole Beans you have that very same outdoor flavor!

Have you eaten Bean Hole Beans? You'll say you've never known *real baked-bean flavor* before! Your grocer has Bean Hole Beans in two sizes, medium 15c; and large 25c. Van Camp's, Indianapolis, Indiana.

BEAN HOLE BEANS

Named for the Maine woods way of baking beans in an oven in the ground called the "bean hole."

117. The best grade of olive oil is obtained by the first pressing of perfect ripe olives and then filtering to remove foreign matter.
118. The germs of the corn are ground and pressed to obtain corn oil.
119. A widespread preference for an all-purpose flour has continued more or less to the present day, although bread making in the home has decreased greatly.
120. The practice of using an all-purpose flour for quick breads is economically sound.
121. Except for fancy baking where a high-grade pastry flour is used, the housewife has no general use for soft-wheat flour, or pastry flour.
122. The Pure Food Law bans importation of artificially colored teas.
123. Only a tin canister with a pry-off top, or like piece of equipment, is satisfactory for keeping a highly flavored tea.
124. Extracted and separated honey are the same thing.
125. Honey sold in jars or pails is often adulterated with glucose.
126. All nonalcoholic vanilla extracts should be labeled "imitation."
127. It is more economical for a family of two to buy a porterhouse steak than a sirloin steak.
128. It is wise to buy mustard paste in small containers, for by the end of six or eight months it has lost much of its strength.
129. A test for the quality of lemon extract is to place a few drops on a clean piece of blotting paper and if the aroma is strong after the alcohol has evaporated it is a good quality.

Group B

THE completion questions in Group B are answered by supplying the missing word or figure in each blank space. Check these by the correct answers given on page 151 and score as you did for Group A, subtracting your errors from 31, which is the total number of blanks.

1. The season for spring lamb is from _____ to _____.
2. In dressing a roasting chicken there is a loss of about _____ per cent.
3. The edible part of a roasting chicken is about _____ per cent of the live weight.
4. A Number _____ can of fruits or vegetables serves six people.
5. A Number One can of fruits or vegetables serves _____ people.
6. For six servings of the following foods buy:
   1. Dried prunes _____
   2. Cabbage _____
   3. Potatoes for mashing _____
   4. Carrots _____
   5. Steak for Broiling _____
   6. Sausage _____
   7. Apples for sauce _____
7. Shrimp for canning are cooked and put up in either a _____ or a _____ pack.
8. Four starches which may be used for thickening sauces and soups are _____, _____, _____ and _____.
9. There are _____ good-size sweet potatoes to a pound.
10. From one pound of potatoes you may obtain _____ cups of small cubes.
11. In string beans the waste from strings and ends will be about _____ per cent.
12. Dates marketed under the name of _____ are usually the most expensive on the market.
13. The value of white pepper lies in its _____, not in its superior flavor.
14. A quart of carrots weighs approximately _____ pound(s).
15. A "cereal" obtained from the root of a tropical plant is _____.
16. The weekly grocery bill has been found to be about _____ larger at independent stores than at chain stores.
17. Seventy-five per cent of the lemons used in the United States and Canada are produced in _____.
18. There are _____ slices of pineapple in a Number 2½ can.
19. There are about _____ halves of peaches in a Number 2½ can.
20. A high-grade flavoring extract satisfactory for all purposes cannot be made without _____.

Group C

GROUP C is called a multiple-choice test. The idea is to check one of the following choices that will complete correctly the statement above it. Compare your answers with the correct ones on page 151, checking your errors as before. Subtract the number from 10, which is the total of this group.

1. Only noodles which contain 5 per cent of whole egg may be labeled
   1. Noodles.
   2. Plain noodles.
   3. Water noodles.
2. In buying canned peas which are to be strained for the baby choose
   1. Petits-pois peas.
   2. Telephone peas.
   3. Extra sifted peas.
3. Practically all ripe olives are produced and packed in
   1. Spain.
   2. California.
   3. Egypt.
4. Check the cheeses in the following list which are used for flavor rather than for nutritive value: Parmesan, Swiss, American Cheddar, Roquefort, English Dairy.
5. A pound of prune pulp costs least when it is obtained from prunes of designated size number
   1. 20–30's.
   2. 40–50's.
   3. 70–80's.
6. Check the egg that is apt to be best in August.
   1. April storage egg.
   2. July storage egg.
   3. August egg five days old.
7. Check the one fish that is not in season all the year round.
   1. Flounder.
   2. Cod.
   3. Salmon.
   4. Butterfish.
8. The prejudice against cold-storage foods today is due to
   1. Their high cost.
   2. Their intrinsic inferiority.
   3. Early prejudice which has never been overcome.
9. Teas are never flavored with
   1. Rose.
   2. Jasmine.
   3. Anise.
   4. Honeysuckle.
10. The drinking quality of a tea is determined by
    1. Aroma and taste.
    2. Style of leaf.
    3. Color.

Group D

GROUP D is composed of matching questions. In these, there are two lists of factors. One from the first column matches one in the second and gives a complete name or definition of it. Draw a straight line between the matching words. Compare your answers with those on page 151, checking all your errors as before. Then subtract the total errors from 36, which is the number of questions in this group.

1. There are four grades of canned tuna fish. Match the variety with the appropriate description.

a. Long-fin or white-meat tuna.	*a.* Dark pink.
b. Blue-fin tuna.	*b.* Game flavor—darkest color.

(Continued on Page 148)

Don't trust to

ANTIQUATED METHODS

to protect beautiful teeth and gums

TODAY WE KNOW THAT FIRST YOU MUST GUARD THE DANGER LINE FROM ACIDS

WOMEN who suffer from slow poisoning by decaying teeth and infected gums may not be actually ill. But they may find charm and beauty waning. For, lack of vitality makes faces old. Pain and worry soon cause wrinkles.

Indeed, we know now that radiant health has no more treacherous enemy than tooth decay. Physicians and dentists tell us that thousands fall victims to serious illness—heart and nervous disorders, rheumatism, premature old age—through tooth decay and gum infection.

And so often, these ills result not only from neglect, but from erroneous, old-fashioned methods of mouth hygiene. For, modern dental science has discovered that merely brushing the teeth is not enough . . . that just cleaning the exposed surfaces cannot bring you full protection . . . that correct mouth hygiene must be based on one fundamental fact . . .

A dentifrice must neutralize the acids at The Danger Line

It is recognized today that the most serious dental troubles begin at The Danger Line—where teeth and gums meet. In the tiny V-shaped crevices there, acids attack the teeth and irritate the gums. And these crevices, particularly those between the teeth, are beyond the reach of any tooth-brush.

The Squibb Laboratories realized this several years ago. Upon the advice of prominent dental authorities, they developed a dental cream that cleans perfectly . . . and also protects the teeth and gums against dangerous acids.

Your physician, your dentist and your druggist will tell you that Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, from which Squibb's Dental Cream is made, is the finest you can buy. It is pure and pleasant to take, because it has no earthy taste. Its unsurpassed antacid qualities and mild laxative action make it also truly valuable in promoting proper alimentation.

Made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia

Physicians and dentists long have recognized that Milk of Magnesia is the most effective of all products for neutralizing those acids which attack the teeth and gums. Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50 per cent of this safe, pleasant antacid—enough to neutralize the mouth acids at The Danger Line and give protection long after use. Don't risk your health and charm another day. Consult your dentist regularly. Get a tube of Squibb's Dental Cream—made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. It contains no astringents, no grit, no abrasives—nothing that can injure the most tender mouth. Use it tonight. Then you may be sure that your teeth and gums are safeguarded. At druggists'—40 cents a large tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.

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Every Friday evening from 7.15 *to* 7.30 *Eastern Standard Time the first nation-wide series of Public Health and Medical Talks is being given by outstanding members of the profession, over the following Stations:* WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KWK, WREN, WTMJ, KOA, KSTP, WLW. *Wire facilities provided by E. R. Squibb & Sons.*

SQUIBB'S

Dental Cream

THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

try this

the next time - you have a - buffet supper

serve Hollywood sandwiches as Hollywood makes them

ANOTHER OF THE MANY WAYS IN WHICH

FRENCH'S MUSTARD HELPS A HOSTESS

You need soft cream cheese and stuffed olives or pimientos. And to make real Hollywood sandwiches with the unique flavor that has made them so popular—*you must* have French's Prepared Mustard—that's the whole secret. Mix the olives or pimientos, chopped fine, into a paste using French's Mustard. Slice brown bread to wafer thinness and butter thinly. Spread one slice with a layer of the soft cheese. Spread another with the mustard and pimiento mixture. Lay the two together—face to face, with a small lettuce leaf between—and there you are—the famous Hollywood Sandwich with that flavor called French.

French's Prepared Mustard is different from all other mustards—always just right for every taste, combining the finest mustard seed and certain other savory spices, according to an old and jealously guarded formula.

What a boon such a condiment is to the woman who takes pride in her ability to please the appetites of her family or guests.

Printed on cards, handy to use. 12 or more new recipes offered each month.

Send the coupon below for this month's French's Recipes—FREE.

Sent *free*—just print your name and address on the coupon and mail to us.

THE R. T. FRENCH COMPANY, *Housewives' Service Dept.*, 1-11 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

(Continued from Page 146)

c. Yellow-fin tuna. c. Meat like chicken.
d. Striped tuna. d. Meat slightly pink.

2. There are four different powdered sugars on the market. Match name with description.
   a. Bar Powdered. a. Mixture of Bar and XXXX.
   b. XXXX Powdered. b. Coarse.
   c. Icing Powdered. c. Pulverized.
   d. Standard Powdered. d. XXXX plus cornstarch.

3. Match percentage of lamb actually eaten with cut as bought.
   a. Rib chop. a. 28%.
   b. Shoulder chop. b. 44%.
   c. Loin chop. c. 38%.

4. Match variety of onion with appropriate use.
   a. Spanish onion. a. Sandwiches.
   b. Bermuda onion. b. Stuffing and baking.
   c. Small white onion. c. Creaming.

5. Match cheese with particular use to which it is suited.
   a. English dairy. a. Salad dressing.
   b. Swiss. b. Grated.
   c. Roquefort. c. Sandwiches.
   d. Parmesan. d. Rarebits.

6. Match variety of apple with best method of use.
   a. Greening apples. a. Eating.
   b. Baldwin. b. Sauce.
   c. Spitzenberg. c. Baking.

7. Match the following.
   a. Tripe. a. Vegetable.
   b. Junket. b. Nut.
   c. Pignolias. c. Meat.
   d. Swiss chard. d. Rennet.

8. Match the name with the proper food.
   a. Bermuda. a. Pears.
   b. Savoy. b. Grapes.
   c. Catawba. c. Onion.
   d. Kieffer. d. Cabbage.

9. There are three broad classes of tea found in the market. Match the names with the descriptions.
   a. Green. a. Fermented.
   b. Black. b. Semifermented.
   c. Oolong. c. Unfermented.

10. Match part of plant used with spice derived from it.
    a. Fruit. a. Nutmeg.
    b. Bark. b. Sage.
    c. Root. c. Cinnamon.
    d. Leaves. d. Ginger.

For your final score or grade add the score for each group.

Score for Group A _____
Score for Group B _____
Score for Group C _____
Score for Group D _____
Your total score _____

All in all, you have answered 206 questions in the four groups of the different kinds given above. In order to determine your score, check your answers with the statements and information given below. This checking of your own answers is the really valuable part of such tests.

Answers to Scoring Your Own Marketing Information

THE correct answers to each of the questions in all four groups of the article on page 118, Scoring Your Own Marketing Information, are as follows:

Group A

THESE are answers to the 129 true or false statements given in the first group of questions. In some instances, a few words are added in order to provide additional information.

1. — Produced locally.
2. +
3. — In their own juice.
4. + It is highly nutritious, but has poor keeping qualities due to high fat content of the germ.
5. — Not necessarily—whole milk may be used.
6. +
7. +
8. +
9. — Californias are sweeter.
10. — "Thread" longer and coarser.
11. + Green olives are graded according to the number in a kilogram. There are from 70 to 80 of the largest size to a kilogram and 240 to 260 of the smallest. The 70–80's run 40 to 50 to a quart and the 240–260's from 151 to 162 to a quart.
12. + Commonly called "cream of tartar," "phosphate" and "alum."
13. + Government would not allow their sale if unsafe.
14. — They differ very, very little, if any.
15. — Slight deterioration on long standing.
16. — To prevent the meat from turning dark.
17. +
18. — Canned at point of production—ripe fruit gives best flavor.
19. +
20. — Government requirement is 7.8 per cent.
21. +
22. +
23. +
24. +
25. +
26. +
27. +
28. +
29. — A distribution of fat through the muscle makes for tenderness.
30. — Often inferior to Government-inspected sausage.
31. + All used in interstate trade are.
32. — Not fit to eat if ripened on tree.
33. +
34. — There are five (see LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, November, 1927).
35. +
36. — Cherries, 40 per cent sirup; pears, 40 per cent; peaches, 55 per cent; apricots, 55 per cent.
37. + To prevent loss of flavor.
38. + Freezing does not change nutritive value.
39. + Good if thawed at home but apt to be spoiling by time purchased if thawed by dealer.
40. — Bacterial action less if undrawn until ready to use.
41. + An illegitimate and illegal practice.
42. +
43. +
44. + He may be a great help.
45. — Applied only to vinegar made from apple juice.
46. + (LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, October, 1928.)
47. — (LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, October, 1928.)
48. + (LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, October, 1928.)
49. — (LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, October, 1928.)
50. + Good if in good condition when frozen.
51. + Clams are in season all year.
52. — Only from cane sugar.
53. + Government allows sale of both.
54. + They should be used more extensively.
55. +

(Continued on Page 151)

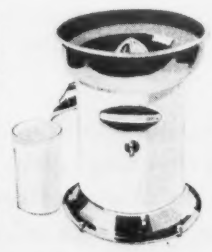
TOMORROW'S *Motherhood*

GIVING YOUNG AMERICA ITS RIGHTFUL HERITAGE OF HEALTH

A MOTHER knows no greater joy than bringing into the world a healthy, robust baby. She is anxious to do everything possible for its welfare. . . . Today's expectant mother realizes that providing proper nutrition is the most important thing that she can do both for her baby and for herself. Careful thought is being given to the diet that will supply the food elements needed for the infant's growing body, as well as those needed for the Mother's own health. . . . Adequate minerals and vitamins are necessary for growth and to develop good bones and teeth. Special attention should be given to proper food for teeth during the Pre-natal period—one of the most important periods of tooth formation. The Mother's diet should contain an adequate amount of milk, Oranges and other fresh fruits and vegetables to furnish calcium for this purpose. Milk is the best source of calcium, and Orange Juice has been shown to markedly increase the retention of calcium from the milk. Thus California Sunkist Oranges with their mineral salts and vitamins have a very definite place in the expectant Mother's diet. In addition, their alkaline reaction and sugar content make them invaluable in correcting the type of Acidosis often associated with pregnancy. . . . . One or two glasses of Orange Juice each day, with an occasional glass of refreshing Lemonade may be considered a definite health-building food for both Mother and Child. Consult your doctor about these important facts. . . . During the nursing period Orange Juice and milk should continue to play an important rôle in the Mother's diet. If a formula is used for the baby, specialists recommend the addition of Orange Juice or Lemon Juice very early to render milk more digestible and to prevent scurvy. . . . Send for the booklet "Feeding the Child for Health" which gives invaluable facts for both mother and child. It also includes important height and weight charts together with approved schedules of feedings and recipes for simple, healthful dishes for children. Cut the coupon before you turn this page. . . . California Sunkist Oranges have the name "Sunkist" stamped on the skin and wrapper. This season there is a big crop of small sizes... as juicy, sweet and delicious as the larger fruit. They are ideal for juice purposes.

SUNKIST CALIFORNIA ORANGES

Sunkist Junior Home Fruit Juice Extractor. Electrically powered; neat, attractive. Only two parts to clean after use. Extracts *all* the orange or lemon juice quickly and effectively. Sold under guarantee. Price $14.95. If your dealer cannot supply you send check or money order to address below. Carriage prepaid. The Canadian price is $19.95.



Richest Juice
Finest Flavor

California Fruit Growers Exchange, Dept. 205
Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California

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☐ Please mail me a FREE copy of "*Feeding the Child for Health.*" Check if desired.

☐ Enclosed find $14.95 for one Sunkist Junior Fruit Juice Extractor. (Canadian price $19.95).

Name _____ Street _____

City _____ State _____

LADY EGERTON OF THE REALSILK FASHION COMMITTEE

months ago—

Paris whispered to her

The mid-season collection at Maison Paul Caret, Paris

Daughter of a Russian prince, wife of an English nobleman, former British Ambassadress to the most brilliant courts of Europe . . .

And now head of the Paris dressmaking house of Paul Caret, whose clients are the smartest women of Paris, London, New York society . . .

Months ago Lady Egerton sensed the first stirrings of a new spirit in women's fashions. Paris whispered to her of a new creed in dress . . . *modernism*.

As a member of the Realsilk Fashion Committee, she has expressed this new spirit, this new luxury and loveliness, in Realsilk Hosiery. Hosiery whose smart colors have their origin in the center of style—Paris. Hosiery whose finer, more exquisite weave is expressive of the new femininity approved by all women of fashion.

Let us show you these famous stockings, in colors chosen for you by the Realsilk Fashion Committee . . . *Lady Egerton*, Paris designer. *Neysa McMein*, celebrated artist. *Lynn Fontanne*, "the best dressed woman on the American stage." *Elinor Patterson*, the debutante star of "The Miracle." *Katherine Harford*, noted American stylist . . .

All weights, from gossamer chiffons to the sturdy service weaves. Added length . . . picot tops . . . a new nicety of details throughout . . . Realsilk Hosiery is never sold in stores. If your local Realsilk Representative is not calling regularly, telephone him today! The Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Ind., U. S. A.

The New REALSILK Hosiery

(Continued from Page 148)

56. — Buy by weight, so you can be sure how much you are going to spend for meat.
57. +
58. + And get good fish.
59. + Because pastes are more concentrated and do not change consistency.
60. +
61. +
62. — Medium with shallow eyes less wasteful.
63. — Small ones are cheaper even if waste is greater.
64. + About one-half.
65. +
66. +
67. — The bones should stick tightly to the fish.
68. + A rough estimate of the edible portion of meat from the various cuts of beef is as follows:

Top round in Hamburger	88%
Chuck—Hamburger	83%
Porterhouse steak	60%
Sirloin steak	59%
Rib roast—medium	43%
Chuck—pot roast	43%

69. +
70. — Peppers for stuffing are used as a case for the filling and half of a short fat pepper makes a better-looking and more economical serving.
71. +
72. +
73. — Some fish, such as cod, have soft flesh when fresh.
74. +
75. +
76. +
77. +
78. — All year round now.
79. +
80. +
81. +
82. +
83. +
84. — All should have, but do not as yet.
85. +
86. +
87. +
88. +
89. — Rice is graded according to the condition of the kernels, head rice being whole grains and broken rice being broken kernels.
90. +
91. +
92. +
93. +
94. +
95. — Washing dissolves protective gelatinous covering.
96. — Dealer is often a great help; he knows his bargains.
97. + May get inferior product.
98. +
99. +
100. — Compute cost upon serving cost.
101. +
102. +
103. +
104. +
105. — Practically no standardization; look for weight on label.
106. +
107. +
108. — Winter cottonseed oil refers to oil especially treated for winter use so that it does not become cloudy in cold weather. The flavor is the same.
109. +
110. + Beware of all, if you want good butter.
111. +
112. + It saves time for both the housewives and dealers.
113. +
114. + Fashions influence reasoning, as when food is left on the plate, or the lettuce of salad not eaten, and the like.
115. +
116. — Don't be foolish—be thrifty!
117. +
118. +
119. +
120. + In the first place, our quick breads will be better if we use pastry flour. In the second place, it is economically better, as more soft wheat than hard wheat is produced, and by avoiding an all-purpose flour, which is a mixture of both, we save the hard flour for bread.
121. — Many uses—thickening, hot breads, and the like.
122. +
123. + Flavor tart otherwise.
124. +
125. — Not permitted by Pure Food Law.
126. +
127. +
128. +
129. + Aroma should have a strong and pleasing fruit odor.

Group B

THE following words or figures should be filled into the corresponding blank spaces to complete, correctly, the statements given in the second group of questions.

1. June to December.
2. 33%.
3. 33%.
4. No. 2 or No. 2½ can.
5. Two people.
6. *a*. Three-quarters of a pound of prunes; *b*. One and a half pounds of cabbage; *c*. Two and a half pounds of potatoes; *d*. Two pounds of carrots; *e*. Two to two and a half pounds of steak; *f*. One and a half pounds of sausage; *g*. One and a half to two pounds of apples.
7. Dry or wet pack (wet packed in light brine).
8. Cornstarch, tapioca, sago and arrowroot.
9. Three.
10. Two and a third.
11. 10%.
12. Tunis.
13. Color.
14. One pound.
15. Tapioca.
16. One-fifth.
17. California.
18. Eight.
19. Nine.
20. Alcohol.

Group C

THE words or figures given below are the correct choices to complete the statements given in the third group of questions.

1. Noodles.
2. Telephone peas (cheaper and taste as good).
3. California.
4. Parmesan, Roquefort.
5. 70–80's.
6. April storage egg.
7. Butterfish.
8. Early prejudice (well founded, perhaps, but conditions not true today).
9. Anise.
10. Aroma and taste.

Group D

THE correct matching of the foods in the first column of this group with their true descriptions in the second is indicated below by the grouping of letters.

1. a-c, b-a, c-d, d-b.
2. a-b, b-c, c-d, d-a.
3. a-a, b-c, c-b.
4. a-a, b-b, c-c.
5. a-d, b-c, c-a, d-b.
6. a-b, b-c, c-a.
7. a-c, b-d, c-b, d-a.
8. a-c, b-d, c-b, d-a.
9. a-c, b-a, c-b.
10. a-a, b-c, c-d, d-b.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The author of this article, Ruth L. Parrish, teaches courses in marketing as a member of the faculty of the Foods and Cookery Department of Teachers' College, Columbia University.

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Stimulants, Sedatives or Food~

from a Health Standpoint

THE desire for extreme slenderness is bringing serious consequences. When stimulants, sedatives or drugs are substituted for the food needed to build health and strength, the penalty is certain and severe—frequently broken health and sometimes death.

Half-truths are often more dangerous than falsehoods. While it is true that an excess of fat is undesirable and frequently dangerous in the later years of life, it is not true that young people—under thirty years of age—can ordinarily expect to have good health if they avoid wholesome body-building foods and persist in a rigid "reducing" diet. There are certainly more cases of tuberculosis among young "underweights" than there are among those of normal weight.

During childhood and the early adult years, Nature demands a bodily reserve upon which she can draw in time of need to fight disease. In youth a few pounds of excess weight are a valuable protection against physical breakdown. The sacrifice of this needed tissue may result in permanent injury, although the accounting may not come until years later.

Despite the claims of faddists and selfish interests, there is no mystery today in what constitutes an intelligent diet. The doctor who would not hesitate to prescribe a stimulant or a sedative in case of emergency, would forbid their use in place of needed foods.

A famous health expert was asked bluntly, "Do you think stimulants are harmful to everybody, no matter in what degree the stimulants are used?" He said, "Not always, but everyone should try to put himself in such fit physical condition that he will not need or desire artificial stimulation. The hunger for stimulants is an indication of weakness and evidence of improper diet or other incorrect living habits."

Certain practices trick the appetite and dull the desire for nourishing food. When the demands of a normal appetite are too frequently denied, the appetite may be lost and food be made repugnant.

Perhaps it is too late to talk to older people stubbornly set in wrong habits, but if the fathers and mothers of tomorrow will eat properly, exercise properly, work properly, sleep, breathe, stand, walk—yes—and *think* properly, they and their children will have better health and longer lives.

* * * *

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has the privilege of consulting the world's most famous specialists on important questions of health. While the Metropolitan wishes to point out most emphatically the danger of too strenuous dieting at the earlier ages, it also wishes to stress, no less emphatically, the danger of overweight at the older ages.

Our booklet, "Overweight," tells the best methods to control these evils. It also tells what you should weigh considering your age and height. Ask for Booklet 59-J which will be mailed free. Address Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York, N. Y.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

FREE . . . 15c Package . . . Note Coupon

A New Discovery in Home Dyeing

That Now Brings Women Absolutely Professional Results

Enables you to change even dark colors to delicate, Light Tints

Brings season's exact colors decreed by famous French Designers

NO FAILURES—NO "STREAKS"—NO GUESSWORK

HERE is a new way in home tinting and dyeing that will change your previous ideas on the subject. Note the coupon, please, and accept the test it offers.

A way that forever banishes that "home dyed" look from home dyed things. That *brings exact professional results.* It brings you the EXACT colors of $150 to $500 imported dresses; of $5 to $10 hosiery; of costliest French lingerie! AND—it enables you to change even the DARKEST materials to the very LIGHTEST TINTS. A way unknown before.

What It Is

It is a new invention perfected by the makers of RIT, the most famous home tint and dye in the world. An invention protected by rigid U. S. Patent; there is no other like it.

It is called WHITE RIT. And it removes *at once*—ALL the color from any dyed material. *Yet it is actually as harmless to the finest fabrics as plain boiling water!*

It takes only a few minutes to remove all the old color—spots or stains—from the article to be dyed. Then, with famous RIT fast color dyes, you dye it to the *exact* color that you want.

Takes the Failure Out

That takes the failure out of home dyeing. Brings actual professional results. For most failures in home dyeing come from dyeing over the old color. By first removing the old color with WHITE RIT, you *start* just as the original thread at the looms was dyed. And thus get perfect results every time.

Authentic New Colors

Whatever color you choose, in RIT dyes, you get the actual shade of today's vogue as selected by the leading Parisian designers—not *imitations.* Thus with WHITE RIT and RIT colors, there is virtually no limit to what you can now do.

Accept 15c Package

Let us send you free a full-size package of WHITE RIT, to use in removing the old color from the material you wish to dye. Then secure from your dealer whatever RIT French colors you may desire. Mail the coupon now, before you forget, to Rit Products Corp., 1401 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

STAINS—White Rit also removes ink, fruit and other stains from white goods.

GOOD FOR 15c PACKAGE

RIT PRODUCTS CORP., Dept. L-5
1401 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Canadian Address
468 W. King St., Toronto

Please send me FREE your full-size 15c package of WHITE RIT.

Name.....
(Print name and address clearly)

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

Our Newer Knowledge of Child Care

By S. JOSEPHINE BAKER, M.D.

Drawings by Maud Tousey Fangel

THE modern young mother was frankly puzzled when her doctor prescribed a flaxseed poultice for the baby, who was suffering with an attack of acute bronchitis. "Why, doctor," she said, "flaxseed poultices are so old-fashioned." "Well, so are babies," replied the doctor. That remark is an interesting side light on our newer knowledge of child care. For, in many instances, we are finding ourselves reverting to old measures that were formerly followed, not because we had any scientific basis for their application but simply because the old law of trial and error gave us the chance to use the good and discard the bad. Nowadays mothers do not have to follow this precarious road, for the path to child health is more clearly defined. But in our search for the best we have been in danger of becoming far too complex, and the cheering note in our newest knowledge about babies and children is that complexity is in the way of being discarded and simplicity emphasized.

I am of the opinion that there never has been a more intelligent or well-informed generation of fathers and mothers than the present one. They want to know, and they have a right to know, the best methods of care that will result in health for their babies and their children. No longer are they satisfied with didactic rules for child care uttered in a tone of authority but without explanation or reason. They are becoming increasingly able to separate the wheat from the chaff in the complex mixture that is sometimes offered to them, though there are times when this process does seem to be bewildering. But there can be no doubt that modern science is leading us back to simplicity and scattering the fog of the fads and isms and the rigid rules that have threatened to make baby and child care a problem too intricate and too difficult to be faced or solved. Our newer knowledge of child care is something that every father and mother can understand and apply. If it shatters some recent fads and fallacies, that, too, is a cheering sign.

The Importance of Water

SPINACH is rich in vitamins, iron and the mineral salts. It is a valuable food, particularly for the baby and the growing child. But it is wrong to conclude that all children can or should eat spinach. When it is actually distasteful, any forced feeding of it will do more harm than good, for the emotional reaction of the child toward a repulsive food will set up a whole train of harmful sequences with resultant indigestion and failure to assimilate this or any of the other food that is given at the same meal. Recent investigations have shown that lettuce, either raw or cooked, dandelion greens, beet tops or any of the other green leafy vegetables will afford the same nutritive and vitamin content and at the same time may be eaten with the appetite that is so essential for proper digestion. Spinach is not to be tabooed; neither is it to be considered as an absolute essential in baby and child feeding. The other leafy vegetables I have mentioned may be given in its place, either exclusively or at frequent intervals.

In our anxiety to provide the right foods for the baby or child, we have been in danger of neglecting the importance of fluids as part of the diet. Water is just as necessary as food. Not only should all babies and children drink plenty of water between meals but the old prejudice against drinking water with meals has been shown to be without the basis of either science or sense. Water sipped, not gulped, with the meals stimulates the flow of gastric juice, makes digestion more certain and adds to the supply needed to keep the fluids of the body in right relation to the solids.

Prenatal Care for Mothers

MILK contains about 88 per cent of water and thus fulfills the requirements of both food and drink. When milk is used in cooking, much of its water content is lost, though its food value remains, with the vitamin efficiency impaired in some instances by the heating process. When children dislike to drink milk, its food and water value may be made appetizing by the addition of some one of the malted milks, either flavored or with the natural taste. There are a number of chocolate-flavored food substances on the market which are designed to make milk more palatable. Many of these have a distinct food value of their own, but even if this was not so their use would still be of value, as they make milk acceptable to many children who would otherwise refuse to drink it. They do not interfere with the nutritive and digestible values of the milk, and in some instances they may add to these desirable qualities. In general, these foods should not be added to the milk until the child is more than two years old.

In this country more than in any other there has been a definite neglect of the value of prenatal care in assuring health to both the expectant mother and her baby. A number of studies, notably those of the Women's Municipal League of Boston, the Maternity Center Association of New York, the New York State Department of Health in Tioga County, the New York City Department of Health, and many others in various parts of the country have shown that when expectant mothers have continuous and proper instruction and care during their period of pregnancy, not only is the maternal death rate reduced by about two-thirds but the health of the mother and the safety and health of her baby improve in the same ratio. Information as to the care that the expectant mother should give to herself is available through pamphlets issued by the United States Children's Bureau,

(Continued on Page 154)

This precious bone-building Vitamin D . . . in a delicious, natural FOOD

It is really a very simple matter to understand why the fact that Vitamin D is contained in Cocomalt is so important to mothers . . . to doctors . . . to nutritionists.

We know that children must have this precious vitamin—for without it, the milk minerals (lime and phosphorus) in their diet which go to make strong bones and teeth are not utilized by the body.

Cod-liver oil is *one* source. The direct rays of the sun are another. . . . But Cocomalt offers a further advantage: it brings to your children not only the actual vitamin but the necessary milk minerals (lime and phosphorus) as well—in a delicious *natural* food that youngsters really love.

You see, milk is particularly rich in mineral salts. That's an important reason why doctors say children should drink plenty of milk. And Cocomalt not only increases the milk minerals by over half but it also furnishes the Vitamin D which puts the minerals to work in a way that builds bones, develops sound teeth, prevents rickets (soft bones, bowed legs) and assures the steady symmetrical growth of the whole body.

More than that, Cocomalt is a completely *balanced* food. It is so rich in proteins and carbohydrates that it adds 70% more *nourishment* to milk and combines, in scientific proportions, the nourishing elements ideally suited to children. . . .

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A DELICIOUS DRINK THAT CHILDREN REALLY LIKE

It is a particularly happy circumstance that so vital a factor in health and vigor should be found in a *balanced* food and in a truly delicious drink.

For children do drink Cocomalt because they *like* it. It has a delightful chocolate flavor. You can give it to them hot or cold—for breakfast, supper and after-school lunch. And mothers who ordinarily find it difficult to make their children drink the daily glasses of milk they need have discovered in Cocomalt the perfect answer to this problem.

Cocomalt should, without question, be a part of every child's diet.

You may get Cocomalt from your grocer in half-pound, pound and five-pound cans. The half-pound size is 25 cents (30 cents west of the Mississippi). If your grocer cannot supply you, take advantage of the sample offer.

R. B. DAVIS COMPANY
Hoboken, N. J. • *Makers of Davis Baking Powder*

A GENEROUS SAMPLE AND BOOKLET
Send 10 cents (to cover the cost of mailing) and we will forward you a generous sample can of Cocomalt—together with a fascinating book entitled "Children of the Sun." This booklet was prepared for the R. B. Davis Company by specialists in the field of medicine and nutrition, based on their own comprehensive research work on Cocomalt and Vitamin D, the sunlight vitamin.

R. B. Davis Company
Hoboken, New Jersey

Enclosed find 10 cents. Send me booklet B-41 and sample of Cocomalt mentioned above.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*County*_____

*City*_____

*State*_____

Cocomalt Adds 70% more nourishment to milk

Knitted Silkenese underthings of Bemberg and silk, made by Vanity Fair. Negligee from Franklin Simon & Company.

Nightgown and negligee of Svelda, an all Bemberg fabric, made by Aberfoyle.

Beauty is the handmaiden of utility

in these new and exquisite underthings made of Bemberg

THE newest underthings made of pure Bemberg, or of Bemberg combined with silk, are so exquisite of texture, so enchanting in their soft pastel coloring, that women are instantly won by their beauty.

But before you buy, you have a right to know what service you may expect to get from your investment. Will they wear? Can you send them to the public laundry? Can your home laundress run them through the electric wringer? Can they be ironed with an iron hot enough to give them a smartly tailored appearance? Can they be boiled? Will white fabrics made of Bemberg yellow with age or washing? Will they stretch out of shape when wet? Will they shrink? Will they lose their lustre? Will they lose their sense of "body" when washed? Will they dry-clean safely?

These and many more questions have been answered by scientific tests made in three of the best known testing laboratories in this country (names on request). Knitted and woven fabrics, of superior construction, made of Bemberg were found to show no visible shrinkage, change of lustre or color after being washed, boiled and ironed with a *hot* iron. White goods did not yellow with age or laundering, while pastel shades kept their clear delicacy of coloring. In the buying of underthings which have to be laundered frequently, this is most important news.

When buying, always be sure to ask, "Is this made of Bemberg?" Manufacturers are putting "Made of Bemberg" on their garments or the selvage of fabrics to identify this marvelous new textile yarn of which they are made.

Bemberg
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BRAND YARN

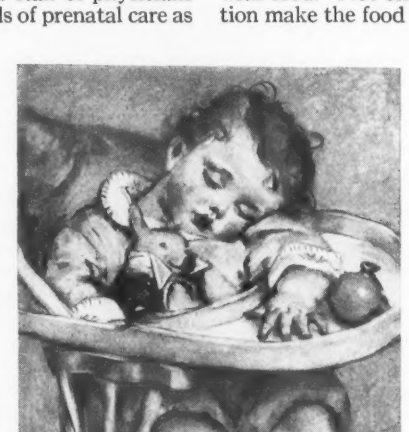
Bemberg is a soft, white, supple yarn made from pure dissolved fibres, spun into very fine threads, by an exclusive, stretch-spinning process, which gives it unusual strength and pliability. Because it has a natural lustre similar to silk and contains filaments of the same number and fineness, it combines with silk unusually well.

AMERICAN BEMBERG CORPORATION, 180 Madison Avenue, New York City
Please send me your booklet, samples of fabrics made of Bemberg and a twist of Bemberg Yarn as it comes from your Mill in Tennessee. I was unable to find garments or fabrics of Bemberg at (Store Name).....
Name.....
Address.....
J-5

(Continued from Page 152)

Washington, D. C. and through the series of prenatal letters published by the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and is also given out in printed form by practically every state department of health and by many private health agencies. All this knowledge has resulted in better health for both mother and baby in many instances. But such information and care should be linked up with the care given at the time of confinement if it is to have its full value.

A notable start toward this end has been made by the Vassar Brothers' Hospital, of Poughkeepsie, New York. This hospital has adopted a plan which deserves the most careful consideration and attention of all mothers, physicians, health authorities and social workers. Briefly it is as follows: The hospital has set aside a large maternity ward and has furnished to each member of its staff of physicians a copy of the standards of prenatal care as outlined by the New York State Department of Health. To each prospective mother who can show evidence that she has been under the care of a physician and has had adequate prenatal care, the hospital offers a flat rate of sixty-five dollars for semi-private accommodations, thirty-five dollars for ward accommodations with a financial adjustment for necessitous cases. This charge includes all laboratory examinations made by the hospital, use of the delivery room, and board and care of the mother and baby regardless of the length of their stay in the hospital.



This plan of the Vassar Brothers' Hospital offers a concrete solution of the problem of prenatal care and it also furnishes a definite contribution to that other bothersome problem of childbearing—the present "high cost of babies." When the health and economic problems of childbirth are met in this practical manner throughout the country, we shall have achieved the most important health and life-saving measure that has ever been instituted for our mothers and babies.

Preventing Tuberculosis

DURING the past four years Doctor Calmette, of France, has been carrying out a procedure for making babies immune to the infection of tuberculosis. This is known as the Calmette Method and is so simple and evidently safe and effective that it should be more generally known and applied in instances where babies are born of tuberculous parents or where they live in close contact with persons affected with tuberculosis. According to the Bulletin of the New York City Department of Health, where a similar service for babies exposed to this disease is being conducted, the procedure is as follows: On the fifth, seventh and ninth day after birth, at intervals of forty-eight hours, the infant is made to swallow a dose of one centigram of tubercle bacillary vaccine in a teaspoon, mixed with a small quantity of milk. There is no reaction of fever and no discomfort of any kind. According to Doctor Calmette, the treatment, after about twenty-five days, makes the child immune to infection by tuberculosis. In France more than fifty-two thousand children were vaccinated in this way between July 1, 1924, and December 31, 1927. In no case was there any complication that could be traced to the vaccine. Calmette states that whereas unvaccinated infants brought up in contact with tuberculous parents die in the alarming proportion of one in four before reaching the age of twelve months, the death rate among the vaccinated infants in the same infectious surroundings is about one per cent. Moreover, it is not known that a single one of the vaccinated infants reaching or passing the age of two years has died of tuberculosis.

Iron is necessary in the body for carrying oxygen in the blood to the tissues and organs. The body requires about one-quarter of a grain of iron daily to maintain the proper balance of health and particularly to prevent anæmia. There is never any necessity of taking iron in the form of a drug for this purpose, as a well-balanced diet will provide, in the right form, all that is essential for the body's needs. Many foods are rich in iron, and when they are served in an appetizing way the full day's supply of iron may be readily and easily obtained. This is one of the sound reasons for serving parsley with food. Not only does such a decoration make the food more attractive to the eye and so stimulate the appetite, but some of it should be eaten for the iron it contains.

Anæmia

IN SERVING children be sure to place a spray of parsley on the plate and then cut it up and mix it with some of the food that is to be eaten. It will give an added flavor to the food and provide variety. Parsley contains more iron in proportion to the amount of the leaf than any other vegetable, but it cannot be eaten in any great amount. Lean beef, dried fruits, nuts, cereals, fish and poultry all provide iron in a form easily assimilated by the body.

Anæmia is the result of a lack of iron in the blood or the iron-carrying capacity of the blood. The most important food in the prevention of anæmia and in the cure of such a condition if it already exists is liver. Liver is one of the richest food sources of iron and it also stimulates the production of red blood corpuscles. The researches made by Dr. George R. Minot, of Boston, and his associates have given us much valuable information about the use of liver as a part of a well-balanced diet both for children and adults. We are all familiar with the high vitamin content of cod-liver oil, containing as it does in abundance the important vitamins A and D, which are so essential to nutrition. Now we are realizing the value of the use of the livers of domestic animals in our diet, as these contain not only the properties I have mentioned but also vitamins and much protein. Beef, calf, pork and lamb livers are all valuable foods. Some authorities recommend the use of finely chopped and cooked liver in the diet of all children more than three months of age. I do not advise so early a use of this food and think it better to postpone the use of liver in the diet until the child is over one year of age. The points to be remembered in preparing it are that it should be well and slowly cooked and that, for very young children, it should always be ground or finely chopped before cooking or before serving.

Liver may be given in some form every day if a child is at all anæmic, and should be included in the diet at least twice each week.

In order that children may gain the full effects of sun baths while going about their normal play, the Bureau of Home Economics of the United States Department of Agriculture, has recently issued a leaflet which gives directions for making "sun suits" for little children. This leaflet may be obtained from the Division of Public Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., for five cents a copy.

UNIQUE, TWO-FOLD POLISHING (*NOT* SCOURING!) . . . THE OTHER RESULTS YOU DESIRE *COMBINED*...FAST ACTION . . . UNUSUALLY COOLING, REFRESHING . . . PERFECTED BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS DR. WEST'S TOOTHBRUSHES.

Yes, this new Toothpaste is sensational

THIS is addressed to those who pay particular attention to the care and appearance of their teeth.

It invites you to learn, by actual test (at our expense), why this modern tooth paste deserves the word "sensational".

That is a pretty strong word. But we *know* what you will find out when you use DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste—the first time, and every time.

It *combines* results which everyone desires.

Remarkable two-fold polishing action (not scouring)! Restores natural smoothness and brightness of enamel.

Something delightful happens, in your mouth, each time you use this tooth paste—because of these many single results, now *combined!*

Action is quick and complete. Because we recognized that modern habits are hurried—and perfected our tooth paste to work fast.

For seven years, since DR. WEST'S toothbrush became famous, people have asked us to make a tooth paste as good. Now we have got it for you. We gladly put our name and reputation (valued at millions of dollars) back of it.

Try it. Compare results with your present and past experience. You may find a surprise—a delightful one. By this unusual offer it costs you nothing to find out today!

To Get a Tube FREE

(full 25c size; not a "sample")

Go to your favorite store, today, and buy a DR. WEST'S Toothbrush. You'll receive, free, a regular 25c size tube (for which we pay). Try it, and judge by results which you will see, taste, and feel. This offer good in Canada, also. The Western Company, Chicago, U. S. A.

TO GIVE PLAIN FACTS CLEARLY, QUICKLY

These straightforward statements are from the leaflet packed with each tube of DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. (*A good way to get the unadorned truth about any dentifrice, or similar product, is to read the statements made on tube or container and carton—which must comply with strict Government regulations.*)

1

PROMPT TWO-FOLD BRIGHTENING: two gentle polishing agents remove stains and discoloring deposits. They polish instead of scouring or scratching—renewing natural smooth brilliance and lustre of the enamel. Teeth really gleam, and *stay clean longer!* DR. WEST'S *Tooth Paste contains no harsh or injurious abrasives.*

2

CLEAN, SWEET MOUTH-FRESHNESS—THAT LASTS: instant refreshment and invigoration of the whole mouth—from a careful blend of several choicest flavors. Particularly welcome to those who smoke.

3

REAL INVIGORATION and PROTECTION FOR THE GUMS: wholesome tonic ingredients aid in stimulation of gums—helping overcome the results of past neglect and of lacking roughage in modern foods. This modern tooth paste contains no coarse irritating particles which, lodging under gum edges, cause trouble.

4

ACID CONDITIONS NEUTRALIZED INSTANTLY: pure Milk of Magnesia, most beneficial of antacids, and other wholesome alkaline ingredients combine to correct acid conditions each time teeth are brushed.

5

PUREST VEGETABLE CLEANSING AGENTS dissolve and remove the sticky mucin and other deposits left by saliva, foods and beverages.

6

ACTIVE CLEANSING SOLUTION FLOODS ALL CREVICES: so generous and active is this tooth paste, in use, that every crevice is washed thoroughly sweet and clean.

7

UNUSUAL SPEED OF ACTION: within a few seconds these combined results are positive and complete, because this modern tooth paste was perfected to meet the hurried habits of modern living.

© 1929, W. B. M. Co.

"Pale hands pink tipped" —*and yet they mop*

NO more ruined manicures, or reddened hands. You can mop *now* without touching mop water!

The Betty Bright Mop wrings itself. You turn the grip—the cloth is twisted dry! A new principle.

A million and a half women use Betty Brights; would never give them up. You must see one—how simply it wrings itself; how it adjusts for cleaning close along baseboards *without streaking;* how easily its cloth is replaced (if you wish, with one for *dry floor polishing!*).

If your dealer hasn't the Betty Bright Mop, send $1 with coupon below, and receive one postpaid.

BETTY BRIGHT SELF-WRINGING MOP $1.00

ADDRESS NEAREST OFFICE

Parker-Regun Corporation, Dept. 59-B, 524 Superior Ave., N. E., Cleveland, Ohio; 593 Market Street, San Francisco

Please send me a Betty Bright Self-wringing Mop complete; I enclose $1 (money order, currency, check).

Name.....*Street*.....

City.....*State*.....

This store hadn't it (name and address).....

.....

NOTE: *Betty Bright Reversible Dust Mop, $1.50; Betty Bright Polish for lacquer, enamel, varnish, 30c, 60c. At dealer's or sent postpaid on request.*

This New Era in Foods

(Continued from Page 27)

Of course there is pride in doing fine work, turning out a fine product. "I am proud to be the maker of this soup," one man put it simply. But the big manufacturer has a more compelling motive than either pride or benevolence, and that is self-preservation.

My income is limited. There are only a certain number of things I can buy. And the capacity of my stomach is limited. There are only a certain number of things I can eat. What shall I buy, what shall I eat? Makers of a thousand tempting things compete for a share of this limited income of mine, a chance to contribute to my limited diet. And it is not so much that one brand of spaghetti competes with another as that it happens that spaghetti competes with rice and rice with potatoes, oatmeal with wheat and with corn meal, and meat with nuts.

Thus, if a tapioca manufacturer wants me to choose tapioca for dessert today, he has to make a darn good tapioca, not something that cooks up to a gooey glue; otherwise I will vote for cornstarch pudding.

This self-interest drives the manufacturer much further than making a good and uniform product. It drives him to finding sound reasons why I should give his product rather than some other a permanent place on my table. And this "enlightened selfishness" has added much, directly or indirectly, to our knowledge about food and nutrition.

A manufacturer believes, we will say, that the thing he makes is a good thing for the human race. But belief is not enough; today we want reasons, and so this manufacturer gets busy to find out why his product is so good, why people should eat it. He grants a fund or he establishes a fellowship in some university or scientific school to make a thoroughgoing study of the thing. As soon as he does this, he must stick by the rules of the game; these researchers must not be bound in any way, he must give them a free hand whether the results are favorable or unfavorable; otherwise there would be no value at all to science. So the manufacturer sits back and hopefully twiddles his thumbs till the researchers are through.

Milk and Coffee

QUITE often the results more than justify his hopes. Liver, for instance. Liver is an important item now in combating certain types of anemia. How did we find that out? Partly, it is fair to say, because meat men, through the National Livestock and Meat Board, decided to help along some promising medical experiments that were being made with liver. The meat packers benefited; once a food bought mainly for the cat, liver became as stylish as caviar. And the human race benefited. We are further along in licking a pernicious and widespread disease, we have a better appreciation of a common food.

Milk. Again it is fair to say that no small part of our knowledge of the unique value of milk came from years of laboratory work backed partly by milk men far-sighted enough to see a few years ahead. Who can measure the value of this work to you and me and all of us? As a by-product of this same work, evaporated milk makers recently got busy. The Evaporated Milk Association—which, incidentally, maintains eight university research fellowships—believed an impartial investigation would show that evaporated milk has the same nutritional value as milk not so treated, and perhaps an added advantage because of its sterility and the digestibility of its tiny homogenized fat particles. Nutritional work was done with animals; this confirmed the idea; then a specialist in a large medical school fed babies with evaporated milk, bottled milk and breast milk in their feeding formulas. The youngsters who got it from a can were as husky and well nourished as their bottle-fed brothers and sisters. Think what this means in communities where it is hard to get good milk.

Coffee. A few years ago the Joint Coffee Trade Publicity Committee decided to get some scientific facts about this beverage which has comforted man for so many hundreds of years and has lately come in for some heavy criticism. They financed a lengthy investigation at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Those men worked on coffee for three years. Among other things they found out by the methods of science the best way to brew coffee. Also, they found that certain persons who cannot drink coffee brewed in the wrong ways are apparently not harmed by it when it is brewed in the right way. This leads to the conclusion that we may be all wrong in laying the blame for coffee ills on caffeine. It is possible that the wrong methods of brewing coffee bring out or create certain substances, not caffeine, that do the real harm.

Canned Foods and Vitamins

CANNED products. These canners have done a mountain of research, most of which relates to their technic. But the work on vitamins has a broader interest. Quite a number of honest people viewed with alarm our increasing consumption of canned foods. They jumped to the conclusion that this canning business is pernicious, that it deprives food of all its precious vitamins.

They might have saved themselves a lot of needless worry. No one really knew what canning did to vitamins. The National Canners' Association determined to dig out the facts. All past experiments that might bear on the subject were carefully studied and classified. New experiments with several foods were made in university laboratories. Lo and behold! it was found that the methods of the canners—the use of absolutely fresh vegetables, processing for a short time at comparatively high temperatures, excluding oxygen during cooking—these very methods were apparently most favorable to the preservation of vitamins, and did preserve some of them, if anything, better than the usual methods of home cooking. The knockers were kept busy for a while making handsome apologies. And good old common inexpensive canned foods, such as tomatoes, are added to the list of valuable health foods.

The recent work on vitamin D is another striking example of nutritional research. Here is an element essential to the human body. Without this vitamin D the body apparently cannot make use of lime and phosphorus to build up bones and teeth, no matter how lavishly these minerals are supplied in the diet. But this element seems to be comparatively scarce. It is found most plentifully in livers of fish and the eggs of birds. Certain rays of the sun have the power to activate some substance with vitamin D. These rays can be reproduced by man with lamps of special structure.

In the old days we were quite likely to get plenty of this necessary substance; we lived much in the sun. Today we live mostly behind walls, window glass and soupy thousand-foot-thick layers of smoke; I have seen the statement that children in lower New York City might as well live in cellars for all the good the smoke-skimmed sun rays do them. Thus it has apparently become a real problem for us to secure this vital substance.

When man gets himself into a hole by his way of living, he usually finds means to pull himself out. One way out in this vitamin D business is to put the substance into common foods. Food is irradiated,

Secrets housewives should know

WOULD you like to give your family a special treat?

Of course you would. Well, here's a suggestion. Just try serving Chop Suey or Chow Mein. With inexpensive La Choy products—the ingredients used by the chefs of famous hotels and restaurants—you can prepare these tempting dishes right in your own home. They are equally good for luncheon, dinner, the bridge party, or after the show.

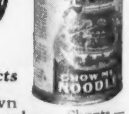
For Chop Suey, your grocer will supply La Choy Sauces and Sprouts. Simply combine them with domestic vegetables and fresh or left-over beef, pork, veal, fowl, or seafood. Or, just add those crisp, golden brown La Choy Chow Mein Noodles if you prefer delicious Chow Mein.

The secrets of many delightfully different Chinese dishes will be found in the La Choy booklet of approved recipes. Coupon below will bring you a free copy.

The La Choy Assortment Package contains a free book of Chinese Recipes and ingredients for making real Chow Mein, Chop Suey and many other dishes. At your grocer's or sent you direct.

La Choy

Chinese Food Products



Imported Soy Sauce—Brown Sauce—Chow Mein Noodles—Bamboo Shoots—Sprouts—Sub Kum—Kumquats—Water Chestnuts

Sold by All Good Grocers

La Choy Food Products Inc., Detroit, Mich.
Please send me, as checked, the following:
☐ Free Book of Genuine Chinese Recipes.
☐ I enclose $1 ($1.25 west of the Rockies and in Canada) for the La Choy Assortment Package, containing four of your Eight Products.

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FRESH OCEAN FISH

Without the Bother of Cleaning

RIGHT out of the ocean into your frying pan—with all the dreaded work of cleaning done for you—40-FATHOM* fish is cut into convenient sides, or fillets, for quick, easy cooking.

The hand of the housewife need not touch 40-FATHOM fish, for it is thoroughly washed and cleared of every part that is not edible, then individually wrapped in pure parchment paper. Just tumble the fillets out of their wrappers into the proper utensil—then bake, boil, fry or broil. As easy to cook as bacon!

East, west, north, south—wherever you live, from the Atlantic seaboard to the western plains,—40-FATHOM fish comes to you as fresh as on the second it was pulled from the ocean. Out of the deep-sea haul of America's largest producer of fresh ocean fish, the finest selected fish is hustled to shore.

Heads, tails, fins, scales, backbones and all waste are removed, leaving only the tender white fish meat. Then, by fast express trains, 40-FATHOM fish is rushed in iced containers to your dealer. Always fresh—never frozen nor preserved nor out of cold storage.

The new and better way to buy and prepare fish is the 40-FATHOM way—devised for the modern housewife who wants to escape unpleasant kitchen grind and give her family and guests delicious, nutritious meals. Be sure your meat or fish dealer gives you 40-FATHOM fish.

INSIST ON THIS TRADEMARKED WRAPPER

Fish not in this wrapper is NOT 40-FATHOM fish!

L. H. J.-5

BAY STATE FISHING CO.
30 Fish Pier, Boston, Mass.

Please send free Recipe Book for 40-FATHOM fish as served at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

Name.....

Address.....

*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

exposed under carefully controlled conditions to the rays of a lamp producing ultra-violet light. This cannot be done unless the food contains ergosterol, a substance that belongs chemically to the alcohol group, though not as the layman understands alcohol. The work at the University of Wisconsin which brought all this about is too well known to need discussion. The upshot of it is that everyday foods are now on the market that contain this element so important in the architecture of our bodies.

Thus research instigated or aided by industry adds to our knowledge brick by brick as surely as does pure research. Banana growers find through laboratory and clinical methods that the luscious yellow fruit is so good a vitamin source, and so excellent a food in other ways, that some doctors are now using it with excellent results in dietary treatment. Work on yeast shows that it is an effective weapon in the war against pellagra. "We have furnished tons of yeast to fight pellagra, and given the funds and the organization, we believe we could wipe it out in the South," a yeast man once said to me. Confectionery men, their heads bloody but unbowed—perhaps not even bloody—from the frontal attack of certain cigarette folks on candy eating, are planning a research program which may tell us more about candy than we have known since Cleopatra passed the chocolates to Antony. And whole-wheat people and rice people, and so on and so on. . . .

There is no end in sight. Armies of rats, phalanxes of guinea pigs and rabbits, flocks of pigeons ingest and digest controlled diets under the eyes of skilled observers that we may learn a bit more about this once simple, now complex business of eating. Somebody ought to erect a monument to the rat. We remember only his black record of destruction and disease. But he has uncomplainingly done his bit in adding to our knowledge of what goes on and what ought to go on in our insides.

The Test of Taste

TEST tube and microscope and the rat's metabolism have their place, but the final judge of a food product is that sensitive and titillating device, the human palate. We live on food, not on pills and capsules.

One manufacturer of many products has a tasting committee which meets three times a week, year in, year out. Periodically the committee is changed to bring in fresh viewpoints, but always it includes people from all parts of the plant, manual workers as well as office workers, heads of departments as well as stenographers. The pleasant job of this committee is to sit in at luncheons made up of the company's products, new, old, experimental, with slight changes in this or that element, and to compare them with the products of competitors, and in general to judge, weigh, criticize and make suggestions. This taste test has as much weight in the setting of standards as the most highbrow findings of the laboratory staff. Nor is this manufacturer unique. One way or another, they all depend on the taste test. And the big fellows these days have most elaborate set-ups to concoct recipes and show the public how to use their products to the best advantage. Wherever you go among food manufacturers—and, I might add, among the big advertising agencies also—you keep stumbling over model kitchens that would make a Dutch house wife green with envy. These kitchens are in charge of graduates of home-economics courses, and these graduates may be grave or gay, buxom or slender, plain or handsome, but they all know good food when they taste it, and they are past masters when it comes to putting together a mouth-watering concoction.

It is the business of these experts to keep the manufacturer in line with the viewpoint and the needs of the American house wife. What does the American woman want? By and large, I take it she wants leisure, freedom, simplification of household tasks, a full life and a happy one for herself and those dear to her. This last item is her own lookout, but the food manufacturer does all he can to contribute to the other three. The more intelligent he is, the more he keeps this viewpoint in mind in everything his firm does.

The domestic-science expert in the food plant tries to get every recipe down to the simplest terms, eliminate all unnecessary steps. "First catch your hare," said an old recipe for rabbit stew. Not nowadays. Your rabbit will be furnished to you skinned, cleaned, cut in pieces of the right size, and attractively garnished; you pop it into the oven and Nature and the gas company do the rest.

Foolproof Recipes

ONE of the new wrinkles, first used in the JOURNAL, is the use of motion pictures to illustrate these recipe books. The making of a cake will be reduced, say, to six simple steps, and each step will be illustrated by a pair of competent hands caught in the act by the motion-picture camera. With one of these booklets propped up on the kitchen cabinet, the devil himself could turn out good angel cake, or an angel excellent devil's food.

They are not content, these domestic-science people, to depend on their own judgment as to whether a recipe is right. A baking-powder company, for instance, has four or five women who are not experts but just housewives try out every recipe after the experts are through with it. It is not the expert that counts; it's the woman who is not a domestic-science graduate and who has to make up that recipe in a kitchen without model equipment and with four youngsters jostling her elbow for a chance to lick the spoon. In one place I happened to let slip that I sometimes contribute to the gayety of nations by making a biscuit or a pancake for the Sunday-morning breakfast. They pounced on me, wanted me to try my hand at one of their new candy recipes. The idea seemed to be that if I could make a good bonbon with that recipe, no more need be said. It must be foolproof.

Anyone who doesn't make a full collection of these recipe books is missing a chance to keep up with the times. You can get a whole five-foot bookshelf of them for the cost of a few postage stamps. They deal with everything from soup to nuts—literally. And they are instructive. You not only save the cost of cookbooks. You might even save the price of a theater ticket now and then and spend the evening reading the romance of the cocoa bean, the history of the coffee berry or the story of milk.

Sometimes this question of palatability leads to research as imposing as any problem in science. Such a research program is now being carried out by the National Livestock and Meat Board for the meat packers, in co-operation with

LADY BUG—"POOH! YOU BETTER GO AND HIDE SOMEWHERE! STRIPES ARE ALL OUT OF STYLE"

(Continued on Page 159)

MOTHER *protect your baby*
from loose pins and buttons

The Vanta Baby Copyright 1925 Earnshaw Knitting Co.

For sake of safety, comfort, convenience, health, dress him FOR THE FIRST TWO YEARS in the way recommended by 50,000 doctors and nurses, and millions of mothers—in the

Vanta Baby Garments

Original No Pins No Buttons

Don't hurt your baby with pins that come unfastened and buttons that turn edgewise. Guard him against danger of swallowing a pin or a button.

TRAINING PANTIE

Vanta Baby Garments tie just right with dainty bows of twistless tape; adjustable as baby grows. Dress baby without turning or twisting; afford perfect protection in every climate and all kinds of weather. Guaranteed highest Vanta quality, non-shrinkable.

Vanta SELF HELP Garments make it easy for babies after two years to dress themselves, training their minds.

K-BAND

Originators

Vanta originated no pins, no buttons and almost every other improvement in baby dressing, being specialists in baby garments only. From birth to six years and in union suits to 12, Vanta comes in silk, wool, cotton, linen mesh, sase and rayon; light or heavy weights as your doctor prescribes.

SLEEVELESS VESTS

Ask for original Vanta Baby Garments at your store. If you cannot get them write to EARNSHAW SALES CO., INC., Dept. 204, Newton, Mass.

FREE TO YOU

Vanta Pattern, also "Baby's Outfit," a book of 64 pages on care and dressing of babies.

Earnshaw Sales Co., Inc.,
Dept. 204, Newton, Mass.

Without charge now or later send pattern and full instructions for making the new Vanta square-fold, pinless diaper. Also Baby's Outfit book and illustrated catalog, all in plain envelope.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Kraft Grapefruit Salad

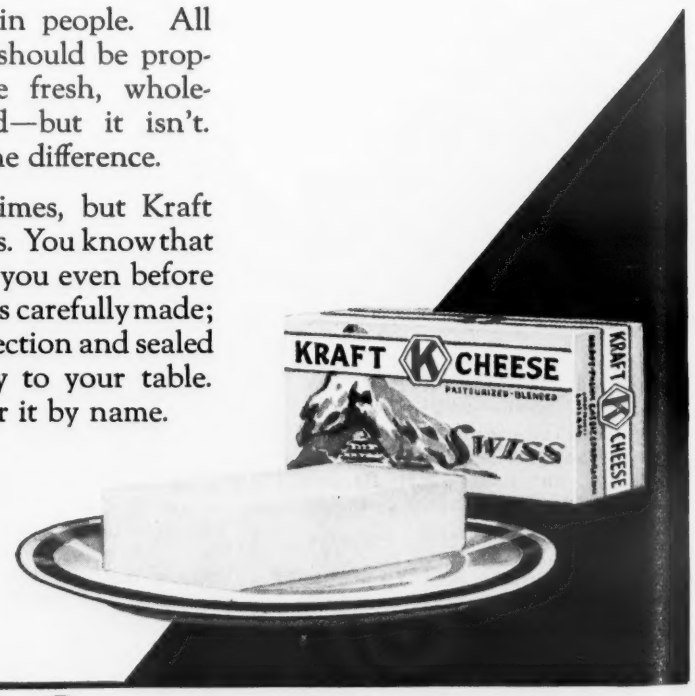
Peel grapefruit and remove the pulp, carefully keeping each section whole. Arrange these sections petal fashion on leaves of crisp lettuce. Place a heaping tablespoon of grated Kraft American Cheese or Velveeta in the center of the flower. Garnish with a maraschino cherry in the center, and serve with French dressing.

Cheese is a high-powered food—

Cheese is also one of man's best and oldest foods. Many of the world's greatest producers, mental and manual, have been sustained by a diet whose principal item was cheese. No other food—save milk—contains so many vital food elements as cheese, while no other food contains them in such volume.

Nearly everyone likes cheese. It's a natural food—milk, and nothing else. But it's a mistake to think that all "cheese is cheese." There's as much difference in cheese as in people. All cheese should be good, should be properly ripened, should be fresh, wholesome and full flavored—but it isn't. Kraft Cheese *is*; that's the difference.

All cheese is good at times, but Kraft Cheese is good at all times. You know that Kraft Cheese will please you even before you taste it. You know it is carefully made; pasteurized for your protection and sealed for its own, all the way to your table. You have only to ask for it by name.



Tune in the following Radio Stations for Kraft Cheese Programs
(Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays)

WJZ, New York—WBZA, Boston—WBZ, Springfield, Mass.—WHAM, Rochester
KDKA, Pittsburgh—WJR, Detroit—WLW, Cincinnati
11:00 a. m. Eastern Standard Time

KYW, Chicago
11:15 a. m. Central Standard Time

KWK, St. Louis
10:00 a. m. Central Standard Time

Kraft Phenix Cheese Corporation

"Philadelphia" Cream Cheese

receives its wide endorsement from Child Specialists, Doctors and Nutrition Experts because of the abundance of Calcium and Vitamin A it contains. These two food elements are considered essential to the child's normal, healthy growth.

"Philadelphia" Cream Cheese is wrapped in small sanitary tinfoil packages. It is never sold in bulk.

Home Economics Dept.
Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation
406 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois

Send me your new Recipe Book, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It," to the address below:

Name.....

Address.....

.....

(Continued from Page 157)

the Bureau of Animal Industry, the Bureau of Agricultural Economics and the Bureau of Home Economics of the Department of Agriculture, and twenty state agricultural experiment stations. They are studying the factors that affect the palatability of meat—breed, feed, age, sex. One object is to find out exactly how a steer, a calf, a hog, a lamb should be raised to give meat of the finest possible eating quality.

The testing and tasting are done at the Bureau of Home Economics. At this writing the Bureau has cooked up 1253 legs of lamb, 465 rib roasts of beef, 108 cuts of fresh pork. The score card covers ninety-four points for each cut. Many of the tasters and testers are eminent Ph.D.'s. One by-product of the work is a new method of cooking with a little thermometer stuck right in the meat, which enables you to cook to medium, rare, well done, or whatever stage your family likes its roasts. Another is the working out of standard ways to cook cheap cuts so they will be as palatable as those that are more expensive.

In Queen Elizabeth's day merchants sent galleons and caravels to the Spanish Main. The modern business man helps along scientific experiments that open up vast new fields for production. There is adventure in both. Scientific men who used to be rather sniffish about business find today that coöperation with industry may offer scope for the best they have in them.

It goes without saying that business men are not little tin gods. They exploit their products, and the scientific findings along with them. They are in business to make a profit. But food manufacturers are as fundamentally honest as other men. Some are stupid, too stupid to see that this ingrained human honesty pays. Their eyes are usually opened when they get to the point where they have to stand the gaff of competition on a national scale. The trend is set away from cunning toward honesty, toward seeking out and relying on the facts.

Once magazines were leaders in this business of making up recipes, and tasting and testing, and publishing their findings. I may be burned as a heretic by editors, but in my opinion the food men have greatly outdistanced the magazines at their own game. Why not? Who should know more about a product than the man who makes it? Especially today, when model kitchens and laboratories are as thick in the food industry as hairs on an Eskimo pup, and there are vast university and government and private resources to draw on for additional knowledge. Especially today, when the food manufacturer who fails to tie up pretty closely with science finds himself out of luck and blocked from progress.

Aviation for You and for Me

(Continued from Page 9)

a large group of people into close touch with aeronautical developments is the aviation show, such as the recent Airplane Exposition in New York, through the doors of which, I believe, between 20,000 and 30,000 people passed the first day. The newspapers are now doing a splendid work in keeping the public informed as to what is actually taking place in aviation. So interested are the papers that in most cases there is an aviation editor and a regular section devoted entirely to aviation. In addition, there are now on the news stands approximately twenty aviation magazines.

Roofs and Weather

IN THE last annual report of the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics it was pointed out that aviation had already passed through the speculative stage and into the practical—so much so that aviation, through private enterprise, is now able to finance itself. Therefore, the Guggenheim Foundation, that far-seeing organization of aviation advancement, is now itself directing its important influence toward furthering safety and scientific research. One of the greatest problems that the young air enthusiast now has to face is the difficulty of acquiring a theoretical background of aeronautics. I am devoting some time myself, as a matter of fact, in trying to influence the women's colleges to include aerodynamics, avigation, and the like, in their regular physics curriculum, just as they now offer courses on motors. Recently the Guggenheim Fund made an appropriation for the construction of an aeronautical building at the University of Washington, which completed the geographical distribution of four others which it had already founded.

Another effort of the Guggenheim Fund has been its roof-marking campaign. Lack of identification of towns and cities has caused many forced landings at night, such as I recounted a while back, and many times since in my six years of flying have I longed for easily readable signs. The postmasters in all towns between one and fifty thousand population have now been asked to see that their communities were identified by adequate roof markings, with instructions as to the size and color of the lettering most readily visible. This campaign has been further promoted through trade journals and other periodicals. Coöperation has also been solicited from national civic clubs, such as the Rotary, Exchange, and the like. Railroads have been asked to paint their station roofs. Even Edsel Ford has enlisted the support of 76,000 of his dealers. The result of all these efforts is that now more than four hundred towns have a new interest in aeronautics, an interest which is expressed not only in the use of signposts, but in the acquisition of a landing field as well.

Still another fine piece of work on the part of the Fund was aiding in establishing a weather-reporting system. The first complete reporting service was installed between Los Angeles and San Francisco. In that section six reports, made from data received from forty observation stations, are made daily to both terminals. Trained meteorologists communicate by radio and telephone the forecast of flying conditions "advising pilots as to which of five alternate courses should be followed." In addition, ground signals are used at midway points. Thus can storm and fog be evaded.

Safety Devices

ANNOUNCEMENT of a safe-aircraft competition has been made by the Guggenheim Fund which closes October, 1929, offering a first prize of $100,000, and five others of $10,000 each. The Foundation believes that "the planes thus submitted will point a way toward the final solution of the few remaining problems in flying. In other words, aircraft will be achieved which will be safe, even in inexpert hands, and at the same time will retain its efficiency." The United States has six entries and even a larger number is expected from Europe.

There are many interesting safety devices that have developed within the past few years, knowledge of which should create great confidence. For instance, the development of the Handley-Page slotted wing, in use this year, is valuable in eliminating the possibility of an unintentional stall, which is one of the greatest

(Continued on Page 161)

Silver-Shining Beauty!

Some "best cooks" may *think* they use aluminum simply because it does such good cooking. Or because it is so light and manageable. Or because it is so everlastingly durable and economical. But, realize it or not, there is another reason. It is aluminum's silver-shining beauty.

Silvery aluminum on the stove. Silvery aluminum in ordered rows along the wall. Silvery aluminum illuminating the dusky depths of cupboards. Reflecting every glint of sunshine; harmonizing with every color scheme; keeping the kitchen alight and alive with a beauty of which one never wearies . . .

No wonder so many women prefer the "precious metal of the kitchen!" There's its beauty. There's its cooking ability. There's its hygienic cleanliness and cleanableness. There's its economy.

The "best cooks" ask no more. *They use aluminum.*

MAIL COUPON FOR BOOKLET

ALUMINUM WARES ASSOCIATION

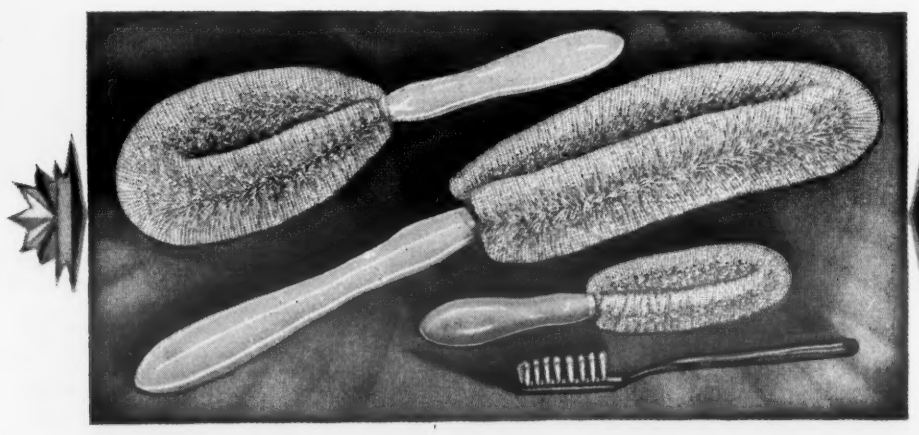
Publicity Division, 844 Rush St., Chicago

Please send booklet, "The Precious Metal of the Kitchen," to address written below:

The Sleeping Beauty was less lucky than her modern sister

The fabled Sleeping Beauty had to wait a hundred years for rescue by a Fairy Prince. Today, with some women, beauty also is asleep. Loveliness of skin, teeth, hair or hands lies dormant. But it can quickly be awakened, freshened, restored to lively, natural vigor without the help of magic. All that is needed is a little pleasant routine each day with the dainty personal brushes the Fuller Man supplies. When he calls, two or three times a year, he offers opportunity for careful and economical selection of a wide variety of specially designed aids for the toilette to keep charm and healthful beauty ever at their best. This is a phase of Fuller Service steadily increasing in popularity. It is one reason, among many, why the Fuller Man is so cordially welcomed into the homes of a continent.

To awaken beauty and health with Fuller Personal Brushes before the Fuller Man's next regular call, do this: Telephone the local Fuller Branch Office. Or write direct to The Fuller Brush Company, 3596 Main Street, Hartford, Conn. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.) Be sure to ask for free booklet, "The Cleaning Problems of the Home."



Charming, expressive hands are kept looking their best and nails kept shell-pink, gleaming, if the Fuller Manicure Brush is regularly a part of the routine of making the toilette. Incidentally, this brush is excellent to use on a small child's hair.

True beauty must be crowned with hair that is silky, glossy and has that well-cared-for look. Best for the daily care the hair needs is the Fuller Hair Brush.

Lovely skin takes on new life and tone under the stimulating effects of the Fuller Flesh Brush used with the bath or as a dry massage. Aids in securing that natural, healthful beauty which comes from this type of massage.

Beauty and health of teeth should be guarded by regular daily use of the Fuller Correct-Shape Tooth Brush. Large size for adults. Small size for children. Different colored handles for identification.

Genuine FULLER PRODUCTS carry this Red Tip Tag and trade mark Fuller Look for both!

© THE F.B. CO.

FULLER BRUSHES

45 BRUSHES – 69 USES – HEAD TO FOOT – CELLAR TO ATTIC

(Continued from Page 159)

hazards in flying. A rather striking example of the need for these devices was forcibly brought to my attention on a flight from Paris to Vienna two years ago. We had been flying for about ten hours, having twice changed planes. It was our third ship and we had just risen from the field at Prague when I heard the motor sputter. I looked down and saw an open field, and that we were settling rapidly in that direction. The particular ship in which we were flying was very heavy and fast, so that when our wheels touched the ground we were traveling at an extremely high rate of speed. Before you could do more than wink an eye a ditch five feet deep yawned across our path, and we hit it with such an impact that we were poised on our nose for several seconds before crashing back—right side up—landing me in a double somersault in a pile of prohibited American beverage bottles belonging to a frightened male passenger who was making his first air trip. The result created an intoxicating aroma for several hours about my person which was alcoholic rather than feminine charm, but there was no surgical damage. Obviously the plane was quite a wreck. Now then, had we had a good set of brakes—such as exist on most high-powered American planes today—a $25,000 ship, plus several sets of nerves, would have been saved. We did have automatic fire extinguishers which by pressing a button would flood the cabin with a noninflammable fluid.

On the return trip I had two more heart throbs—not amorous ones—the causes of which have since then doubtless been changed. The first occurred as we were taking off from a field at Strasburg with an extremely heavy load of freight. The field was small, and the wind blowing in a direction which was the longest run of the field. We raced along the entire length of the runway and had only gained about six feet of altitude when high tension wires seemed directly ahead. Due to the miraculous skill of the pilot, he literally pulled us over the obstacle—with only an inch or two to spare. Had we had a more powerful motor and a larger field, these chances would not have been taken.

Then again, we encountered farther on "thick, soupy weather," as the pilot calls it, which necessitated our doing handsprings over and beyond the pine trees of the Vosges Mountains, trying to find an opening in the fog. Finally, after an hour of this the pilot decided to turn tail and scoot back to the field which we had left. Again, had we had a radio and a more complete instrument board we would have known how the weather was directly ahead, and exactly what our geographical position was. Lieutenant Doolittle and Professor Brown are doing a great deal of research in regard to the problem of blind flying, the only real hazard feared by the aviator.

Decreasing Hazards

NOW, with the exception of flying through fog, we have in America all necessary safety devices, including better insulation of engines and exhaust pipes which eliminate any chance of fire from overheating; and also planes whose work shows requisite strength of welding and tubing, without additional weight.

It but remains for us to choose such planes, just as we now do in the case of automobiles or steamers.

Since the work of the Guggenheim Foundation first started, the United States Government has awakened to the realization of aviation's tremendous imminent scope, both nationally and internationally, and that there is consequent need for intelligent and forceful regulation in order to derive from it the best results.

And so the Department of Commerce took over the task. This past year, besides establishing and maintaining civil airways, the department has equipped airports with intermediate landing fields, beacon lights, radio apparatus and other aids to air navigation. Furthermore, the Department has established very important air traffic rules, has inspected and licensed aircraft, examined and licensed airmen, and during the period of control they have been collecting and disseminating information pertaining to air commissions and to the art of aeronautics, including the investigation and reporting of accident causes and the publishing of airway maps.

Little does the average person realize the tremendous work that is right now going on in the aviation industry. Even the insurance companies have found that aviation is here in a big way and to stay, and that it has reached a stage of safety which can be underwritten in a practical, businesslike manner.

Do you know that the directors of the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company claim that forty-two of the fifty largest insurance companies have no clause in their policies which bans travel by air? And one of the largest accident companies has found, contrary to most prevalent misbeliefs, that the hazards of licensed aviators are but very little greater than those of pedestrians and motorists.

Aviation Country Club

I REMEMBER one of Will Rogers' particularly timely comments that over a certain week-end when seven people were killed in airplane accidents, the way the newspapers headlined it you would have thought Nicaragua had invaded us. Yet in New York City that same week-end there were fifteen people killed and seventeen wounded with bad liquor, to say nothing about Chicago. Says he, "It is safer to take a flight than to drink."

Well, now that we are convinced that our precious selves are safe, what are the incentives that will urge the American people to take up flying as Europe has done? Most of us doubtless feel that the first drawback is the financial problem. Just how much does it cost to fly? While on a steamer trip round the world three years ago, I had a good many opportunities to learn about foreign flying conditions. Due to government subsidy of both airlines and flying clubs, flying is often cheaper over there than either steamer or rail travel. For instance, I flew from the south of France to the Island of Corsica for only twelve dollars. But up until the present, flying prices in this country have been prohibitive.

Another damper to flying is the discomfort of the average flying field, which is about as near as the average person gets to flying. We all know the picture which presents itself to us while spending a day at any typical commercial air field: Milling crowds of people; automobiles on all sides; dust-filled air; no place to sit down; a lunch consisting of the hot-dog variety, sitting on a stool beside a delightfully—or deplorably, whatever your temperament may be—greasy mechanic; no chance all day to change your clothes; and, for a girl, an embarrassing train ride home in breeches.

Now, however, all of these problems of safety, price and discomforts have been solved by aviation country clubs. When John S. Reaves conceived the national-clubs idea, others soon became interested in the conception that aviation was a sport as well as a means of transportation. In aviation, just as in other sports, such as yachting, golf and tennis, the place to develop one's game is at one's club. Aviation country clubs are now being organized and governed by the most prominent men in the aeronautical and social worlds, and through the charms of a country-club atmosphere offer not only the incentive to understand aviation but the knowledge and safe means of becoming the sportsman pilot.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the first of three articles by Miss Nichols. The second will appear in an early issue.

302° Cooking

Brings New-Type Bathroom Paper

"Cooked" Bathroom Paper Advised by 240 Health Commissioners in 40 States

NORTHERN TISSUE

Snow-White

Soft As Fine Linen—

20 Times Sterilized

NOW you can avoid menacing disorders traceable to the common use of a wrong type of bathroom paper. Caused by irritating particles of raw wood found in low-grade yellow ground-wood or newsprint white "toilet papers" . . . papers made of raw ground-wood. That is why practicing physicians everywhere—240 Health Commissioners in 40 states—say use a paper like the new-type *cellulose* bathroom paper called "Northern Tissue."

Hospitals use it. Tens of thousands of homes are adopting it—especially homes where there are children—until today more homes use "Northern Tissue" than any other snow-white bathroom paper in the world.

***Cooked At* 302°**
20 *Times Sterilized*

This new-type paper contains *only* pulp cooked at 302°.

That cooking process produces a firm-textured paper, highly absorbent and of linen-like softness. For all irritating substances have been eliminated. And the paper made white as whitest linen.

Then "Northern Tissue" is 20 times sterilized in the making—emerging as sterile as hospital cotton. Tests by the nationally-known Columbus Laboratories show that all contaminating bacteria are thus destroyed; giving you an unglazed bathroom paper free of infectious germs.

10c *A Roll*

The price is but 10c a roll. Thus it is no longer necessary to use low-grade yellow ground-wood or newsprint white toilet papers. Obtain today at any grocery or drug store . . . just ask for "Northern Tissue."

Ask for

NORTHERN TISSUE

with the Blue Core

FREE—
TRIAL ROLL

Julia Neidle, Nurse, Dept. 42
Northern Paper Mills,
Green Bay, Wis.

Dear Miss Neidle:

Please send me the free trial roll of soft, white, 20 times sterilized, "Northern Tissue"—the paper free from raw ground-wood.

Name.....

Address.....

State.....

© NPM. 1929

...oh, the WORK we put into your party!

Sunshine Bakers have spent years in preparation for the party you may be giving tomorrow.

There's been the laboratory work, the testing of the flour, the search for quality ingredients, the development of recipes, the oven trials, the failures, and then . . . finally . . . success!

The particular success we recommend for that party of yours, fair hostess, is one of the daintiest biscuits that ever left our ovens . . . Sunshine Clover Leaves.

They are made from two airy-light cookie-wafers, which imprison a heavenly, snow-white cream filling!

They're like this . . . A crisp bite! . . . now a *melting, melting, melting* . . . and you are conscious that a sweet caress of vague delight has come and gone across your palate.

Poetic words, yes, but it's a truly poetic biscuit. And we love to make it and write about it.

And it's for your party tomorrow, or the next day, or whenever your party is!

Sunshine Clover Leaves
The text tells of its rare delight.

Sunshine Krispy Cracker
A dainty, salted soda cracker, in which Sunshine Bakers have achieved a crisp flakiness never thought possible!

Sunshine
..well worth saying whenever you want
CRACKERS
COOKIES
CAKES

FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES *of Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co.*

Sunshine Hydrox
The famous cream-filled chocolate cookie-sandwich. The hospitable pantry never is without them.

Illustrated By Earle Kirkbride

The Sub-Deb

A Page for Girls

DON'T you all agree that one of the nicest graduation presents the Sub-Deb could receive this month would be a new and becoming evening wrap for summer dances and parties? Something that is the very latest fad in such wraps, too, because every girl loves to possess some special, frivolous little accessory of the moment which gives that smart, distinctive touch to her costume we all want. And perhaps no garment in her wardrobe can so surely give this as one of the many charming new scarf wraps shown in the shops this spring. Another recommendation for them, too, is that one can fit them to practically any income. They can be bought ready-made at varying prices, or they can be made at home of a wide range of materials to suit a wide range of pocketbooks, yet with equally satisfactory results.

One of the loveliest I have seen was made of a piece of soft, fairylike silver brocade a yard and a quarter in length, and just the width of the material—about a yard, as I recall it. This was edged all about by a flat double fold of georgette, nine inches in width, of the clearest, most springlike shade of leaf green. That is all there was to it; anyone clever with her needle could have made it in a few hours. Yet when a slim little Sub-Deb I know folded the georgette hem back over it to form a collar and wrapped the dainty silver oblong about her like a Spanish shawl, I thought I had never seen a more graceful picture. Another wrap of similar design, more practical perhaps and of less expensive materials, yet tremendously becoming to its young wearer, was made of an oblong of heavy white crêpe de chine, trimmed with a double fold—like a broad hem—of black crêpe de chine on all four sides.

But of course any number of combinations are possible. Sometimes the wrap is of transparent velvet—red, or one of the new blues, or a soft rose beige, with the double fold of matching chiffon or georgette. One of the new printed crêpes might be combined delightfully with a plain border, or a plain silk wrap with a printed or flowered georgette border.

Another very lovely type of evening wrap was made by taking a yard of white chiffon, folding it across the center into two equal halves, and cutting the other three sides to form a big semicircle. Using the folded edge for the neckline of the cloak, a deep flounce of white lace had been sewed—very flat—to the circular edge, and the result was a half-moon of cobwebby beauty that had, to be sure, little real warmth as a wrap, but was just the thing for a hot summer evening, over a filmy party frock.

—MARGUERITE ASPINWALL.

Knitted Sports Clothes

TODAY the cardigan hand-knitted sports suit and the extra pullover sweater constitute a most important part of the Sub-Deb's spring and summer wardrobe. Innumerable are the occasions when she can wear the colorful three-piece suit like the one shown in the accompanying illustration, and feel not only comfortably but smartly dressed. And of course every girl knows that a pretty new sweater transforms that pleated silk or washable-flannel skirt she has worn till she is tired of it into an entirely different and highly satisfactory costume.

The original model of the knitted suit here showed the skirt and sweater coat in a soft chamois tan, with the sleeveless knitted blouse done in a tan ground and stripes of light brown, pistachio green and butterfly yellow.

On page 164 you will see a most unusual and enchanting wool purse which, in colors and design, matches this particular sports suit.

The tricolor pullover sweater worn by the pretty girl sitting down in the illustration is a plain white one, with the intriguing addition of numerous bright blue and scarlet circles embroidered on it in chain stitch.

DESIGNED BY MARY LOUISE CUSTIS

The smart sweater and knitted three-piece sports suit every girl wants to own.

The suit, the extra sweater and the purse are all simple to make, but as the directions would take much more space than we can spare on the Sub-Deb page for any single article, we have had them printed in a little folder which you can have for the cost of postage—a two-cent stamp. If you yourself don't knit, there is sure to be some member of your family who will be glad to do this easy, fascinating work for you. Think of how pleased you will be when vacation comes, if you have these stunning additions to your summer outfit ready for all sorts of good times.

Of course you can change the color scheme if you choose. You may prefer to make the suit and sweater in the colors illustrated here, or you may have entirely different ideas of your own as to what is becoming to your individual type, or what will harmonize best with certain accessories already in your wardrobe. The directions can, of course, be used for any combination you decide on, and they cover ages 12 to 18 years in size. An explanatory chart goes with them.

Write, inclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to the Sub-Deb Department, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The Play Out-of-Doors

THIS month, at Commencement, most school and college dramatic societies are planning to give a play. If the school is situated in the country, with a big, shaded campus, or a convenient athletic field, the play will probably be given out-of-doors, which is always more fun for actors and audience alike.

Mr. Kirkbride's illustration at the top of the page, showing a group of school girls rehearsing for A Midsummer Night's Dream, may give some of you the happy inspiration to put an old apple orchard and a stretch of level meadowland to a similar use. You can see what a beautiful natural backdrop—to use the proper stage term—the trees and blossoms make for your scenes. Or a grove of pines would form an equally effective, though quite different, setting for your play if the orchard is not available.

Giving a play out-of-doors does away with the expense of several sets of scenery, an item to be considered in amateur productions. Besides, as we said before, it's much more fun for everybody.

Of course, the play need not be given by a school dramatic society. You can entertain your young crowd delightfully with an evening of amusing impromptu skits and charades on the lawn, lighted by flares, torches, some colored lanterns and a good spotlight.

Chairs can be arranged in rows on the grass for the audience, and a low terrace or just a flat bit of lawn or meadow chosen for the stage. Two dressing rooms for the actors can be curtained off at a short distance, preferably in a grove of trees or back of some rather thick shrubbery, where they will be out of sight of the audience.

A good natural setting for the stage itself is between two large trees, across which a curtain may be stretched if desired. Or the players may simply walk on and off the stage at the beginning and end of each act or charade. Turning the spotlight off and on will indicate the closing or opening of a scene quite clearly enough for anybody with a normal amount of imagination.

The audience should be called on for volunteers, after the short program already planned by the hostess has been carried out, and prizes awarded for the cleverest—or funniest—of these spur-of-the-moment acts. The evening can end on a note of spontaneous jollity with dancing on the lawn to records, radio, or even a small orchestra—guitars, banjos and mandolins sound romantic and very gay out under the open sky—as the preference and pocketbook of the hostess may suggest.

An appropriate supper for this occasion would be a picnic meal eaten from real picnic baskets under the trees. Of course the picnic fare the baskets contain may be as simple or elaborate as you choose, but the supper should be quite informal, to carry out the true spirit of the occasion, with the guests waiting on themselves and each other.

Have You Planted a Garden?

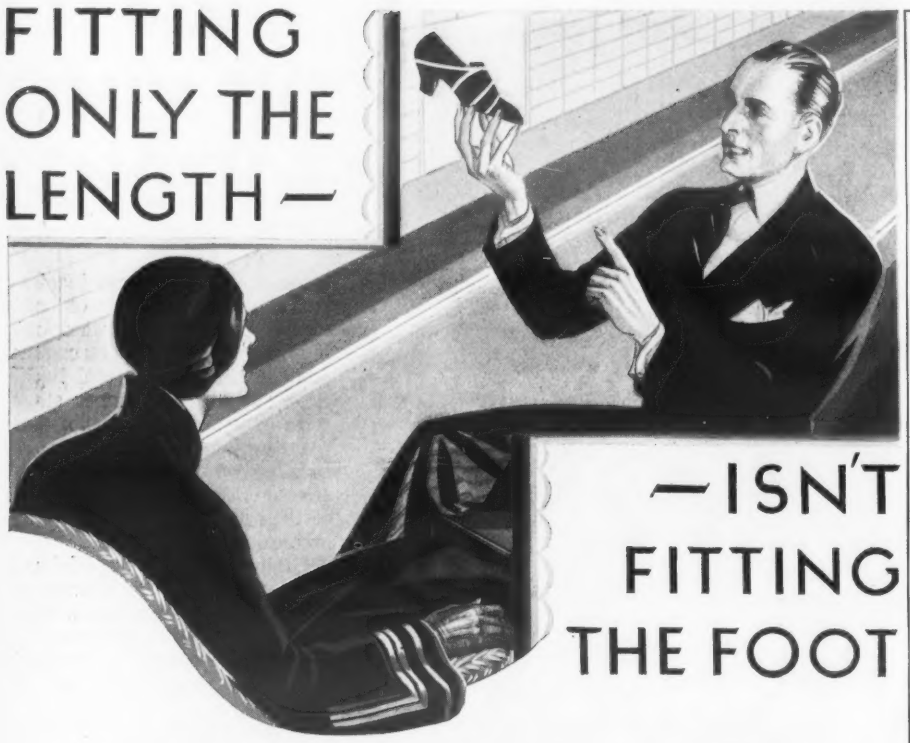
PERHAPS you are one of those fortunate girls who have had gardens of their own each year since they were old enough to be given a tiny bit of ground with which to experiment as their fancy dictated. In that case you don't need anyone to tell you how much daily interest and happy adventure even the smallest garden can give you. We use the word "adventure" deliberately, because every seed that comes up—or doesn't—is an adventure, gay or sorry, as the case may be, to the true garden lover.

But, a word to the girls who have never had this fun! Why not treat yourself to some kind of garden this year—not too big a one to begin with—and see whether you will not soon find yourselves among that big army of enthusiastic gardeners that spreads all over the country?

Of course, if you want a great variety of flowers in it, you ought to have started your garden last October, which is the month for planting bulbs that are to flower the following spring. But there are plenty of lovely things that can be planted as late as May, and will make an encouraging and colorful beginning, so don't let that stop you.

Cornflowers should be planted this month—those big double ones that come in pink and white as well as the deep

FITTING ONLY THE LENGTH— —ISN'T FITTING THE FOOT



Wilbur Coon Shoes are Fitted at Five Different Places

"WHY five?" many a woman has asked, when first shown a Wilbur Coon Shoe. But the moment she slipped her foot into it she knew. Such comfort! Such daintiness!

Wilbur Coon Shoes have Special Measurements; they fit not only the usual length and width but also the heel, the instep and the waist.

Over 200 Sizes—and Special Measurements

That's why these shoes do not slip at the heel nor wrinkle at the arch—why the sides and top fit with glove-like smoothness. They hug your foot everywhere, giving a firm but flexible support that makes every step a pleasure.

They need no "breaking-in." So comfortable from the very first that you'll want to wear them from the store. And after months of use they still keep their fine style, their good looks, their perfect fit.

For every normal foot, of course. Also special models to slenderize the wide foot—to end corns and callouses—to relieve and conceal bunions—for any foot trouble that you may have—but every model brimming over with style and smartness.

Sizes from 1 to 12, widths AAAA to EEEEE. Also scores of special measurements—AA heel with A instep and B ball or whatever combination your own foot may need.

At Stores Everywhere

Made in many fabrics and leathers, in a remarkable range of styles. Priced at $8.50 and up at your Wilbur Coon dealer's. Tear out the coupon below. You'll do your feet a kindness that they'll never forget.

Wilbur Coon Shoes

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A Made-to-Measure Fit in Ready-to-Wear Shoes

Free Book Gives Details

W. B. Coon Co., 75 Canal Street, Rochester, N.Y.

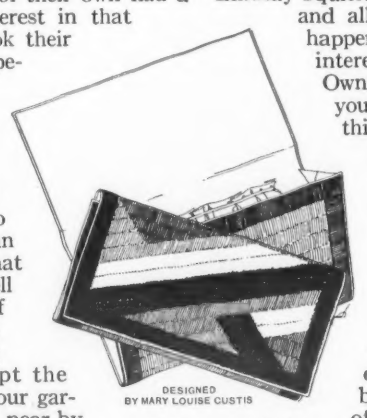
Please send me your latest catalog *"How to Get a Perfect Fitting Shoe,"* and name of nearest Wilbur Coon dealer.

Name_____

Address_____

blue we usually associate with the name. Chinese forget-me-nots can also be safely started in May, and so can the zinnias that will make your garden a veritable flame of gay colors.

Once we saw a garden, planned by a quite famous artist, in which there were only zinnias—masses and masses of them, starting from a center in palest rose color, and deepening, row after row, through rose to red and then on to dark maroon around the edges. Even the neighbors who all had gardens of their own had a special pride and interest in that zinnia garden and took their guests to see it as a special treat. But you can have still other flowers than those we have mentioned. Send for a seed catalogue and study it for the varieties possible to plant in May. We can tell you beforehand that you will find it well worth any amount of trouble you may take in planning, planting and weeding. Tempt the summer birds into your garden with a bird bath near by. This may be from an expensive shop or one made by yourself—the birds will come quite as eagerly to one as to the other. And after all, the main thing is to have them come.



DESIGNED BY MARY LOUISE CUSTIS

Wool purse worked on canvas to match knitted sports suit

Try the experiment this spring at any rate, and see whether your summer won't be a much richer, more interesting one than ever before.

Then, when autumn comes, you can have the added fun of preparing for a still more varied and beautiful garden by planting bulbs for next year.

Exploring the Journal

JUDGING by the enthusiastic flock of daily letters which come to the Sub-Deb Editor's desk, we know that you girls are reading and enjoying your page. But this month we are going to suggest that you explore a bit through some of the other JOURNAL pages too.

For instance, we are sure that you will love an exciting story of adventure on a Central American plantation by Emma-Lindsay Squier. It is called Banana Bill, and all sorts of thrilling things happen in it. Then there is an interesting article called Your Own Garden Nursery. Those of you who are planning gardens this year ought not to miss it.

For true adventure in far places there's also a wonderful travel story by Richard Halliburton, with the arresting title, The Well of Death. The photographs with it are beautiful. Another suggestion—Ruth Nichols, who has done such interesting things in aviation, is beginning this month a series of articles on flying. Girls are taking this new profession up, too, these days, and so you'll want to know all you can about the subject.

Our Fashion Editor, Miss Coyne, returned from Paris just as this issue of the magazine was going to press, and as all girls like to hear of the very latest Paris fads, you'll find it interesting to look through the fashion pages at the beautiful things she has brought back to show you.

A word, too, about a page of high-school banquet menus. You'll find some suggestions there that will interest you.

Modern Girls Earn Their Own Money!

How surprised a girl of the long ago would be to meet independent, modern Jane Rogers with money of her own to spend.

EVERYONE admires Jane Rogers. She's always so smartly and becomingly dressed. So popular, too. The girls—and boys—think no school party is complete without her.

Well-dressed . . . popular . . . independent, Jane is a real modern girl. *She earns her own money, too.* (How different from the girl of a century ago!)

Have *you* yourself always wanted to be independent? Do you hate to "ask" father or mother for spending money? Then—*now* is the time to join in step with Jane and the hundreds of up-and-coming girls who belong to The Girls' Club. Now's the time to start earning quantities of extra dollars and winning many lovely prizes in your spare time.

Just listen to Jane's happy letter:

Dear Club Manager: My one regret is that I didn't join The Girls' Club long ago. The first $15.00 I earned bought a rose-colored party dress for the Junior-Senior spring dance. My pearls arrived in time to wear, too, and my joy was complete. I'm telling all my friends about our Club.

Phyllis Fort tells of a "gladdened" room:

Dear Manager: If my room could talk, I'm sure it would tell you how glad it is about The Club. For its windows are now brightened with flowered cretonne and the dressing table has a new ruffle. I'm having lots of fun playing the banjo uke you sent me as a prize.

Katherine Jenkins' hat, bought with $4.00 of her Club money, was just what she wanted to wear with her new dress. And Mariana M., a Girl Scout, has saved up almost enough for a new uniform and a knife.

You, Too, Can "Earn"

IT'S *so* modern to earn your own money today. You'll feel so independent and important when you can buy your own vacation clothes and charming things for your room. And what girl doesn't need a lot of expense money in the springtime?

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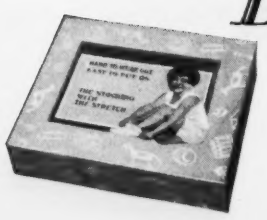


Write for free booklet,
"The Care of Baby's Feet"

THE STOCKING WITH THE STRETCH

The Well of Death

(Continued from Page 19)

From this room, down the sweeping stairs, onto the raised stone road, the pontiff of the Feathered Serpent leads the glittering throng. The king and all his noblemen splash the causeway with their robes of gold. The great warriors, the throngs of chanting priests, the acolytes with their incense, the temple maidens with their fragrant flowers follow slowly toward the yawning Well. The music, singing forth the glory of the gods, joins the vast procession—the caracoles and the flutes, the muffled, rumbling drums. Then last of all, followed by the doomed attendant, the catafalque of gold and jewels moves on the shoulders of the *nacon* bearers with slow and measured tread. And inside this royal litter, curtained from the multitudes that line the way, the pitiful little bride, dressed in her wedding gown, rides forward to her destiny.

In the semidarkness I follow the procession down the steps, across the spacious plaza, along the Sacred Way. Feathered serpents, battered and time-worn, thrust their stone heads through the walls of bush and vine to look with stony eyes at the midnight visitor. Spangles of the moonlight, dancing through the arch of trees, light my path along the storied road—silver—shadow—silver—shadow—straight to the dark waters of the pit.

The quarter mile of corridor has stopped abruptly. The jungle falls away to either side. An altar of stone—the Altar of the Last Rites—now blocks the path. Beyond that, and below, a dark, still, fearful chasm. . . .

I climbed onto the ruined platform and peered over the brink. Down, down, full seventy feet the wall fell sheer, and at the bottom a dead sheet of metallic water, two hundred feet across, lay motionless.

At this altar, many times, as the sun broke over the treetops, the sacrificial procession halted. From this altar the high priest, amid a solemn stillness, raised his arms over the sacred waters and prayed to the unseen deity, waiting in his palace of rock and wave to accept the sacrifices. One hundred thousand worshipers, awed with the drama of the moment, stand in deep ranks, silently, at the rim. The catafalque is carried forward, the maiden lifted from her couch to the altar's edge. The escort in his gleaming armor is waiting at the brink. Once more the chant begins—the drums are pulsing—back and forth the *nacons* swing the tortured child—the rhythm quickens, the arc grows wider—louder the chant, faster the drums, louder, faster—one swelling roar—the little bride is hurled far out into the dark abyss; and like a streak of fire, sword aloft, the young Maya plunges after her.

Kukulcan's Sanctuary

FALLING, turning, the maid and the man lurch forward, the white wedding garments and the helmet's scarlet feathers fluttering for a moment side by side, until their bodies strike the leaden waters seventy feet below with a dull and far-off boom that echoes from wall to wall across the hungry pool. The ripples spend themselves against the rocks—a moment of hushed watchfulness—the sacrifices do not reappear—they have been received into the palace of their Lord—the bride is safe in the Rain God's arms.

But that was five hundred years ago and more. Now at this midnight hour all is still and desolate. The priests, the pomp, the pulsing drums have gone. The altar is in ruins, a little garden of grass and stones. The multitudes, who rained their offerings of jade and gold into the Well as the victims sank, have melted, and ramparts of greenery displaced them at the brink. The music, too, has vanished, though the natives say that on moonlight nights like this they hear it even now, strange and wild and far away. Of all this ancient spectacle only the Well remains, still evil, still inscrutable. The pitiful bones of Yum-Chac's brides and of their brave young guards, have been dredged from the gloomy depths. But their ghosts linger on, drifting through their watery tomb, weary of the Rain God's court, hungry for the sunshine and the sky.

Midnight had come and gone long since. The moon had climbed to the zenith of the heavens and hung straight above the center of the deep-sunken mirror. For half an hour in the thick, hot darkness, I had sat, the only living, human being in this vast field of death, upon the altar's steps, held by the melancholy beauty of the night, and utterly surrendered to the bewitchment of the Well. All about me, white and cadaverous, the stones of tumbled temples, buried beneath their pall of silence, stared through the clutching jungle at the stars. Close at hand the jaguars prowled among the palaces, seeking their own images upon the painted walls. A great bat lurched across the moon—or was it a feathered serpent, Kukulcan himself, flying back from exile to haunt his ancient sanctuary? Somewhere a lizard stirred the leaves. Furtively I looked about me, realizing that on a night like this the boa constrictors would be abroad, creeping forth from the ancient tombs and slinking down the leafy avenues. The wind had begun to blow gently through the trees, and when they gently sighed I was not sure but that I heard the misty music, the muted conch, the ghostly caracoles, and the chanting, thin and far away, of the Rain God's phantom worshipers.

The Siren Waters

TO ESCAPE these perils and these mysteries I crawled to the far side of the altar—to the very edge. There was a faint splash deep down in the pool—perhaps some scaly monster stirring in his sleep, or a water sprite ascending from Yum-Chac's halls. I peered with straining eyes into the chasm. But it had grown quiet again. A stone from the débris near by, tossed over the rim, sent back a hollow, startled sound as it struck the surface far below. And when the ripples caught the glitter of the moon, they spread like silver circles across the ebon shield. I found it hard to look away, so insidious was the lure of these grisly waters. They half-repelled, half-fascinated. There was death and cruelty in their sunken gaze. But there was haunting beauty too. They whispered to one to come to them, though it might be destruction, to enter their cool paradise, though they promised no returning, to rest in their arms, though their embrace might be the last.

I stood up to resist a morbid urge to leap into the gruesome pit. But the siren waters only beckoned the more invitingly. *"Come—in our sea-green corridors the Rain God lives—the Maya warriors guard him—the Maya brides will greet you at the gate and sing for you, and there will be an end to pain and wandering—an end."*

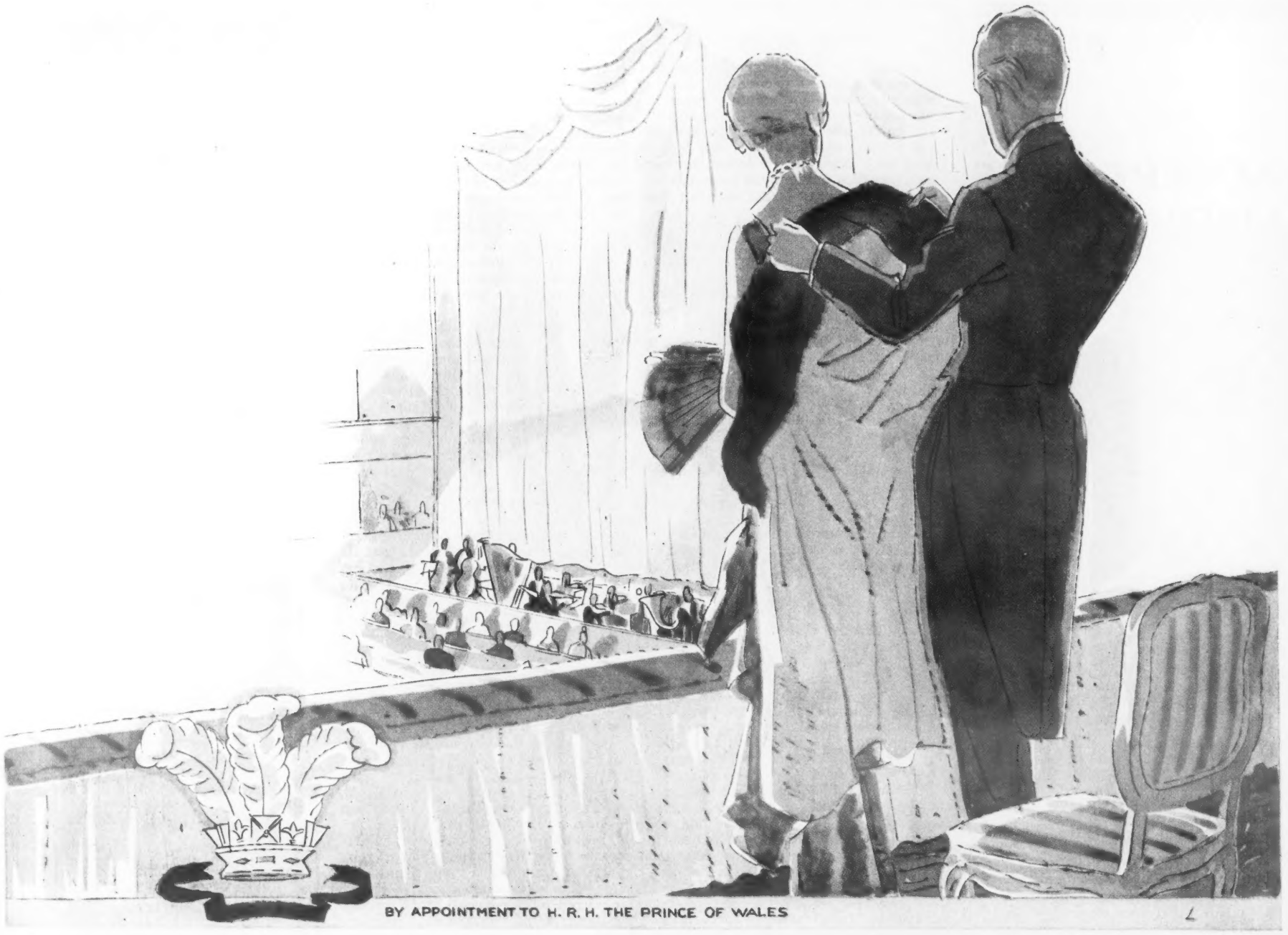
Already I heard their chanting, soft and low, and leaned, leaned forward toward the source. Yet even as I yielded, some instinct, elemental and primeval, deep down in the subconsciousness, fought against the power of the sirens, against the fascination of the Well of Death. *"No—no—not now,"* the instinct warned; *"sunken logs, hidden rocks, dark, slimy fingers to drag you away."*

"Away to the caves of the Rain God's court," sang the waters, *"and a coral world."*

"And in the darkness you'll never climb the sheer rock walls back to this earth."

"You'll never, never desire to climb when you see the deeps where the Rain God lives," chanted the far-off choir.

(Continued on Page 168)



LONDON is again wearing its "season" smile . . . and gorgeous Covent Garden opens its doors for the first opera of the year. Lady Muriel Lance*, looking remarkably lovely, can be found in her box on the first tier. She wears a gown from Callot and exquisite jewels. Her appearance is enhanced, as always, with one priceless possession that is hers, a complexion as clear and fair as the summer sky. ⚜ ⚜ Lady Muriel knows but one toilet soap, Yardley's Old English Lavender. From the beginning this soap has proved so pure, so soothing and stimulating to her skin that it seemed needless to use another. Yardley's sheer face powder protects her complexion from all types of weather. ⚜ ⚜ Many English women use Yardley products exclusively. Many of these exquisite toiletries carry the fragrance of lavender. England's best, obtainable anywhere in America, Old English Lavender Soap, "The Luxury Soap of the World," box of three cakes $1, or 35c the cake; "Old English Lavender," in sprinkler bottles from $12 to $1; Face Powder, $1; Compact, $1.25; Talc, 50c; Sachet Tablets, 25c; Shampoo, 15c the cartridge; Bath Salts, $1; Dusting Powder, $1.50. Yardley, 8 New Bond Street, London; 452 Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street, New York City; also Toronto and Paris. **Out of deference to our clientele we have refrained from using actual names.*

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(Continued from Page 166)

In the struggle between these two voices, the voice of Reason, relentless in its stern authority, slowly and painfully began to win the upper hand, until I became willing, for the moment, to obey the instinct and not the impulse. Faint and cold I drew back from the brink, and crawled, with pounding pulse, to the protection of the trees. A parrot in the branches just above, startled by my moving figure, shattered the silence with a sudden piercing shriek. My very hair stood on end . . . there were strange cries and cackles all through the woods . . . the shadows moved . . . in them I saw misshapen monsters creeping closer, and grinning, ghoulish specters watching from across the pit . . . I would flee from this haunted spot before the jungle spirits stole forth to murder me.

But the sweet poison of the Well had burned too deep. Its fascination was too profound. When I rose to escape down the Sacred Way the *tunkul* drums came soft again; again the conch-shell's clear, far music. They held me to the moonlit Well, unable to force myself away, yet not daring to surrender to those dark and deadly waters . . . if it were only morning, so I could see the rocks, the floating logs . . . perhaps when morning came . . . .

Into the Abyss

THE morning was not very far away. The faintest wisp of gray was already showing in the east. A bird chirped very softly, then another, and another. Soon all the jungle was astir. In the tropics, the dawn, like the night, comes swift. It spreads over the treetops; it rushes up the sky, pursued by the relentless sun. A flaming blue-and-red macaw streaked across the pit and I knew that it was day.

This was the very hour when the sacrificial processions moved from the Temple, the hour when the Rain God's bride, escorted by the chosen warrior, approached the Well. I could picture the girl, pale with terror, yet believing with childlike faith that Yum-Chac would rescue her and honor her forever. I could picture the young Maya, marching forward unafraid, but with none of the girl's illusions as to their fate, with no prayer other than that his death beside the bride might be bravely faced, and quickly over—the water would be bitter dark, with icy breath—his armor would drag him down—but there must be no sign of his lack of faith in Yum-Chac's benevolence—head up, plumes flying—the little bride must not know that it was a broken body and slow strangulation ahead of her, and not everlasting bliss, as she had been told—the multitudes must not doubt that he was proud to follow the maiden into the Rain God's court and act as their ambassador to an angry god. He must leap exultantly to Death, must dive at the high priest's august command into Eternity. Perhaps he, too, loved the maiden, even as Yum-Chac. Perhaps deep in his heart he preferred to be sacrificed with her than to see her sacrificed alone. There had been one instance, recorded in the legends of the Mayas, when the youth, who loved the Chosen Bride, had not been appointed to accompany her. He had tried to bribe the *nacon* bearers to drop her carefully, feet first into the pit, that she might have a chance to return alive to the surface—a sign that she had been rejected by the Rain God—and thus give the lover an excuse to leap into the pool himself and rescue her. But the plot was detected, and in fear of their own lives the *nacons* pitched the maid into the abyss with such violence that her body was broken by the fall and sank from sight. In a wild rage the distracted youth rushed to the altar and seizing the guilty *nacons* dragged them with him over the brink to their death and his own destruction.

Someone else, then—not a sacrifice—had thought of braving the *cenote*. I was by no means the first. If this citizen of ancient Chichen had believed he could dive in, rescue the sacrificed maid, and emerge alive, why shouldn't I believe I could—with no maiden to encumber me.

Encouraged and retempted, I crept back to the altar and looked down into the daylit depths. I could see, now, that there were no protruding rocks, no floating logs near by. Reason that had conquered temptation in the darkness, thus lost its best arguments . . . and the sun was about to burst above the walls of trees, the moment when the high priest stood in prayer over the waters with the *nacons* and the maiden and the doomed escort in his flaming armor waiting for the signal gleam beside him—beside me—here at the altar's brink.

Their resignation to their fate became my own. The lure of the pool and the appeal of the idea of leaping into it, had not been weakened by the daylight. Resistance, freed from the dread of rocks, had grown too feeble; the instinct to safeguard life that had triumphed in the night now wins no aid from me. This time I harken only to temptation, only to the yearning to draw nearer the great green serpent's eyes. I must go to this charmed elysium waiting far below. In my imagination I see the *nacons* lift up the bride, the warrior, resolute, is poised—and I know that when he leaps into the void that I'll leap too. The music swells—the signal sun has spoken—the girl is flung far out into the pit—the warrior is leaping after her. . . .

I took one deep breath, tore myself free from my guardian angel, hung, for an instant, on the brink, and then plunged, headlong, into the abyss.

For several seconds that seemed an eternity I felt myself hurtling downward, conscious only of the upward rush of wind, and then there came a fearful shock and roar as if the biggest cannon in the word had exploded in my face. Icy blackness engulfed me; icy demons dragged me down, down into bottomless seas.

I began to strangle. Instantly the self-preservatory instinct that had been overpowered by temptation at the altar's edge surged into action with a total disregard for sacred wells, dead Maya warriors and beckoning virgin brides. I felt my limbs struggling against the water spirits' clutches. They shook the demons loose, lunged upward through the fathoms, and pushed my gasping bursting face at last into the air of earth.

Not a Dream

IMMEDIATELY I struck out for the nearest wall of rock, fifty feet away. It offered not the slightest refuge. Somewhere, somewhere, there must be a ledge, a vine, a crevice. Anxiously I swam beneath the overhanging cliff until I spotted a clump of dark shrubbery growing at the water's edge. The bush had found a tiny beach, and onto it I dragged myself.

For several seconds I sat there, dazed and faint and shivering, but with my senses fully alive. This was no fantastic dream from which presently I might awaken. It was painfully real. My head throbbed. The clammy water of the well streamed from my clothes—clothes!—for I was almost fully dressed—light sweater, shirt, linen trousers, socks, boots! Only my coat and sombrero had been left with the duffel bag back at the Temple of Kukulcan. The boots, though of the moccasin variety, were thick-soled and came halfway to the knee. And now, logged with water, they seemed to be of lead. My wallet, carried in a hip pocket, was a total ruin—Mexican paper currency, cards, stamps, notes, all limp from their sudden baptism. A package of cigarettes floated around in another pocket. They'd never be the same again. I felt for my tin watch. It was there! And on extracting the poor drowned thing with dripping fingers, I found, contrary to the usual testimonial in regard cheap watches under

(Continued on Page 171)

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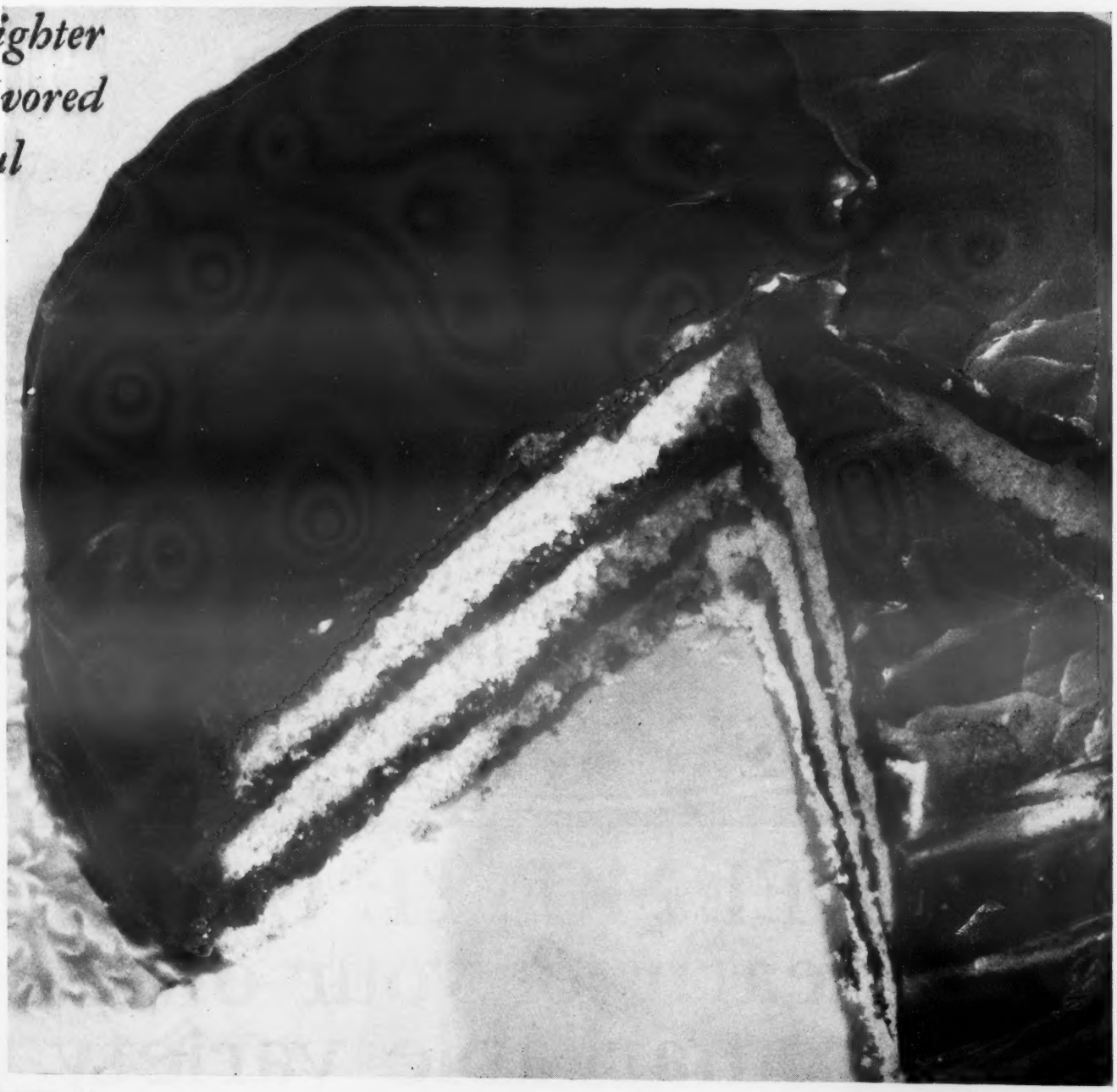

USE new-laid eggs . . . the finest butter . . . the freshest milk . . . the best ingredients you can buy; follow the rules for perfect cake-making—yet your cake may lack those niceties of flavor . . . of texture . . . that your critical taste demands.

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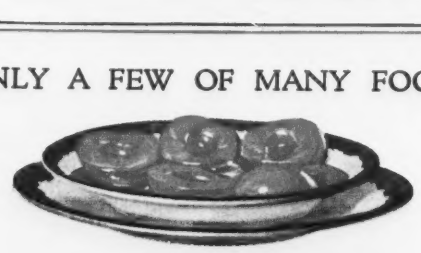

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(Continued from Page 168)

such circumstances, that it was not running, but had stopped when its cuckoo owner took to high-diving—at six-thirty to the dot.

The next move of importance was to get out of the pit before I shivered myself to pieces. Any cry for help would be useless. The natives were all known to be superstitious anyway in regard the infamous *cenote*, and I could well imagine that if one had been in hailing distance and heard a cry at this impossible hour coming from the bottom of the Well of Death, he would promptly betake himself with all possible speed in the opposite direction. Then, too, if I made too much noise I'd probably have all the boa constrictors in Chichen-Itza down on top of me.

Had the circumstances been otherwise, I might have enjoyed the prospect from my ledge. Familiarity with the Well did not by any means blunt astonishment. It was as mysterious and sinister seen from below as from above.

But these observations were not getting me back to earth. And so I took to examining the walls and noted that right above me there seemed to be a band of greenery reaching entirely to the top. Removing my soggy boots I began, in stocking feet, to wiggle up through this accommodating bush, consoled with the indisputable fact that if I tumbled back into the water from halfway up I could get no wetter than I was already, or receive any shock to which I was not well accustomed from already having tumbled twice as far. Slip and slide I did, many times, but each time managed to hold on. The porousness and decay of the limestone helped greatly; in fact, it is the film of lime dust on the surface of the pool that gives it the lifeless expression. A number of the hollows in the cliff were deep enough to offer security to the nests of birds, who from time to time flew out panic-stricken and screaming, as a laboring hand or foot clutched at their domicile, or a panting, grimy face peered in their front door. After half an hour I was only fifty feet up; my clothes were in shreds; arms and legs were trembling from strain. Yet, twenty feet remaining seemed so few—and I had come to a small tree curving out from the walls which promised and provided a means to an end.

Disenchantment

REACHING the brink via its branches, I limped around to the fatal altar and sank down on it, depositing a puddle of very sacred water upon the sacred stones. Listen though I might, I heard no more *tunkul* drums, no caracoles, no chanting phantom worshipers. I heard only the painful pounding in my ears, and felt nothing but the cold, the cuts and the bruises. Enchantment was gone. No longer did I yearn for Yum-Chac's sea-green corridors. All I wanted was a smoke.

But in less than two days I was back at the altar again, standing on the brink, preparing to jump into that damned *cenote* a second time.

It happened this way.

The afternoon following the Sacred Well episode I returned—in borrowed shoes—to Merida and was invited to dine that night with Mr. Arthur Rice, the dean of the foreign colony and an enthusiastic student of ancient Maya civilization. Knowing of his intense interest in Chichen-Itza and the Sacred Well I related to him—leaving out the throbbing *tunkul* drums and other such nonsense—my encounter with the *cenote* that morning.

"But it's seventy feet, man!"

"It seemed like seven hundred feet to me," I admitted. "Thought I never would reach the water. Seventy feet isn't anything though to professionals. I've seen them do a hundred feet at country fairs into a bathtub, and Steve Brody jumped off Brooklyn Bridge. That's twice seventy. It all depends on how you land. I landed all over myself, and of course got knocked about unmercifully. I'm thinking of going back and doing it properly."

"You're what!" exclaimed my host.

"Oh, not entirely for the fun of it. I left my rather valuable moccasin boots on the ledge at the bottom of the pit—went to every shop in Merida this afternoon looking for another pair and can't find anything even remotely similar. If I travel any deeper into the tropical wilds they'll be absolutely necessary. I really should have them, and jumping is probably the only means of rescue—certainly simpler than trying to climb down that sheer wall."

"May I go along and watch?"

"Delighted! Let's go tomorrow."

When, on the appointed hour, we met at the railroad station, Rice was carrying an amateur moving-picture outfit.

"Thought I'd bring this along and 'shoot' you when you fall in," he said to me. "Now you've got to jump."

Back at the ruins the cinema machine attracted a group of curious native workmen who decided to join us and witness what they felt sure would be another sacrifice to the God of Rain.

The situation did seem disconcertingly similar—a crowd of Itzas moving from the Temple down the Sacred Way in advance of the "victim."

However, I must have my boots.

A Second Jump

REACHING the Altar of the Last Rites, my companion moved around the rim to the opposite side and set up his camera. I took off coat and shirt, but, as I had planned to go feet first this time, kept on trousers and heavy socks to break the sting. Also I retained the watch, hoping a second shock might start it again. Passports, wallets, paper currency and cigarettes I had turned over to Mr. Rice; in fact, willed them to him on the spot in case Yum-Chac decided to add me to his retinue after all.

Everything was ready. I was to count one—two—three, as a signal to the "movie operator," and jump on three.

I walked to the edge, took a deep breath.

"One—two—t——"

"Hold on—hold on," came a shout from across the chasm. "My film's snarled."

Delay. Then a second tightening of resolve.

"One—two ——"

"Watch out!" One of the native workmen on this side was rushing forward in Spanish to prevent the launching. "There's a log floating on the water right where you'll strike."

The log was driven away by means of a shower of rocks dropped into the water.

Once more I got ready to leap.

"One ——"

"Señor—wait—wait!"

But I didn't wait. I jumped. It was the only means of avoiding further molestations.

My companion had suggested in advance that for the benefit of his "movie" I might register a few emotions as I fell—rapture, for example, or wistfulness. These proved a bit difficult moving at such high speed. But I knew some imitations and decided to offer these. First, I'd be an angel—and flung out my arms as wings. About that time I hit the water, the angelic equilibrium so completely destroyed by the calisthenics that my face struck almost as soon as my feet. There was such a shower of stars and such violent wrenchings as I submerged into the Rain God's element a second time I was sure I'd broken my neck and would see Yum-Chac and his Maya captives at last.

No such luck. The clumsy plunge only knocked me deaf and speechless for three days after.

But I did get my shoes!

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the second of a new series of romantic travel adventures by Mr. Halliburton. The third, telling how he swam the Panama Canal as the S. S. Richard Halliburton, will be published in the June Journal.

Over the counter or ready-to-wear

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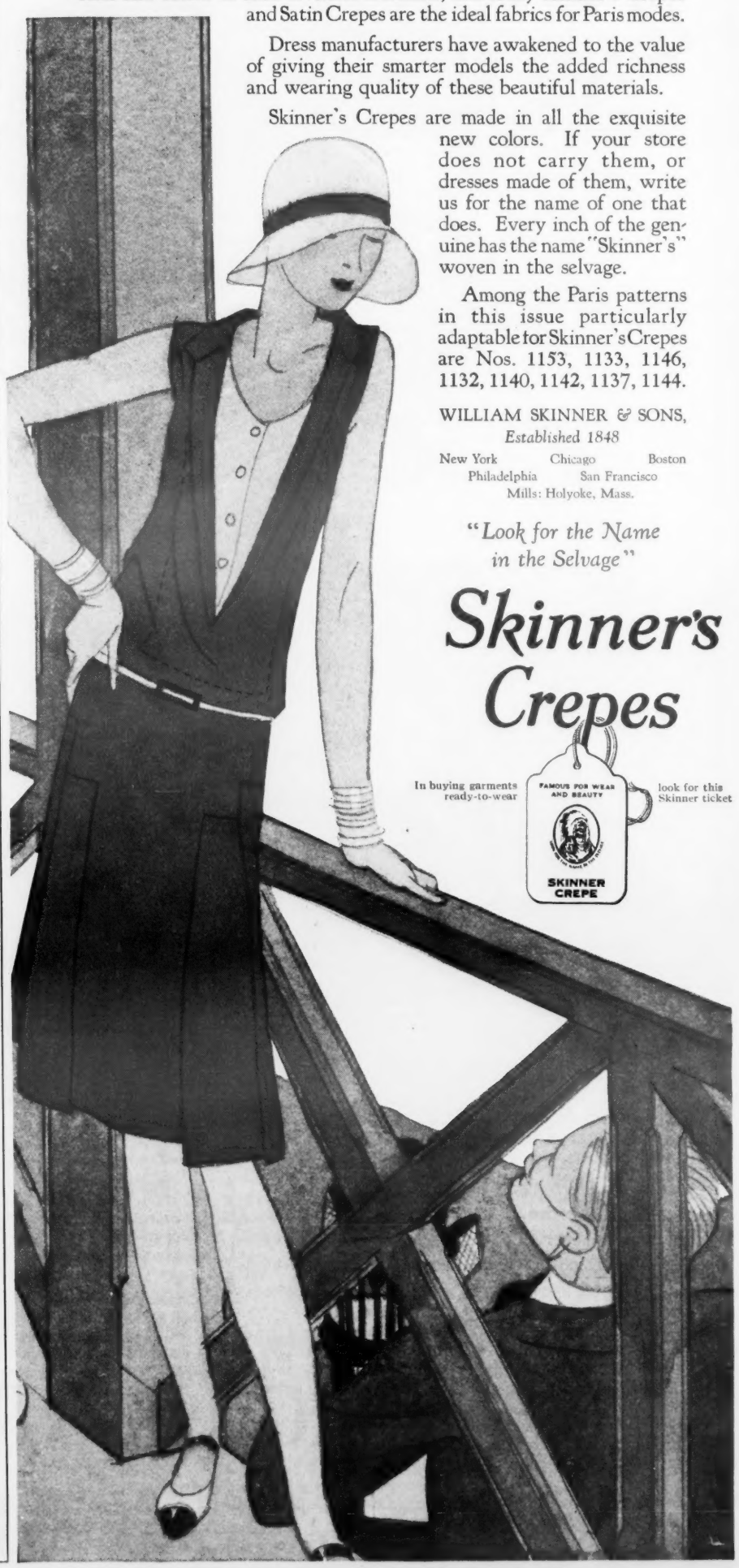

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Try the recipe for Ginger Frosting given here. Then send for "New Magic in the Kitchen." 175 astonishing recipes—including those for the delicious dishes pictured on this page . . . Mail the coupon today!

GINGER FROSTING (for Tea Cakes and Cookies)

¼ cup Borden's Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup confectioners' sugar (sifted)
½ teaspoon ground ginger
½ cup candied ginger, cut fine

Into condensed milk, stir lemon juice. Mixture will thicken. Add sugar gradually, ground ginger and ¼ cup of candied ginger. After cakes are iced, dot with remaining pieces of ginger.

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Two Little Gardens in Green

By KATE LANCASTER BREWSTER

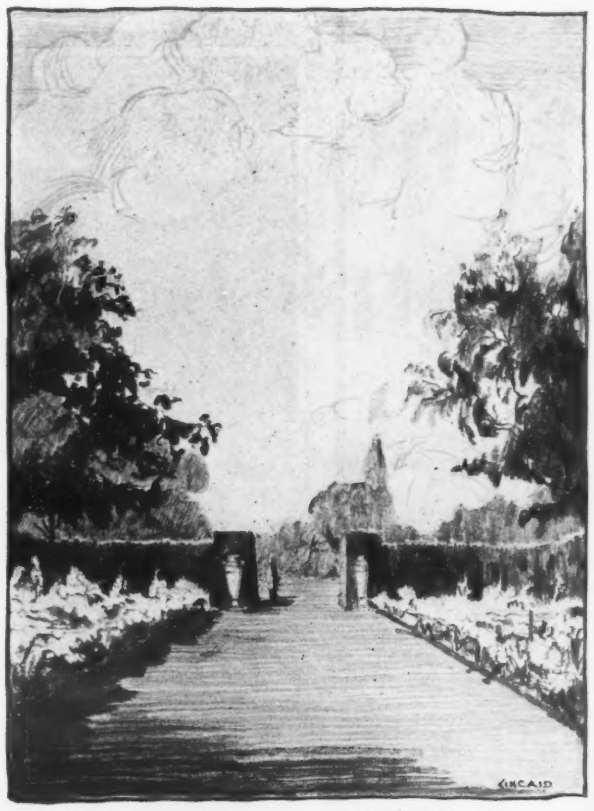
WHEN you begin to garden, flowers from earliest spring to latest autumn, riotous in color, filling the beds with eternal and varied bloom, seem the only ideal for the perfect garden. But as you become seasoned, sobered, perhaps, but not discouraged, you begin to realize that flowers are only the trimming of the ideal garden, not its backbone and essential quality. You can put flowers into a vase or into a back yard and make them look charming, but without a proper setting and in too great and uncensored masses they are tiring and garish.

In addition, it is all but impossible to keep your garden flowery from May to November without resorting to unfair subterfuges. Each kind blooms in its own season and most kinds have an untidy old age. All kinds require much room for successful development, and no kind but red geraniums will go on through the months presenting one neat bloom after another to the expectant world.

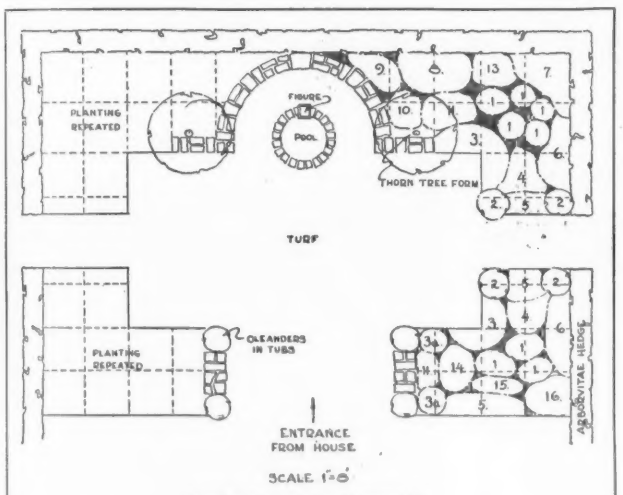
Of course if you have many acres you can have a series of gardens for the varying seasons and enjoy a sort of carnival of flowers in the appointed time of each, but in the suburbs and even in the country, without many gardeners, this is impossible for the average person who likes growing things and wants to live in the midst of them. Too much garden often defeats the purpose of gardening.

And so after nearly twenty-five years of gardening I have reached the conclusion that the only satisfactory garden is a green garden with periodic bursts of bloom and recurrent splashes of color. It is the easiest kind, too, and the only sort in which you can sit and enjoy without preoccupation as to its housekeeping.

The first essential for a green garden—indeed, for any successful garden, it seems to me—is an inclosure to form a background. Cutting out beds in the grass on some axis of the house is a lazy and jimcrack device which will satisfy no good gardener and never result in a real garden. A wall, a fence, a hedge or an irregular planting of trees and shrubs is indispensable. The ideal is a clipped evergreen hedge of arborvitæ, hemlock or yew, with some trees at a safe distance behind it to give dignity and shade.



These two gardens are each 40 by 60 feet in size.



LIST OF PLANT MATERIAL

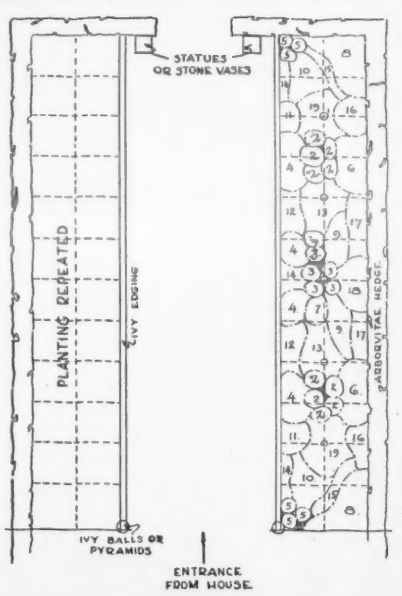
Two small, high-branching Thorn Trees (Crataegus)
Four Oleanders in Tubs

VARIETIES	NUMBER REQUIRED
1. Peonies	16
2. Single Peonies (var. Marguerite Gautier)	8
3. Iris	60
3a. Siberian Iris (var. Emperor)	12
4. Babysbreath *(Gypsophila paniculata fl. pl.*, var. Bristol Fairy)	8
5. Coralbells *(Heuchera sanguinea)*	75
6. Larkspur *(Delphinium hybridum)*	40
7. Yellow Rue *(Thalictrum glaucum)*	20
8. Columbine-leaved Rue *(Thalictrum aquilegifolium)*	20
9. Bleedinghearts *(Dicentra spectabilis)*	6
10. Plantainlilies *(Funkia subcordata grandiflora)*	10
11. Columbine (Aquilegia, Long-spurred Hybrids)	40
12. Hardy Pinks *(Dianthus plumarius)*, plant among stones	100
13. African Marigolds (Lemon Yellow)	12
14. *Salvia farinacea*	30
15. Pink Zinnias	30
16. *Sedum spectabile*	25
BULBS—SPRING FLOWERING	
May-flowering Tulips, Darwin and Cottage, in groups of separate varieties to be planted among Nos. 1, 4, 6, 13, 14 and 15	800
White Narcissus to be planted with Nos. 11 and 16	300
Grape-Hyacinth to be planted among No. 2	500
BULBS—SUMMER FLOWERING	
Lilium rubrum to be planted among Nos. 7 and 8	50
Gladiolus (Primulinus Hybrids) to be planted back of Nos. 3 and 5	200
Hyacinthus candicans to be planted among No. 6	25

The size of the hedge-inclosed space must depend upon many things, but we shall assume that you have an oblong space, about forty by sixty feet, a few steps down from the terrace upon which your suburban house is set. We shall also assume that the living rooms face this space and that it is secluded from the street—but always under your eyes and those of your family and guests. The process of garden making is, alas, a long and prosaic story, and so we shall further assume that you have naturally good soil intelligently improved and start at once on planting suggestions.

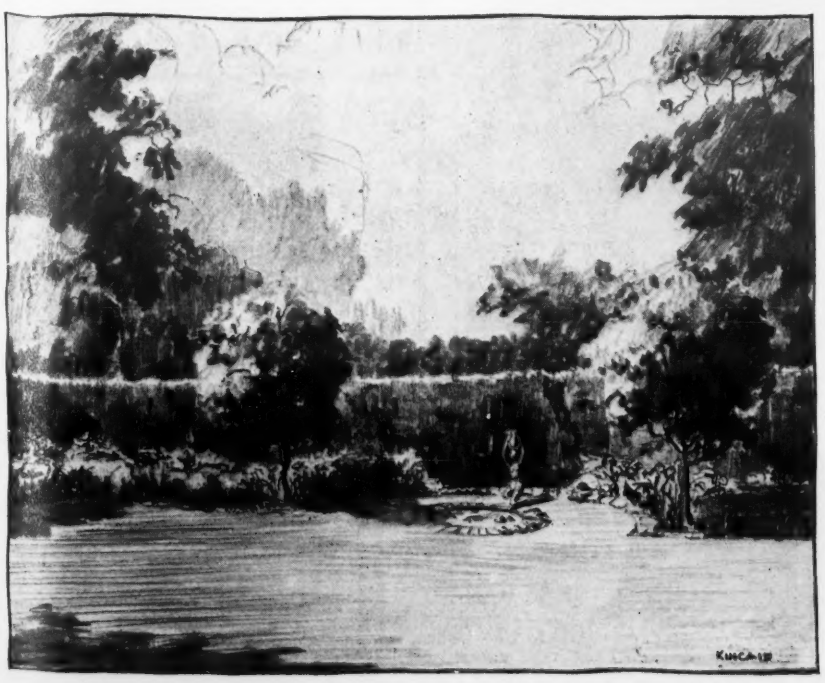
LIST OF PLANT MATERIAL

VARIETIES	NUMBER REQUIRED
1. Lilacs—Tree Form	10
2. Peonies	20
3. Single Peonies	10
4. Iris	60
5. Bleedinghearts *(Dicentra spectabilis)*	12
6. Larkspur *(Delphinium hybridum)*	30
7. Babysbreath *(Gypsophila paniculata fl. pl.*, var. Bristol Fairy)	8
8. Yellow Rue *(Thalictrum glaucum)*	36
9. Columbine-leaved Rue *(Thalictrum aquilegifolium)*	36
10. *Sedum speciabile*	36
11. Plantainlilies *(Funkia subcordata grandiflora)*	20
12. Coralbells *(Heuchera sanguinea)*	50
13. Columbine (Aquilegia, Long-spurred Hybrids)	60
14. Hardy Pinks *(Dianthus plumarius)*	75
15. Japanese Anemones	24
16. Michaelmas-Daisies *(Aster tradescanti)*	12
17. Hardy Chrysanthemums	24
18. African Marigolds (Lemon Yellow)	24
19. *Salvia farinacea* and Pink Zinnias (planted alternately)	75
BULBS—SPRING FLOWERING	
May-flowering Tulips, Darwin and Cottage, in groups of separate varieties to be planted among Nos. 2, 3, 6, 10 and 18	800
White Narcissus to be planted among Nos. 19 and 7	300
Grape-Hyacinths to be planted among Nos. 17 and 11	500
BULBS—SUMMER FLOWERING	
Lilium rubrum to be planted among Nos. 8 and 9	50
Gladiolus (Primulinus Hybrids) to be planted among Nos. 13 and 15	200
Hyacinthus candicans to be planted with Nos. 17 and 5	30



The hedge will eventually be from five to eight feet tall and correspondingly thick, but unless you have a great deal of money to spend on the garden you will buy whatever variety of hedging plants you choose in their early youth and tenderly watch and foster their gangling childhood. A garden that is worth having at all is worth waiting for and you must not expect much until the third summer of its establishment.

The smaller the garden, the more important and effective is simplicity, and so begin with a plot of green grass in the middle and, against the hedge, wide flower beds. The plan and economy of your house and lot will dictate the openings in the hedge for exit and entry, and personal taste and length of pocketbook will decide the few ornaments such as pools, fountains, statuary or seats that so small an inclosure may fitly harbor. The periods of bloom and the structural value of the green in the planted borders are the things that will make or mar the completed garden, but an edging of bricks set into the ground endwise or of flat stones not too closely or too regularly set or even a metal coping, practically invisible between flower bed and grass, will add infinitely to the finish of effect and ease of upkeep. Flower borders must be wide for successful planting, and ten feet, in this case, is about right to give dignity and mass and to insure a succession of interesting features through the spring, summer and fall, since most of the plants that go into a garden that depends upon green for its underlying motive are large and of spreading growth.



The only satisfactory garden is a green garden with periodic bursts of bloom.

As a foil to the green, there will be five seasons when the garden is colorful with bloom, and all the flowers used except the bulbs for early spring and late summer will have persistent foliage of various forms and shades. First will bloom May-flowering tulips, with white narcissus and blue grape-hyacinths, and at the same time such engaging plants as bleedinghearts *(Dicentra spectabilis)* and *Daphne cneorum.* Next will come the irises set off by the beautiful foliage and tasseled mauve blooms of the columbine meadowrue *(Thalictrum aquilegifolium)*, the columbine (Aquilegia) itself and the gray tufts of hardy pinks *(Dianthus plumarius)*. With the iris will bloom single peonies, so beautiful, so hardy and so little used, and after them will come the gorgeous double peonies that need no help to make the garden spectacular. When these are comfortably but lamentably over comes a charming period of larkspur (Delphinium), yellow meadowrue *(Thalictrum glaucum)* and *Heuchera sanguinea.* Its popular name—coralbells—describes the color. Then follows peaceful green until the summer bulbs, gladiolus, rubrum lilies and *Hyacinthus candicans*, send up sharp colorful accents that are rather short-lived but thrilling while they last.

There are not many annuals that have foliage value, but if you must have a little gayety during the summer, place your dependence on lemon-yellow African marigolds, *Salvia farinacea*, which has a spike of powdery blue flowers and

(Continued on Page 181)

COURTESY TROY SUNSHADE COMPANY

Permanent furniture for the terrace or open porch makes it more inviting, especially on summer evenings.

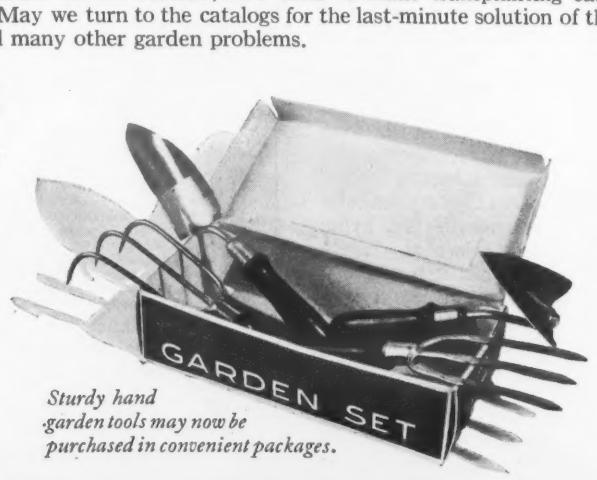
All These New Things for Gardens!

Perhaps They Will Help You

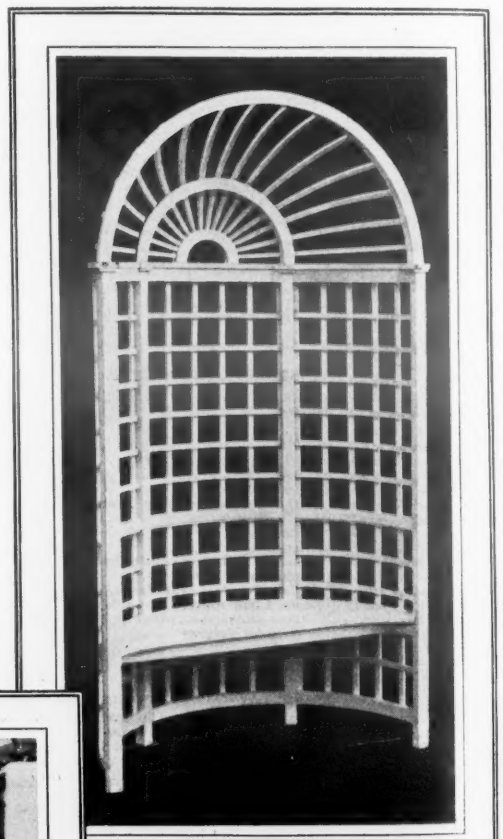
IN MAY sunny days and bright flowers bring us close to our gardens again. The eye lingers on the vacant spots. Perhaps a seat is needed to add interest to a path; perhaps the terrace would be used more if permanent furniture were there. New varieties for the borders; new tools to make transplanting easier. In May we turn to the catalogs for the last-minute solution of these and many other garden problems.

COURTESY BESSIE BOSTON

Ivory, a huge new cream-white dahlia.

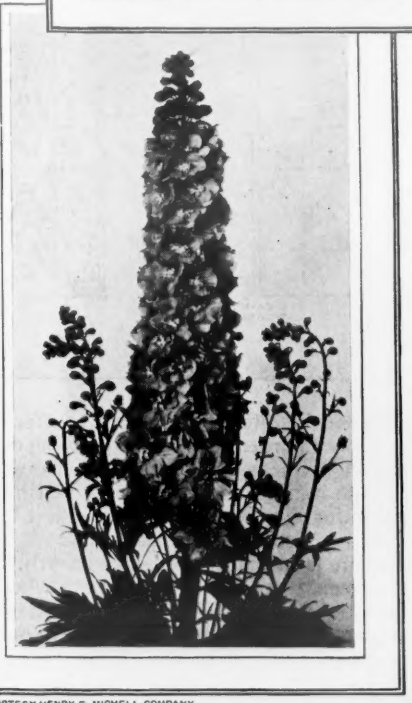


Sturdy hand garden tools may now be purchased in convenient packages.



ELECTRO GARDEN CRAFT CO.

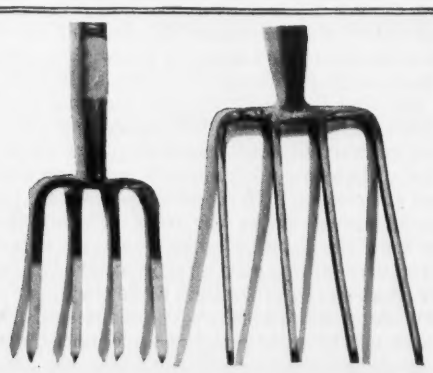
An attractive, vine-covered seat like this will give point to path or garden corner.



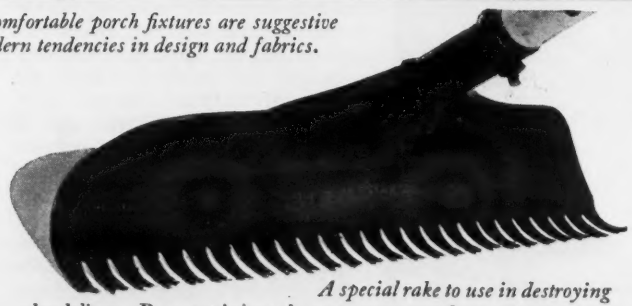
COURTESY HENRY F. MICHELL COMPANY

The new hollyhock-type delphinium brings many new possibilities to the garden.

These comfortable porch fixtures are suggestive of modern tendencies in design and fabrics.

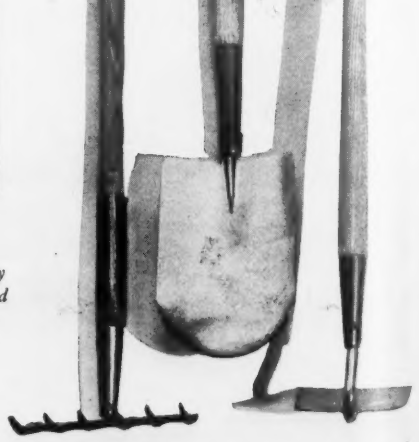


Spading forks may now be had in a smaller and more convenient size. (Left) New fork compared to usual type.



A special rake to use in destroying dandelions. Does not injure the grass roots, as the prongs turn up.

All Tools Courtesy American Fork and Hoe Company



Sturdy but lighter tools for special use of women gardeners. The digging spade is especially good for planting or digging bulbs.

Discovered ... by a million small home owners

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YOU see it more often now—the kind of lawn you used to find only on big estates. One clean sweep, unbroken in its rich green color.

You see more and finer flowers, too. You see thicker hedges, leafier shrubs and trees.

And if you've had a taste of the *new* kind of home-grown vegetables—crisper, juicier—you'll surely realize there's been a change in our everyday gardening.

For there has! A million home owners have adopted it. They have discovered a method long known to expert gardeners on America's finest estates.

They are *feeding* their lawns and flowers, their shrubs and trees, their garden vegetables. They have learned that plants require food, just like human beings.

That, like human beings, plants must have the right kind of food to thrive at their best. The *right* elements, *all* the elements, the right proportions!

Such a food is Vigoro, used now by a million home owners. Complete, properly balanced. Originally formulated, by Swift & Company plant food experts, for professional use.

Clean, odorless, pleasant to handle, Vigoro can be sown by hand, like grass seed. It produces vigorous root systems, early growth—makes plants more resistant to diseases. It increases humus. *It helps choke out weeds!*

And the cost is only 10c to 20c for every 100 square feet. Beautify your grounds. Enjoy more and better vegetables from your own garden. Improve your property and increase its value.

Full directions in every bag—100, 50, 25 lb. sizes; 5 lb. packages. Vigoro is sold everywhere—by a dealer near you. Get enough now for everything you grow.

Swift & Company, Chicago

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The beautiful estate of George Ade, Brook, Indiana—kept in perfect condition with Vigoro. "It makes the grass velvety, green and thick," says Clifford James, the head gardener. "It develops flowers rapidly—unusually large, beautiful blossoms."

A glimpse of the velvety lawn and bright beds of flowers grown by Henry M. Camp, 16 Primrose Street, Washington, D. C. "Vigoro is the most resultful, satisfactory plant food I have used," says Mr. Camp.

"With Vigoro my lawn, flowers and shrubs were more luxuriant than ever before," states George E. Everitt, Decatur, Georgia, who grew this beautiful specimen of canna. Typical of the experience of Vigoro users everywhere!

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Written by
Dr. G. J. Raleigh, Plant Physiologist

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Everybody's Talking
Everybody's talking about the marvelous whiteness of teeth after using Listerine Tooth Paste a short time. You will be delighted.
Large Tube, 25¢

Common sense about dandruff

—*and its treatment*

AS you probably know, dandruff with its telltale and humiliating white flakes, is caused by germs.

Like all germ conditions, it should have immediate attention. The penalty of neglect is an unhealthy scalp, falling hair—even baldness.

Though there are countless costly cures (so called), the foremost dermatologists say that the best means of checking dandruff is the antiseptic shampoo, or massage. The antiseptic to strike at the germ condition and remove the flakes. The massage to increase blood circulation and thus aid hair roots to regain vigor.

At the first symptom of dandruff, we urge you to use full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic, which has benefited so many. Simply douse it on the head and massage the scalp backward and forward with the fingers. Repeat the treatment often, using a little castor oil if scalp is excessively dry. Results often seem miraculous.

They are not surprising, however, when you realize that Listerine though a healing, exhilarating antiseptic is powerful against germs—so active, in fact that it destroys 200,000,000 of the stubborn Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in 15 seconds. Moreover, it is soothing in effect. Thousands declare it the ideal dandruff treatment. Prove it to your own satisfaction. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE

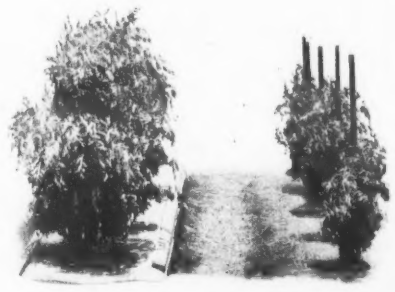
The Safe and Soothing Antiseptic

kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds

Paper Mulch for Grounds and Garden

By J. Sidney Cates

THE new plan of using paper mulch in lieu of cultivation seems to portend an era of greater excellence as well as greater ease for both grounds and garden. When the paper-mulch method is used, the old expression "making garden" becomes really descriptive of the spring spasm of activity born of hope and faith in planted things. Under the old plan the garden is in no wise "made" in this first whirl of spring work, which, literally construed, amounts to not much more than laying the foundation. In all too many cases Nature's own planting of weeds springs up and chokes our crop, and



How paper mulching affected tomatoes.

the rain and hot sunshine, stimulating alike to planted things and to unwanted growth, have discouraged further human activity in building on the foundation laid down with such enthusiasm and effort.

With the new-style paper plan, however, the garden is literally made in the first burst of spring work. Not only is provision made which will smother weeds before they ever see sunlight but a heat trap is provided, the effect of which is to catch sunshine and make it warm the ground unseasonably and thus hasten the maturity of the garden by anywhere from one to three weeks. And last but not least, the paper-mulch covering so completely prevents drying of the soil from evaporation—it is the wind and sunshine rather than crop roots which most ruthlessly rob surface soil of moisture—that in a season so dry that an old-style garden burns into a crisp of despair, the planting made by the paper-mulch plan comes along to what is apparently normal maturity.

Quick Results

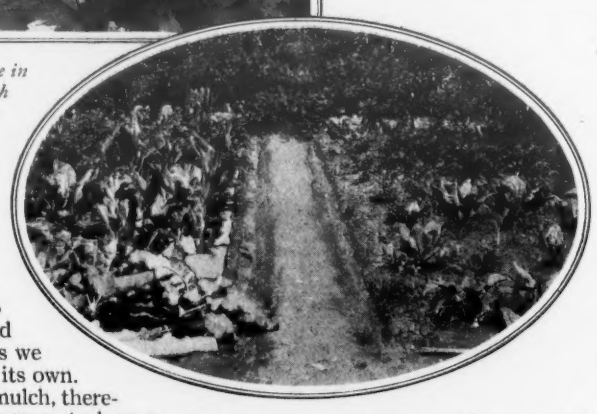
IN THE flower garden the paper mulch is also showing signal results. And for specimen lawn shrubbery, particularly in getting young trees and shrubs established and up to the really ornamental stage, widespread trials show the paper-mulch covering in the rôle of a magic worker. In my own lawn this past season I used the mulch around specimen plants with the most striking results. A baby holly planted in the grass three years ago had at the close of the last growing season attained a height of only twelve inches, a stunted, stubby little thing apparently wishing itself back in the woods. Early this past season I pinned down around this holly an eighteen-by-twenty-four-inch strip of asphalt paper, eighteen-inch wire wickets holding the paper in place. The holly immediately woke from its lethargic state and stretched up fifteen inches before the coming of the summer solstice. A holly is normally a very light-sensitive plant, growing only in the relatively short days. As a rule, in middle latitudes the spring growth stops a little while before the coming of the longest day. There is a rest period of perhaps a month and then a smaller growth of two to four inches is put on during the shorter days of late summer. This plant under the paper mulch, however, instead of piecing out its early spring growth of fifteen inches with the usual meager late-summer growth, put on another full fifteen inches. My little holly stands now more than three times as tall as it did early last spring. Paper mulch around young rhododendrons and azaleas has shown the same remarkable stimulation. Furthermore, the task of keeping grass dug back from around these young ornamentals has been eliminated. The square of black paper pinned close to the ground around these plants seems to blend in unobtrusively with the lawn.

People who have never tried paper mulch can think up any number of reasons why it will not work. First, there is the old cultivation theory. For hundreds of years we have been stirring the ground periodically around the roots of growing things. It is obvious that this stirring was necessary in order to keep the desired plant from being choked by weed growth. But long ago we confused this means to an end with the end itself; we began to overlook the fact that cultivation is primarily designed to kill weeds, and attributed to the soil-stirring process we call cultivation virtues all its own. The proponents of paper mulch, therefore, are met with the query as to how a crop is to thrive without cultivation, without the soil being periodically loosened so that the roots might have a chance to bore through and air might enter, air being necessary for the healthy functioning of plant roots. The objectors to paper mulch have pointed out that the paper covering would sharply limit soil air circulation.

And then there is the question of rain water getting into the land. A roof-paperlike covering over the soil, the unbelievers will tell you, must of necessity lead to excessive run-off and waste of water. But experience has shown that in all circumstances the water not only seeps in abundantly but that it goes most plentifully right to the roots of the thirsty plants. And I could extend this list of reasons why it won't work to half a dozen other items, including the one that walking over the garden would be impossible without danger of serious injury to the paper-mulch covering.

Every one of these on-paper objections to paper mulch has been shown by trial to be invalid. It is old ground which was fought over years ago.

This is merely the first stage in putting down a paper mulch for a rose bed. The paper is next fastened by wickets and then coated over with pine needles or soil.



Typical comparative growth—mulched area on left.

Today practically all the Hawaiian commercial pineapple growers have adopted the paper-mulch method, and last year they expended over half a million dollars for mulch paper.

Garden results are all the more striking when it is borne in mind that this lot of paper gardeners were trying the new plan for the first time, and in most cases that they had only a meager idea of how to lay the paper and make the garden planting for best results. Furthermore, many of the gardens planted under paper last spring were put down with types of paper which experience has now shown to be far less ideal than the sorts which will be on the market the coming season. There will be in the future no doubt a general tendency to the use of the heavier types of mulch paper. This heavy paper has been found to stay in place, when once properly pinned down, despite wind and weather, for three full seasons.

Second Crops

ANOTHER feature of the paper mulch in gardening—one not to be overlooked by the busy gardener—is that a succession of crops can be grown without ever removing the paper. Of course, this could not be done with potatoes or some other crop for the harvesting of which the ground must of necessity be disturbed.

But suppose a planting of early garden peas is to be followed by a midseason planting of snap beans. Nothing more is necessary than merely to pull up the pea vines without disturbing either the paper or the soil, and plant the beans in the inch-wide open space between the paper strips—the space from which the pea vines were pulled.

Immediately the question arises as to how about soil preparation. We are not accustomed to plant a second crop without spading up the land after the first one is removed. But oft-repeated tests have shown that three successive crops can be grown this way during a season, grown without ever removing the paper, with every one of these crops larger and more vigorous than plantings alongside without paper mulch and with new preparation every time a new crop is put out. Further than this, the extensive trials also have shown that with plantings occupying the land the whole season the same paper can be kept down for three full years, with no annual crop after the first one getting the slightest soil preparation, and still the yield be far higher than when no paper is used and where the soil gets the usual preparation and cultivation.

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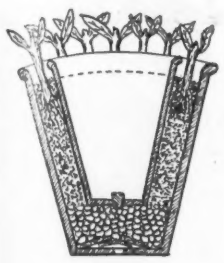
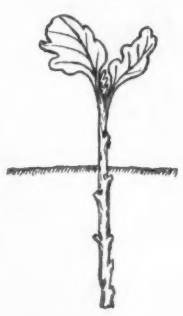


The double-pot method for growing green-wood cuttings. Gravel in bottom for drainage, sandy soil above. Inner pot with hole corked up will allow sufficient water to seep through. This method is economical of space with cuttings.

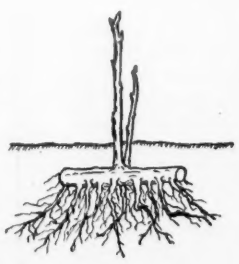


A chrysanthemum green-wood cutting, lower leaves removed, showing depth to plant. Roots readily in damp sand and makes strong plants.

PLANT propagation may easily become a hobby, and the natural evolution of the home garden will include a small nursery plot where countless experiments may be tried. This nursery plot will serve a manifold purpose, it will provide ideal conditions to propagate many kinds of plants. Experiments may be tried in budding, grafting and layering as well as growing from seed and hybridizing. The plot need not be extensive. A space twenty feet square will accommodate a great many plants and a very much smaller place will be sufficient in many cases.

The one great use of the nursery plot in connection with the home garden is for the propagation of plants. This may be done by seeds, division of old plants, rooted suckers, cuttings—both root and stem—grafting, budding and layering. Each method has its uses and as one becomes more interested in the subject all may be tried.

Shrub cuttings of mature wood, lower buds rubbed off to encourage root growth.



A root cutting with shoots started. These make very vigorous plants.

A bulb scale showing how the small bulbs start.

Bulbs may be propagated by various methods depending upon the particular variety. Some come true from seed like the regal lily *(L. myriophyllum)*. Others like the gladiolus beget hybrids from seed but produce corms which come true. Some bulbs are propagated by scales. This method is frequently employed with the scarcer varieties of the larger loose-scaled lilies. Ten or twenty of the thicker scales may be removed from the outside of the bulb without serious injury to it. These scales may be planted in light soil, about half sand and half leaf mold, with the base end down so that they are nearly covered. The time to do this is in the fall or early winter. They should be planted in flats or pots and in sections where the soil freezes should be carried over the first winter in a cold frame.

Propagating Bulbs

MANY of the new varieties of gladiolus are very expensive, but corms or even small-size bulbs may be purchased very reasonably, and by planting them in the nursery plot for a year you will get blooming-size bulbs at a fraction of the cost of Number 1's. Too, if they fail to measure up to the advance notices you will not be out so much cash.

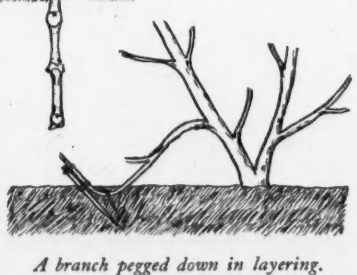
As mentioned above, the regal lily comes true from seed and you may produce them for mass planting at a very small expense. Many times blooming-size bulbs will mature by the third year. Plant seeds in well-drained beds about two inches deep, in soil that is half sand and half leaf mold. Early summer is the best time to plant them. Keep fairly moist and cultivated free from weeds. Mulch well in sections where the winters are severe. Several hundred seeds may be planted in a small space and they will mature bulbs worth many times their cost.

Raising Seedlings

THE ordinary run of hardy perennials can be easily propagated in the home-garden nursery plot, both by seed and other methods. Growing them from seed is the most common way, but there are some species that are much better if grown by some other system. Such things as iris, peonies and phlox are among the most important that are seldom satisfactory when grown from seed. There is only a very small chance of seedlings being worthwhile varieties. These, together with many others, should be propagated by division of existing plants. In this way each new plant will be identical with the original. The raising of seedlings—that is, hybrids—of the various perennial plants is a most interesting hobby, but you must be prepared to discard a large percentage of all seedlings. If they are not an improvement over existing varieties in some way and do not measure up to a high standard in every respect, they should not be propagated. However, there is room for improvement in all species and as a hobby it is decidedly worth while.

Today we purchase most of the perennials in named varieties and propagate them by division or some similar method; it is the only sure way of getting the same thing. The home-garden nursery plot is

Hydrangea cutting taken in the spring with half of each leaf cut off to reduce transpiration. Lower leaves removed and depth to plant indicated.



A branch pegged down in layering. Within twelve months it will develop roots and may be separated.

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Women are enthusiastic, too, about the Dwight Anchor sheet with the 3-inch hem at either end that enables them to use a sheet both ways and equalize the wear.

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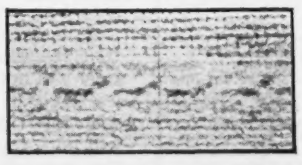

Hem perfect—the greatly enlarged photograph shows Dwight Anchor hem unbroken after repeated washings and ironings.

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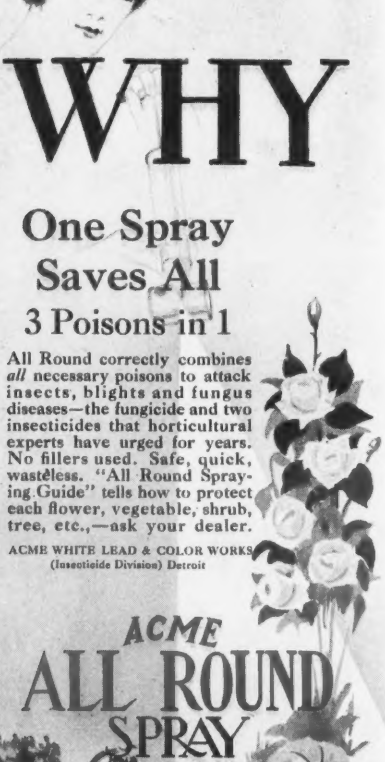

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just the place to do this. Single plants may be divided into a half dozen or more. Different species have to be handled differently, but there is one quite large group that may be best propagated by simply digging up a clump and cutting or breaking it into smaller pieces. The smaller you make them the longer they will be in establishing themselves, though it seldom pays to make them too small unless you need large quantities. They may be planted in the nursery plot for a year till they are large enough to place in their permanent locations. Here's a list that may be handled this way: Aconitum (monkshood), anchusa, Japanese anemone, astilbe, campanula (the perennial varieties), funkia, hemerocallis, heuchera, monarda, myosotis (forget-me-not), physalis (Chinese lantern), platycodon, rudbeckia (purple coneflower and goldenglow), the sedums, thalictrum, veronica, the violets and violas.

Another group that may be propagated by the foregoing method, but that must be divided every two or three years for good results, are the following: Hardy aster (Michaelmas-daisy), boltonia, helenium, helianthus, and cardinalflower.

There is another group that may be propagated by division or raised from seed and, although the latter way will not always give you the highest type of plants, it is fairly satisfactory. Actual division of the old plants is the surest way to perpetuate a variety. You might try these both by division and by seeds: Aquilegia (columbine), coreopsis, hibiscus, iberis, lupins, pyrethrum and trollius.

Some of the perennials and biennials are nearly always good from seed. The colors may vary, but the results are uniformly satisfactory. The following are such: Hollyhock, *Bellis perennis* (English daisy), the biennial campanulas, dictamnus (gas plant), digitalis (foxglove), *Linum perenne* (perennial flax), pentstemon, primula and salvia. Seeds of perennials may be sown in the early summer.

Making Divisions

MANY gardeners buy small plants of the perennials and line them out in the nursery plot till they are large enough to place in the borders. Small plants may be purchased very reasonably by the dozen or in lots of twenty-five or more. There are also hundreds of little-known varieties of perennials that may be raised from seed. Especially is this true of the rock-garden plants. The growing of these unusual plants from seeds is most interesting. They should be planted in cold frames so that the growing conditions may be the more easily regulated. The seeds may be planted most any time from March until October but will probably make the best growth if it is done in the early summer and the transplanting the following spring. Indeed, there are many of the newer rock plants which can be secured in no other way.

The nursery plot is valuable in the propagation of the peony. They never come true from seed, and from a thousand seedlings you stand a very poor chance of getting even half a dozen plants that are as good as the standard varieties. However, plants three years old or more may be divided and in this way multiplied. September is the best month to do this. Carefully dig the plant up, going down at least a foot to get the roots, wash off the soil and allow the clump to stand a few hours that the roots may wilt a little, so that they will not be so brittle and you will be less likely to break them where you do not wish to. Upon examining the clump you will note the eyes or buds; this is where the coming year's flower and foliage stems will start growing. After the roots have wilted somewhat, say three hours, you may cut them apart. A little careful study will show you where to do this. The root should be cut off about six or eight inches long. With a little practice you will be able to divide a clump right. If you have small pieces with only one eye, they may be planted just the same and in three years will make good plants. Use no manure around peonies; however, bone meal is safe if needed. Plant in well-prepared soil, so that the eyes are two and a half inches below the surface. If planted too deep or too shallow they will seldom if ever bloom.

Iris are great multipliers and if you do not divide your clumps every two or three years they will soon produce very poor flowers. They are among the easiest of all flowers to propagate; simply dig up the clump, shake off the soil and pull it apart. Many three-year-old clumps will make a dozen or more plants. The divisions may be lined out in the nursery row and even the smallest will make blooming plants in a year. Many of the new varieties are expensive, but by this method you may purchase one plant and within a few years have a mass of them.

Shrubs From Cuttings

MANY of the shrubs may be propagated in the nursery plot. It is a simple matter to grow them from cuttings. Dormant or hardwood cuttings may be made in the fall or winter for spring planting. They are usually six or eight inches long with two or four joints or buds; break off all the buds but the upper pair; the cuttings may then be buried in sand or moss where they will not freeze, that the lower end may heal over or callus. In the spring, planted in rather sandy, well-drained soil, they will soon take root.

Cuttings of greenwood may also be made. This method is employed for such things as geranium, coleus, fuchsias and nearly all greenhouse plants. They are made from wood that is mature enough to snap off when bent sharply. Soft, immature or old tough wood will not grow well. They are planted at once in sand that must be kept moist and they need mild bottom heat. For this reason they are usually started in a hot bed, greenhouse or in a dwelling house.

Another method and one of the simplest for multiplying many shrubs is by digging up the rooted suckers that come up round the older plants. Lilacs may be propagated this way. You must be sure, however, that the named varieties are upon their own roots. If they are grafted or budded upon common lilac root stock the suckers will be common. Some best growers are growing the fine French lilacs upon their own roots. They cost more to produce as they are slower getting started, but in the end they are much more satisfactory than the cheaper budded or grafted stock. The root suckers from the root plants may be dug and lined out in the nursery plot where they will soon grow into nice-size shrubs. Many of them will bloom within five years.

The home owner contemplating a new place has a wonderful opportunity to grow his own shrubs and perennials at a fraction of the cost of purchasing them. With just a little study and practice he will learn the various methods of propagation, and the nursery plot is just the place to do the work. There is a lot of satisfaction in planting a new place with materials grown in your own nursery plot. I know of one garden in a Western State where the owner grew all her own shrubs, vines, perennials and roses from cuttings and seeds. She learned to bud, graft and layer. She grew more than twenty-five varieties of shrubs from cuttings and countless varieties of perennials from seeds. She budded more than fifty choice varieties of roses, including some very handsome standards or tree roses. And all this in a country where she had to pump all the water by hand. By the nursery-plot method she produced all the material she needed at small cost.

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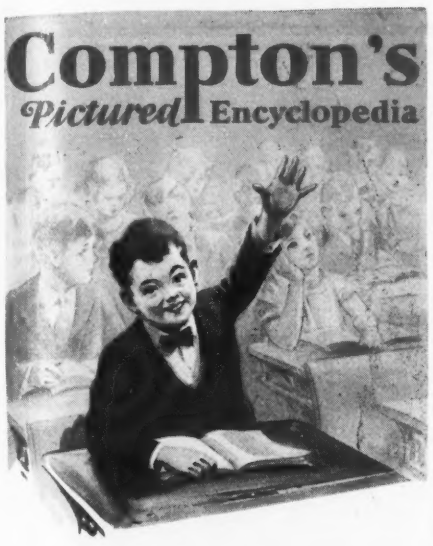

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Two Little Gardens in Green

(Continued from Page 173)

powdery gray-green foliage, and pink zinnias. All are handsome plants whose flowers are a dazzling incident to their healthy and well-formed leaves. Hardy babysbreath *(Gypsophila paniculata fl. pl.)* sets them off to perfection. In the very late summer come plantainlilies *(Funkia subcordata grandiflora)*, white and graceful, and showy sedum *(Sedum spectabile)*, of a very smart magenta pink, and at the very end, a few Michaelmas-daisies, hardy chrysanthemums and Japanese anemones.

Thus the garden design is evolved from the solid green of the evergreen hedge, the sharp, definite leaves of the iris, the dignified, rounded forms of the great peony plants, the graceful spraying habit of the two varieties of meadowrue, the feathery masses of gypsophila, the charming tufts of dianthus, heuchera and Japanese anemones, and the picturesque forms of the funkia, bleedinghearts and sedum. The tulips are rather ugly as their leaves ripen and turn yellow, the delphinium is no foliage plant, the summer-flowering bulbs are only interesting just before and while they are blooming, and the Michaelmas-daisies are rather leggy before they clothe themselves in little stars, but everything else is green all summer long and almost into the winter and can be used architecturally even though the scale be small and, therefore, seem unsatisfactory at first.

To this flower-bearing greenery I would add an edging of ivy or accents of the same plant made by growing it over pyramidal or round-wire frames. The edging can be pinned down to keep it close to the ground with the hairpins you no longer use elsewhere, and unless you are personally ingenious or possess a handy husband you will probably have to buy these more elaborate ivy forms. But they are worth it in interest and variety in a small close-to-the-house garden.

Shades of Green

THERE are as many distinct shades of green as there are of any other color, and the only one that is not lovely is the unhealthy yellowish tone of some fancy variegated shrubs. In building up the green framework of a garden contrast and blending must be considered. Associate the gray-green of the iris foliage with the bottle-green of peony plants. Put pale sedums just behind the ivy-green of the edge. Mass the bright green of African marigolds between the gray tones of the low dianthus and the tall yellow meadowrue. The broad, dark leaves of *Hyacinthus candicans* make beautiful, tall lines against the intricate gypsophila, and the sharp green of symmetrical funkia plants sits very becomingly at the feet of peonies.

The color which breaks the green so beautifully from time to time must be very carefully placed. Never strew it about hit or miss. Arrange it so that when you stand in the middle of the garden there is some of the featured bloom in every direction that you look, in all four corners or in drifts along each side or accenting corresponding points. The early bulbs must be placed among strong growing plants such as the peonies and gypsophila that do not send up their shoots too early but that in growing will screen their decline. Groups of associates such as delphinium, heuchera and gypsophila should be repeated at intervals or on each side. Make a pattern of large and simple motives and carry it through the garden with not enough repetition to make it tiresome and elaborate but enough to give form and rhythm. This will not result in studied formality but will create a beautiful and satisfactory design that visitors, ignorant and sophisticated, will envy and praise.

Some of the things our friends write us

"I am never without 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly. I find it good for internal as well as external use."

•

"We use 'Vaseline' Jelly regularly. It is the only thing to heal a sore or cut. Our doctor suggested it."

•

"When there are children the unexpected always happens, but we always have two jars of 'Vaseline' Jelly handy in the medicine cabinet."

"VASELINE" Petroleum Jelly is the tried and true first-aid remedy in almost every family. Mothers cannot say enough in praise of it. They turn to this one simple product in all kinds of emergencies. Many letters like those above come to us from all parts of the world.

Doctors themselves use and recommend it for cuts, wounds, sores, blisters, bruises, burns and scalds. So absolutely pure and safe it can be used internally as well as externally. An excellent relief for head colds, tickling coughs and hoarseness. An effective internal lubricant, too.

Keep a jar handy in the bathroom cabinet where you can reach for it at a moment's notice in case of accidents and ailments.

Here are first-aid directions for common mishaps that occur in every family.

Minor Cuts — Wash under running water and apply "Vaseline" Jelly.

More Serious Wounds—Sterilize with an approved antiseptic, dress with "Vaseline" Jelly, bandage lightly.

Burns and Scalds—Cover the affected area with "Vaseline" Jelly, spread on clean linen or gauze. Change dressing daily.

Blisters—Prick the edge of the blister with a sterilized needle, press out the water and dress with "Vaseline" Jelly.

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Remember, when you buy, that the trademark Vaseline on the package is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Company, Cons'd.

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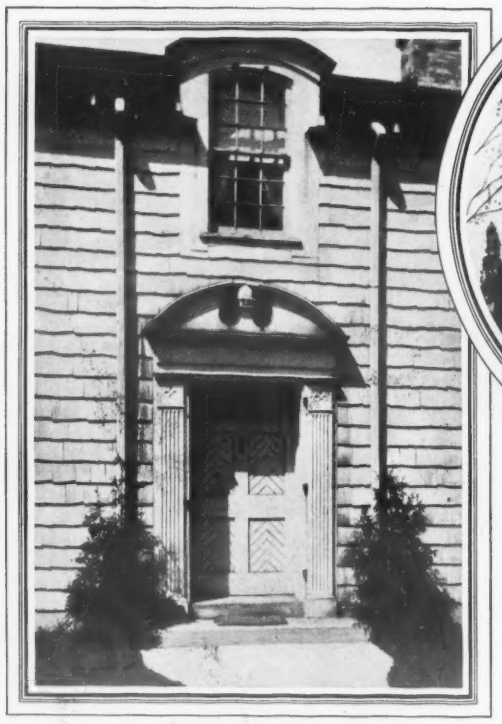
Vaseline
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PETROLEUM JELLY

The Artistic Side of Homemaking

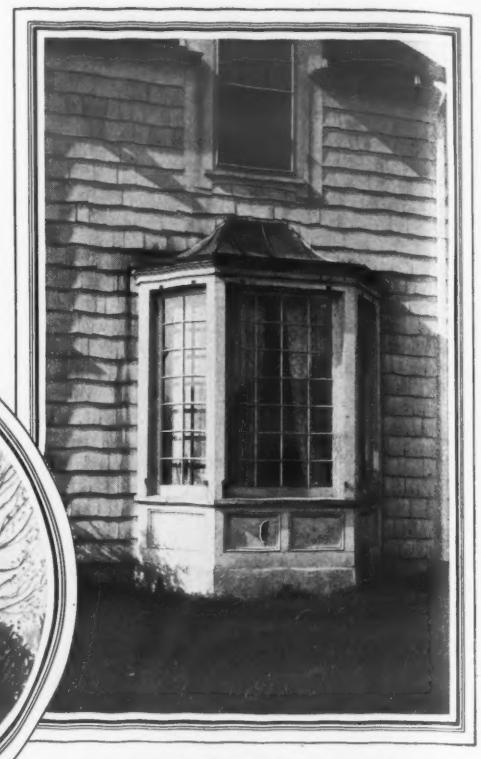
By J. Harold Hawkins

Rindge and Rindge Architects



There is an unassuming dignity about the entrance detail.

Good proportion, simple detail and the judicious use of unevenly cut shingles created an interesting bit of architecture.



Copper-roofed bay windows remind one of old-time etchings.

WHEN they decided to build their own home, Marion and Rugee White made a business, and an artistic business, of home building. Unlike many of us, they didn't just include this or that detail merely because they liked it. No, they went deeper than that; they dug down into their likes and dislikes until they had analyzed just why they liked one detail and not another. And then, and only then, were they satisfied to include anything they liked in the actual house plans.

For instance, there was the location of the fireplace in the living room. They eventually had it put in the center of the outside side wall. Why? Because they liked it best there, and they knew why they liked it best there! And why did they like it best there? Because, in a medium-size living room, the fireplace is the main feature round which the furnishings in the room are arranged. Furthermore, unless the room is quite large, it is human nature to "gravitate" to the room's main feature. At the same time it is also human nature to shift as far away from a doorway as possible. Who ever saw a person consciously sit near a door, open or closed, from choice? Appreciating these facts, the Whites put their fireplace where they did, in the outside side wall, where there is plenty of room for arrangement of fireside chairs, davenport, table and other pieces of furniture that may be desired, and where there are no doorways to dilute the fireside comfort!

I have heard preferences expressed for a fireplace being in the end of a living room regardless of a room's other features, folks thinking they are creditably following some architectural dogma of location in this respect. However, it really is the doorways, and not just location, in a room that should dictate where the fireplace should go, for the farthest away from doors the fireplace is the better.

Charm in Doorways

I AM dwelling with extra emphasis on this doorway question, but I think it worth while. The Whites' living room is as near ideal in this respect as one of its size can be, and, personally, I think the size about right too! But the paramount reason for the room's excellency is the simple fact that there is only one really used doorway in the whole room. The French doors at the rear end are used very rarely. They were included in the plan to balance the effect of the bay window in the front end of the room. The French doors from the garden entry at the rear of the main hall are used when access to the garden or rear terrace is desired. Only one doorway into a living room! How often is this the case? Not very; yet living-room comfort, and especially fireside comfort, depends greatly upon the absence of annoying doorways.

All through this charming home have the Whites incorporated equally livable features because they knew their value, and knew why they liked each one of them. Take Mr. White's library—you'll notice on the floor plan it is located with unusual ingress and egress possibilities. Again, why? Because Rugee, like his brother, Stewart Edward White, is fond of hunting and fishing. The library isn't so much a library as the master's gun-rod-reel-creel room, or, as Mrs. White, or any wife, might say, his junk room. At any rate, here are kept much masculine White paraphernalia. Guns, flies, rods, boots, socks—either scattered about or concealed in a little closet in the pine paneling of the wall, mysteriously to the right and over the mantel shelf, between the masonry of the chimney and the framework of the house.

The floor plans reveal many convenient features in arrangement.

Hunting and fishing clothes are hung on handy hooks along the walls of the passageway from the library to the side door of the house!

"I want," volunteers Mr. White, "everything of mine in plain sight, where I can put my hands right on it at any time!" And in plain sight most of 'em are. What man doesn't envy Mr. White's privilege of having his very own room in which to harbor the litter of his very own hobbies—and that room right on the main floor with its own outside entrance?

But from the viewpoint of another family, in which there are, say, two or three children growing up, would this extra room be just wasted space and added expense? It would not; because what student of domestic architecture can devise a more efficient play room for children than Mr. White's gun room would make? It has a lavatory right next door. The passageway hooks would hold the wardrobe of half a dozen youngsters. The "private" entrance is ideally located, and dirty shoes or rubbers need not stain mother's hall rugs. Nor was this hundred per cent adaptability of the "junk room" for other purposes just accident. The Whites realized that every home must be sold sometime. Their thoughtfulness about the detail arrangements of their house was thorough. It was so figured out. As I said, they made a business, however artistic, of home building.

Really Convenient Closets

CONSIDER one of the main closets in the house: The floor is raised a couple of inches to keep the dust out. There is a tier of knobless drawers. The top shelf—usually useless for a medium-size housewife—is narrower than the one below it, so that in reaching it one doesn't have to crook the arm up and over the edge and merely feel. It is easily reached as it is, and of the sort where one can see what's up there. Also, the closet has double doors, eliminating dark corners and the necessity of edging in sideways to reach dim side depths, as perhaps you and I must do.

Writing about the Whites' house is confusing because it is my constant desire to tell about everything at once, at the same time knowing that I must omit much. The architecture is beautiful in its utter simplicity. The use of shingles is here shown at its best. The copper-roofed bay windows are as quaintly charming as an old-time etching. The landscape planting had not been put in at the time I took the photographs. Planting will, of course, add ineffable charm.

The house, really, is a three-bedroom house with two bathrooms. The maid's quarters over the kitchen were not at first finished off. However, there is room, as shown on the plan, for a bedroom and bathroom in this space. The master bedroom is roomy enough to accommodate twin beds nicely. The adjoining dressing room, with its large wardrobe closet, and the bathroom, are to me an ideal arrangement for sleeping-quarters comfort.

The upper hall is large and, of course, connects the three main bedrooms and the other bathroom. There is an extra large closet off this hall, in which are kept all the extra bedding and linen. The decorative wall paper—depicting a wild-boar-hunting scene—used in the lower hall is carried to the upper hall. The quaint atmosphere of the charming entrance hall then, as well as the old red color, is carried up to the second floor. This is a desirable effect not usually obtained by the average nondescript wall coverings of ordinary halls.

The dining room is an unusually pleasant room, and here, too, is an example of the businesslike handling the creation of this house had. There is a fireplace in the dining room.

(Continued on Page 184)

The *Bride* will bless you . . .

. . . and the *Groom* will gratefully grin

IN these days of gift shops and folderols, many people seem to think that all that a young couple requires to begin housekeeping is a comprehensive collection of asparagus-tongs, candlesticks and book-ends—

What a joy, then, to find this truly patrician chair among those present in the gift room!

How beautiful in every sweeping line and flowing curve! How luxurious it looks, with its rich upholstery and softly gleaming wood! How perfectly it will express the wholehearted hospitality of the new home!

No wonder the Bride will bless your thoughtfulness.

And the neglected Groom—let us lead him by an awkward elbow to where the Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair beams a glorious welcome amid the other gifts—

At sight of it his face relaxes—instinctively he *knows* that, for all its Bride-delighting beauty, it is a *man's* chair—made to measure for masculine anatomy—

Gently he lowers himself into the cozy, comforting depths—he lifts his legs to the supporting stool—a sigh of satisfaction—a luxurious lying back—that grateful grin we prophesied—

Oh, the joy of a chair that bolsters the small of the back with cushiony comfort—that nestles the nape of the neck—that soothes every tired nerve and weary muscle! In all the world there is no other chair like it.

Do you know—we suspect it is because the Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair is such a delight to *both* Bride and Groom that we are always rushed to death at this time o' year here at the factory!

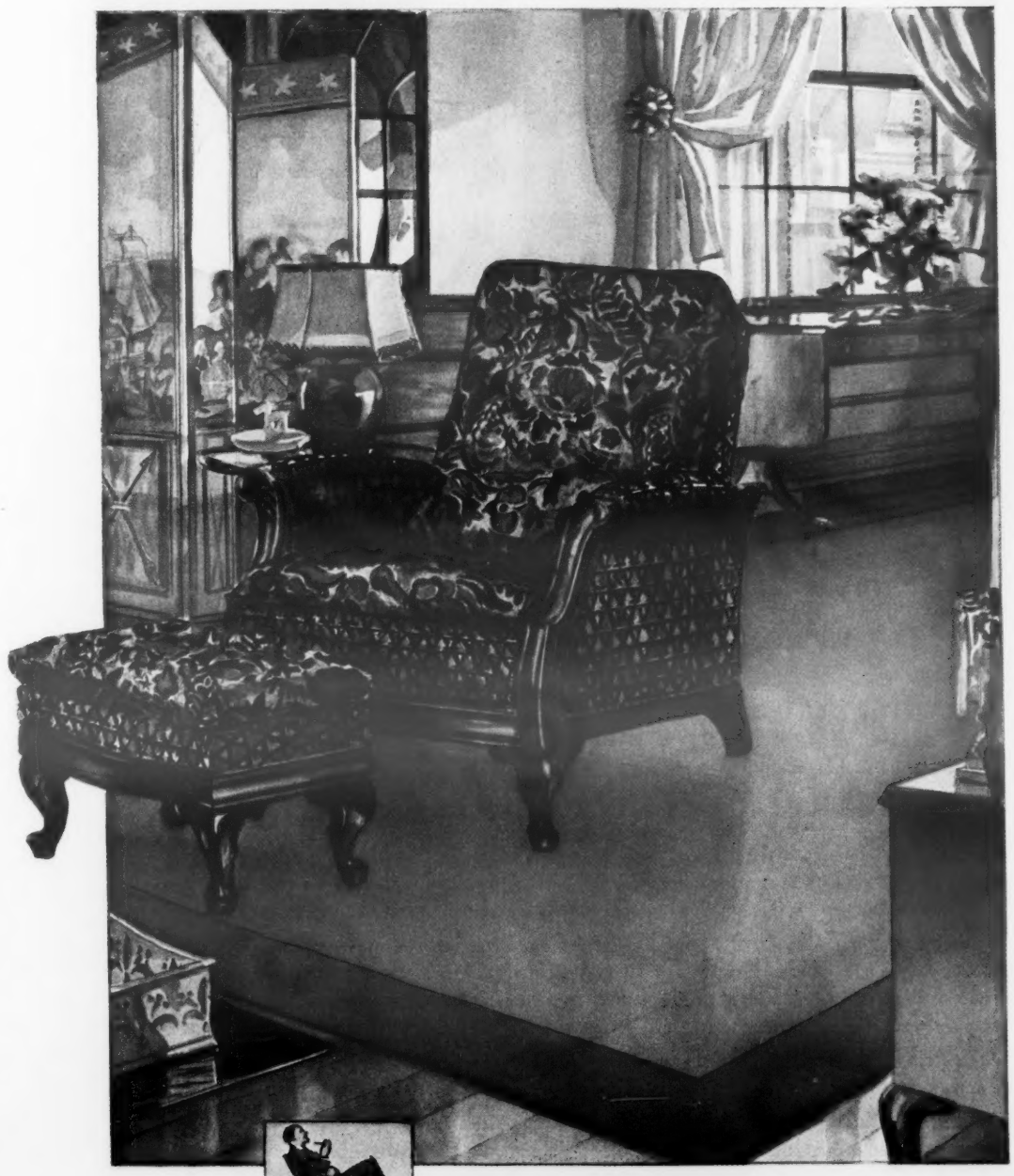
A gift of Slip-covers

More than likely your favorite shop has already arranged a special display of period models, in anticipation of June weddings—why don't you go to see it? And, as our gift, we present, to each purchaser of a Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair, a set of Slip-covers, smartly tailored and in harmonious colors.

In the meantime, if you would like to see photographic reproductions of the Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair harmoniously at home in tasteful interiors, just send for our booklet, "Rest in Beauty."

The C. F. Streit Manufacturing Company, Cincinnati, Ohio. *Since 1871, makers of fine upholstered furniture.*

Queen Anne No. 1542—*Back and seat of Velour in a floral pattern of rose, soft green, gold and black against a silver background. Arms and trim in a small-patterned Velour repeating these colors. Complete with stool, $131.00. Slightly higher west of the Rockies.*



This man strives vainly for comfort by trying to make his body fit his chair

U. S. PAT. NO. 1674846

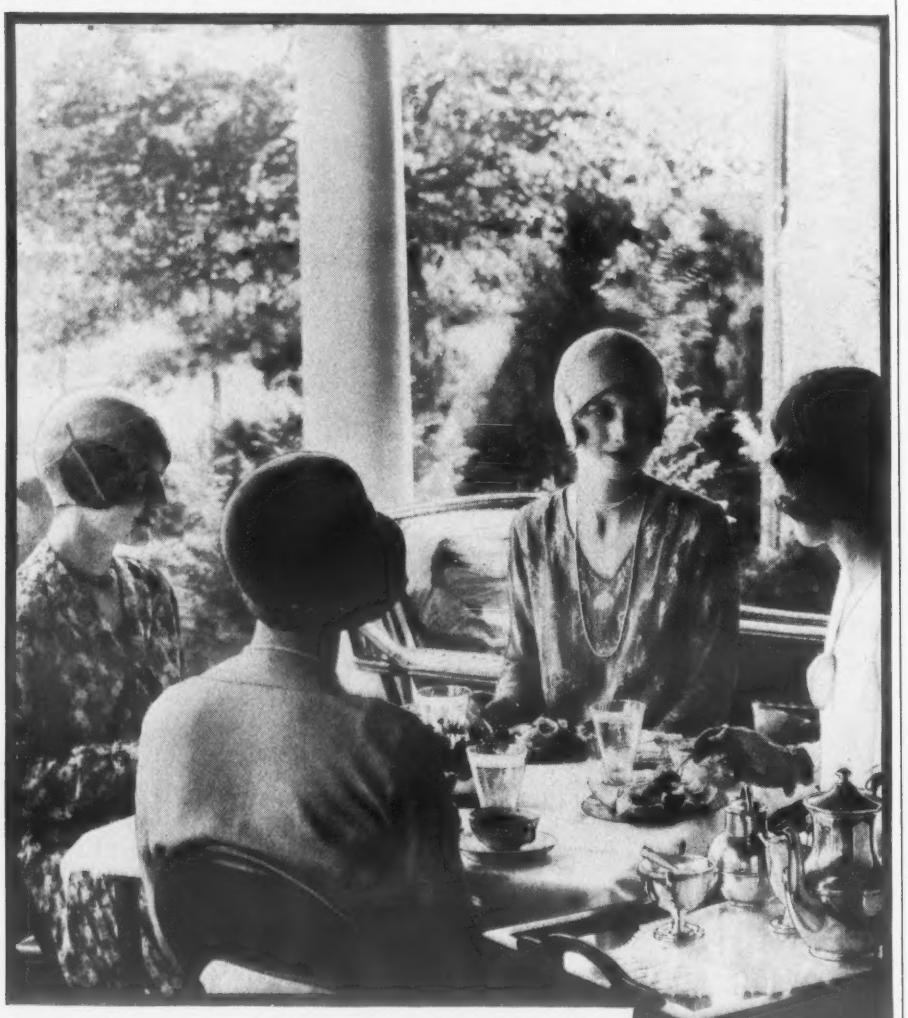
Notice how seat and back tilt as one to form a comfortable pocket for the work-weary body

Queen Anne No. 1535—*Arms and trimmings of neat-patterned Velour. Back and seat of Velour also. In a flowered design in black and warm hues of old rose, blue, green and yellow against a tan background. Complete with stool, $76.50. Slightly higher west of the Rockies.*

Look for this nameplate on every chair

The Beautiful Streit "Slumber" Chair

SEE WHAT YOU BUY · BUY IN GLASS



When it's a trick to entertain . . .

It's no trick to be a scintillating hostess—surrounded with a retinue of servants. But it takes a whole bag of tricks to remain sparkling . . . vivacious . . . responsive . . . when you are playing hostess unassisted.

You are apt to be tired out before your guests even arrive. Unless, of course, you already know the simplicity of entertaining with glass-packed foods—those easily prepared, tempting foods one buys in crystal jars. They will take care of your menu for you . . . so economically . . . so deliciously, too.

Serve crisp summer salads made from instantly-served glass-packed fruits. Peaches, plump and golden . . . apricots . . . pears, juicy and ripe . . . or fruits already mixed for salad.

These fine fresh varieties . . . modernly preserved in shining glass . . . capture and hold all the orchard-sweetness for you!

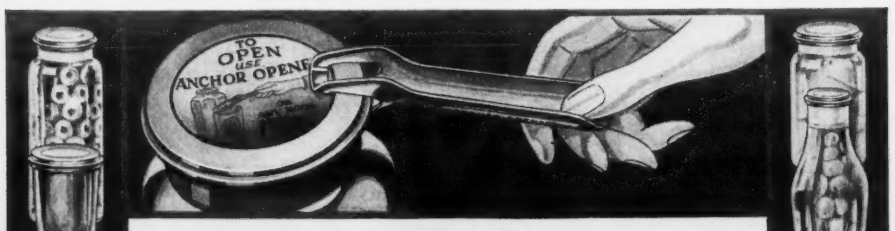
And sealed with Anchor C Caps—those sturdy golden seals of perfection—the contents are kept *safe* for you . . . untouched or unsampled . . . till you open them yourself.

Anchor Cap & Closure Corporation

LONG ISLAND CITY, NEW YORK TORONTO, CANADA

ANCHOR CAPS . . . VERY EASY TO REMOVE

OPENING INSTRUCTIONS: Use your hook bottle opener or an Anchor Opener. Place the hook well under the edge of the cap and lift up gently at several points.



Buy Anchor Openers from your grocer, or fill out and return this coupon.

Anchor Cap & Closure Corporation
Long Island City, N. Y. (or Toronto, Canada)

Please send me one Anchor Opener. Enclosed is six cents in stamps.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____ (8)

(Continued from Page 182)

The chimney was to be there anyway—for the furnace and gun-room fireplace—so why not still another fireplace? There would have had to be something put along that same side wall to break up the long expanse of bare space. And so, by putting a fireplace in the wall, the long space was given a decorative feature, and the cost was seventy-five dollars! The unbought piece of furniture first thought of would have cost that much.

"But how did you lay folks think of all these things?" I queried Mrs. White. The explanation was simple. She had merely clipped from magazines and pasted in a scrapbook all the features she thought she would like in a home of her own some day. The scrapbook grew and got fat with suggestions. When the day for building came, these were mulled over, assorted, discussed. Those which did not satisfy the Whites' desire for beauty, intrinsic worth, practicability and harmony with the rest of the suggestions selected, were eliminated, for what is the use of worrying about the others? The materialized results are enviable.

When the selected ideas had grouped themselves into the semblance of a dream house, the architects were consulted, and close coöperation between owners and architects became the order of the planning days. The appreciative architects were content to weave their design around the astoundingly good preferences of the lay planners. One might say that rich simplicity is the epitome of good taste. The home-building Whites seem to have procured that ideal of perfection.

Efficiency

THERE are so many practical features in this house that aren't, of course, obvious, either when looking over the plans or when going through the house. The arrangement of the kitchen and the pantry are for efficiency. Everything used in the kitchen is easily at hand. The refrigerator is partly recessed. There is a broom closet. The sink has a liberating window over it, and is flanked with cupboards. A large closet in the rear entry holds all those many things in a house that usually are stood in corners, or under tables, in frantic effort to get them out of the way. Under the sink at one side is a little chute down which are tossed all tin cans, bottles, or other trash, to be carried away! At the bottom of the chute is a barrel. The ashman simply picks it up and walks out to his truck and empties it, then puts the barrel back under the chute to be refilled. An incinerator of either the portable or built-in type would even remove this necessity of carrying away.

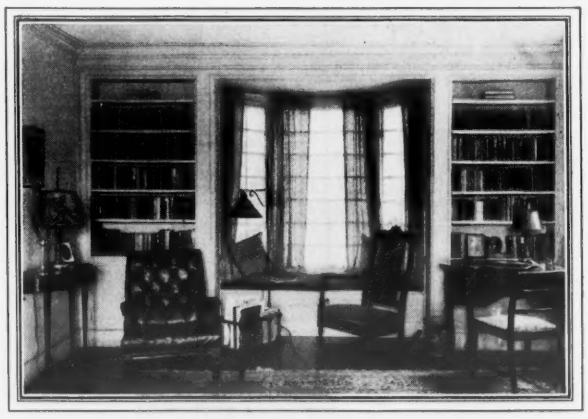
The Whites' home is adequately heated with a warm-air furnace. An efficient insulating material was put in the outside walls and under the roof. Most of the windows are equipped with double or storm sash for winter protection against infiltration of cold air at these points. The dead-air space between the two sashes of each window is a great help toward keeping the heat in and preventing the radiation that takes place through the glass of the ordinary single-sashed window.

Much of the simple dignity of the interior of this home is made possible by features that are not part of the furnishings. In the living room the fireplace detail is charming, due greatly to the artistic paneling and the fluted pilasters at each side. The paneling is achieved by simply nailing decorative moldings to the wall. Because windows flanking a fireplace might possibly detract somewhat from the feeling of security and warm hospitality one's hearth should give, the outside wall was made triple thick, and the windows set well back into deep recesses. A simple thing to do—just an additional row of two by four studding along one side of the room—yet it works wonders in giving atmosphere to a room.

The Value of Planning

ANOTHER detail that shows forethought is the fluting on the pilasters stopping for a few inches to leave a smooth background for the electric fixtures. Such details of refinement, harmoniously coupled with the rugged simplicity of plain, white-painted, common brick round the fire opening, command admiration.

The library, or gun room, is lined with plain pine boards.



Open bookshelves and bay window give interesting detail to the living room.

Because home is back of most human accomplishment, national or individual, it is simple reasoning that homemaking should be gone into from both a business and artistic standpoint, and with energy worthy of both. It pays—witness, the Whites! They have had no occasion to wish for change in their house since living in it. How many home builders can say the like?

A home-building scrapbook should be part of every girl's hope chest, and find a space on every married person's bookshelf. This can be made a very important collection of worthwhile ideas. It can be more than a mere scrapbook; it should grow into a regular encyclopedia of homebuilding and homemaking information. Let there be a section for each room in the house, and a special section for closets, storage nooks, built-in features, hardware, roofs, screens, equipment and plumbing. The day to own that home *will* come, and who wants to see its arrival without being prepared?

A tickin' in his heels an' a wigglin' in his toes..

There's a feelin' of spring all about, an' the air dances lively across the new leaves . . . brooks are chatterin' in the little boys' ears . . . and books are cakin' themselves with dust . . .

Fish poles are slantin' careless-like on young shoulders, an' a million lazy paths are a tickin' as the boys pass by . . . There's adventure in their feet an' the wine of wonder in their hearts . . . they'll come home at night with somethin' shinin' clear down in their eyes, an' a million mothers will tuck them into bed . . . an' be right glad there is a world with little boys to go a'wanderin' in it . . .

* * *

Send them out with their strong young feet safely and healthfully clad in Keds.

Keds assure barefoot freedom without barefoot risks. That's because Keds have more special features than any other play or sports shoes.

Keds special designs give young muscles real freedom to exercise and develop. Keds lace snugly, too, so the foot can't slip or chafe. Keds look neat and trim. And there's a special "Feltex" insole in Keds which keeps feet cool and comfortable. Leading physicians and gymnasts endorse Keds.

Keds are made in more than thirty different styles—in fact there's a Keds model for every sport and play purpose, and for every boy, girl or adult. The prices range from $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and up to $4.00. *Dollar for dollar your investment in Keds yields a greater return than any other rubber-soled shoe investment.*

Yes, Keds are an economy—but they're a lot more. *They are better for growing feet.*

The name "Keds" is stamped on every genuine Keds shoe. Look for the name Keds—in the best shoe stores in town.

United States Rubber Company

Keds

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

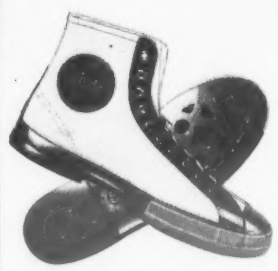
At $1.00 $1.25 $1.50 $1.75 *and up to* $4.00. **The more you pay, the more you get—but full value whatever you spend.**

Has a specially moulded safety sole and reinforced toe. Tough enough to stand dragging toes and unusually hard indoor and outdoor wear. "Feltex" insole. Nickel eyelets that will not pull out.

Keds Royal Tread

A medium price, sturdy shoe for all-round use. Patented "Feltex" insole keeps the foot cool and comfortable. Reinforced toe gives extra protection at point of hardest service. Special non-skid sole.

Keds Gladiator



Made with the popular crepe sole, famous for wear. A special toe cap reinforcement that will let your youngster scuff to his heart's content. "Feltex" insole.

Keds Conquest

To the mother who enjoys the same sports as her daughter, this Juno gives comfort and service in addition to style not heretofore found in a sports shoe. Upper of brown duck trimmed with tan, or upper of bleached white duck with black or colored athletic trimming. "Feltex" insole.

Keds Juno

Other "U. S." Rubber Products

"U. S." Rubbers

"U. S." Rubbers are made in every conceivable style for men, women, boys and girls. Storm rubbers, medium height rubbers, low-cut rubbers. Special models for every purpose.

Gaytees

Gaytees, the smartly tailored overshoes for women, now offer special models suitable for spring and summer wear. The So-Lite Gaytees shown here are made entirely of the lightest possible rubber and lined throughout with cloth. Thoroughly waterproof. The outer surface washes like a rubber.

"U. S." Raynster Raincoats

"U. S." Raynster Raincoats are permanently waterproof. The most complete line. For men, women and children. All colors. All styles. Rubber and cloth surfaces. The Raynster Black Raincoat shown here is a great favorite with boys.

It always Happens ★

Thousands of Mothers . . . have the delight at every feeding time of seeing the empty bottle held high—a boast of happiness and health and vigorous growth. They give their babies Pet Milk. The quality of the milk assures the happy result. Every feeding is as easily digested as mother's milk could be. Every drop contains all the food substances that nature requires for growing bodies. Every drop is free from anything that could endanger health.

It Isn't An Accident . . . These qualities are produced by scientific method in the preparation of Pet Milk. And yet it is just milk—no substance added to the pure milk—only the *qualities* of sure and uniform richness, of certain safety and of easy digestibility are added to it. The cost is no more than for ordinary milk.

Makes The Feeding Simple And Easy . . . When you *know* the milk is safe and wholesome, your biggest problem's solved. But Pet Milk does more than solve that problem. It makes the preparation of the feedings simple and easy. You can prepare the whole day's feedings at once. They will keep fresh and sweet through the day.

Let us send you information . . . about unusual equipment that we'll furnish at special price. It will make the work of preparing baby's food for the whole day a task of only a few minutes. We'll send you also, free of charge, our book on Pet Milk for babies.

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. . . Send Special Information . . .

about equipment (at unusually low cost) for preparing baby's bottles—also your free book about baby's milk.

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City *State*

with PET MILK *in his* bottle

Planting Mixed Bouquets

By MARY WATERSTONE STUART

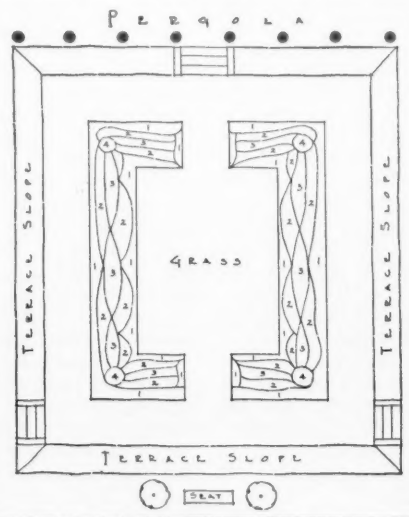
WHEN the spirit of adventure urges, there are some who go winging across unexplored oceans, or who, staff in hand, go climbing strange mountains. Some find their stimulation in stalking their prey with gun on shoulder or rod in hand. Others find their excitement before their own hearth fires in the printed page and their imagination. And some of us let the same adventurous spirit roam at large in our gardens and substitute a hoe and a rake for the rod and traveling bag. We gardeners like to try new things from year to year and delight as much in novel groupings and different plantings as the traveler in his wealth of foreign trophies.

In this spirit of adventure we planted our annual flower garden last year. We had planned our beds to color schemes before—orange, yellow and purple one year, blue and pink to rose the next. This year we wanted to try something different, something we had never tried before, something of which the success might be doubtful but which in consequence would prove the more interesting. And so we planted a mixed bouquet, not a bouquet where the clumps of this and that were arranged in a preconceived pattern and grouped according to height and color on some charted plan, but a truly mixed bouquet planted just like a big bowl of summer garden flowers. We planned it knowing full well that many of our conventionally minded garden friends would say to us, "But it isn't done!" We knew it was not, but we felt a planned mixture lost the curse of promiscuous plantings.

Of course as soon as the interesting idea was conceived it was necessary to make a careful selection of seeds. The colors must blend—at least to a certain extent. The scarlets must either be omitted or else handled with the same discretion as in a bouquet itself. The rest we decided would practically take care of themselves, given a sprinkling of white to help the process. Whatever the result we would always have a splash of color, and color was what we needed just here in our garden. There were so many gay, beautiful old-fashioned annuals which we had always admired and wanted. Other years and with our usual arrangements we could only try a small allotment, owing to our lack of adequate room. But under this plan we could grant ourselves the pleasure of all the varieties we had previously desired and still keep our annuals in proper proportion to our quantity of shrubs and perennials.

Our selected seeds were then mixed according to height only, those reaching three feet in one cup, the two-foot ones in a second cup and the border plants in still a third. In the first cup were those which were to carry the broad band of varied color throughout the whole planting, and, in short, to tie the experiment together. Here were mixed zinnias, yellow and orange marigolds, white nicotine, calliopsis, salpiglossis. In the second cup were the annual poppies, the petunias, the annual larkspurs, the cornflowers, the annual phlox, yellow gaillardias and annual scabiosas. And tucked away at the bottom of the vase, just as though to cover the stems and the rim were to be the California poppies, the ageratum, the white sweet alyssum, the annual pinks and verbenas.

All the seeds were mixed thoroughly and then planted, but not in a straight line. Whoever heard of artistic bouquets being arranged in straight arbitrary rounds? We made our shallow drills for all three heights of seed at one time, so that the curves and general design might be arranged and changed at will before any actual planting was done. We shut our eyes and tried to visualize as far as possible the results for which we hoped. This was all the planning we did. They were all the hardiest of annuals. Such flowers as asters and snapdragons, which need starting in hot beds for their best results in our climate, we tucked into our regular shrubbery border. Moreover, we chose those annuals with the longest possible period of bloom, so that our bouquet might last the entire season.



Our Planting List

1

VERBENA. Mammoth mixed.
AGERATUM. Tom Thumb blue.
ALYSSUM. Carpet of Snow.
CANDYTUFT. Mixed.
DIANTHUS. Mirabilis, Snowball.
CALIFORNIA POPPY (Eschscholtzia). Aurantiaca.
PHLOX DRUMMONDI. Mixed, Snow White.

2

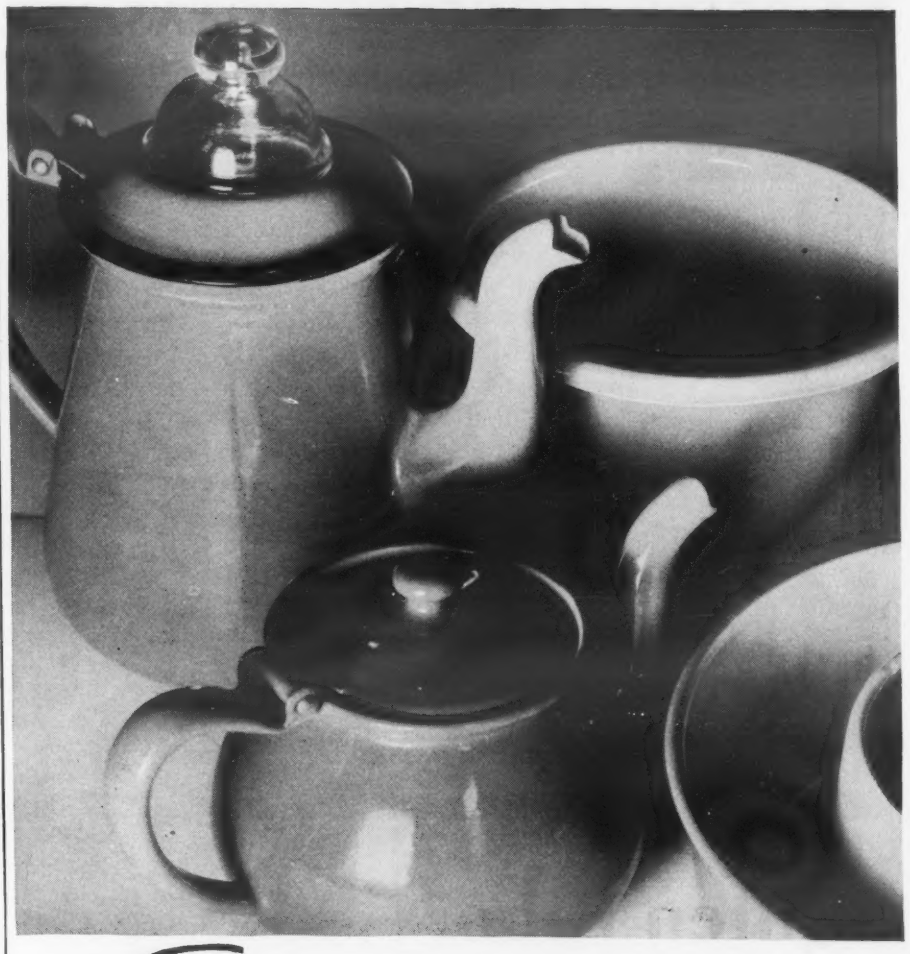
AFRICAN DAISY *(Arctotis grandis).*
CORNFLOWER *(Centaurea cyanus).* Blue.
CENTAUREA IMPERIALIS. Pure white.
GAILLARDIA. Alba grandiflora.
LARKSPUR. Dark blue, Exquisite, pure white.
POPPY. Shirley mixed.
PETUNIA. Single bedding mixed, Snowball.

3

CALLIOPSIS. Marmorata, Nigra speciosa.
COSMOS. Early pure white, midsummer mixed.
MARIGOLDS, AFRICAN. Orange Prince, Lemon Queen.
SALPIGLOSSIS. Mixed, white and gold.
ZINNIA. Giant double mixed, Dahlia-flowered Exquisite, Picotee.
FLOWERING TOBACCO *(Nicotiana sylvestris).*

4

TIGER LILY.



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Typical old-fashioned zinnias.

Dahlia-Flowered Zinnias

By

ALBERT A. HANSEN

and

E. R. HONEYWELL

The new dahlia-flowered type.

ONE of the great contributions to gardening of Vilmorin, of France, was the introduction about 1860 of a double-flowered form of a modest, daisylike plant from Mexico known as zinnia, so called in honor of a German botanist by name of Johann Zinn. After dominating the floral world for a decade zinnias were cast into near oblivion, from which the attractive plant was rescued by the development of modern, greatly improved varieties. The latest contribution to zinnia culture was the recent introduction of the dahlia-flowered forms discovered and developed by John Bodger, of California. This fine new form originated as a sport, or mutant, in the Bodger breeding ground, seeming to appear for no reason at all as an offshoot of the Giant strain.

This gift from the floral gods was dahlia-red in color, possessed the dahlia form of petals, and the center was cupped or concave instead of flat as are the centers of its Giant progenitor. To the untrained eye the variant might have passed unnoticed, but the keen perception of John Bodger recognized something new and promising. The newcomer was isolated, the seed saved and the remarkable line of dahlia-flowered zinnias was started.

The flowers are strikingly beautiful, being fully double and ranging in diameter from five to seven inches; the plants are sturdy, reaching a height of two to four feet; they bear profusely practically throughout the summer, they require comparatively little care, the blooms are excellent for cut flowers, the plants are relatively free from disease and insect injury and they are classified as half-hardy.

Dahlia zinnias are unusually well adapted for mixed borders or bedding purposes and for bouquets. The profusion of blooms lends a brilliant touch of color from midsummer until hard frosts arrive.

The flowers of the dahlia zinnias have the general aspect of show dahlias. They are distinguished by the broad, imbricated petals, arranged like the shingles on a roof. Occasionally blossoms may be formed measuring eight inches across and four inches in depth.

Varieties

THE finest of the white varieties is the Polar Bear, an immaculate creation with huge blossoms made up of countless small petals of purest white. The white forms proved to be the most difficult to clear and they have been the most recent to appear. Among the yellow sorts that are being offered this season the Buttercup and Canary Bird deserve special mention. Buttercup is notable for the large, creamy-yellow double flowers, measuring sometimes seven inches across, supported on fine, sturdy stems. The bloom of the Canary-Bird variety is a brighter yellow that seems to persist until the petals wither. Another attractive yellow form is the Golden State, with blossoms that burst from the bud a rich golden color that shades to bright orange on maturity. This same characteristic of changing color is also shown by the Oriole, the aging flowers of which pass from glistening orange to a rich copper shade.

The finest choice is offered among the reds, the original color of the first dahlia-flowered form discovered by John Bodger. A leader of the red varieties is the Crimson Monarch, with its huge, perfectly formed, crimson-scarlet blooms, the largest of the red zinnias we have seen. A close rival is the Scarlet Flame, a bright scarlet variety with a touch of orange on the petals that gives an illusion of fire when kissed by bright sunlight. Another beautiful red variety is the Grant Attraction, with unusually large flowers that hold their bright hues to the last. Darkest of all red shades is possessed by the free-flowering Meteor.

Among the rose-colored varieties Exquisite is well named since no other word so aptly describes the delightful rich rose blossoms with their darker centers. On account of the profusion of bloom, large size of the flowers and rich duotone coloration, Exquisite is one of the finest and showiest of all dahlia-flowered zinnias. Somewhat similar is Illumination, with flowers of a uniform Tyrian rose. Lovely also is Old Rose, another variety with a descriptive name, a favorite shade in old-fashioned gardens.

A highly prized novelty is the Dream, a unique large-flowered variety with lavender blooms that turn purple with age. Then there are the Purple Prince, a fine deep-purple variety, and the Luther Burbank, with a choice of almost any color combination in the spectrum.

Culture

THEY are not fastidious about the soil, thriving equally well in a loamy or sandy situation, provided the ground is deep and fairly fertile. The seeds should be sown as soon as the ground is fit to work in the spring, but it is necessary to thin out the stand later, allowing the individual plants about two feet in each direction for expanding room. When sown early, flowers will appear during early summer and the plants will maintain a colorful succession of bloom until frost with no other attention except weeding and watering.

The old-fashioned method of growing zinnias was to start the seed indoors during early April in a sunny box of sand by the window and transplant the seedlings later into the open, setting the young plants from one to two feet apart. This method gives excellent results, causes earlier flowering and is very satisfactory where the extra fuss and bother of the indoor work and transplanting are no objection. Ordinarily, however, such fine results are secured from outdoor seeding that the indoor work is no longer considered necessary.

Unlike the china aster and many another garden favorite, the dahlia-flowered zinnias enjoy relative freedom from fungal and insect enemies. The most formidable foe seems to be cutworms, night prowlers that hide in weeds and under clods of soil during the daytime to sally forth under the cover of darkness to satisfy ravenous appetites on zinnia roots and stems. An important factor in cutworm control is careful weeding to destroy their daytime hiding places. Where cutworms are serious, sprinkle poison-bran bait on the surface of the soil during the evening dusk.

Among other enemies that occasionally attack the dahlia-flowered zinnias may be mentioned the stalk borer, a striped caterpillar that tunnels the stem and that can be controlled by burning all crop residues during the winter to destroy the eggs.

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1375 BROADWAY · NEW YORK CITY

Spring Painting

By JANE STEWART

PHOTOS. BY B. H. GOTTSCHO

Frame houses require renewed protection every three years. At left—Regardless of materials used, paint protects and beautifies.

THE two fundamental reasons for painting your house are for beauty and for preservation. From the viewpoint of each of these factors, the first consideration is when to paint, how often and at what time of year.

Under average conditions a frame house requires renewed protection every three to five years; in a dry climate the interval is longer, and in one where temperature variations are great and moisture excessive, it is shorter. Tin and metal work require refinishing more often, approximately every two years if rust and deterioration are to be prevented. For painted stucco and brick, however, the interval is longer than it is for frame. It is impossible to give a set rule for the subject, but a test which is always applicable is this: As soon as the paint film becomes excessively chalky, so that it comes off easily when you rub your finger across it, you can be sure that it is time to repaint. Always repaint before small cracks have begun to develop, for cracked or scaled surfaces require removal of the old coating with a blow torch before the work can be done successfully—a costly process and one that should be unnecessary.

As to the time of year, the choice will depend primarily, of course, on the climate. Any season when the thermometer registers between 40 degrees and 85 degrees, is safe, provided the weather is dry. Do not, however, undertake paint work if, for example, the thermometer registers 40 degrees at a time of year when it may drop below freezing. Choose a season when the 40 degrees to 85 degrees temperature and dry weather are likely to continue until the paint is dry.

These requisites, however, do not necessitate a strictly spring and fall painting season, which has been too prevalent.

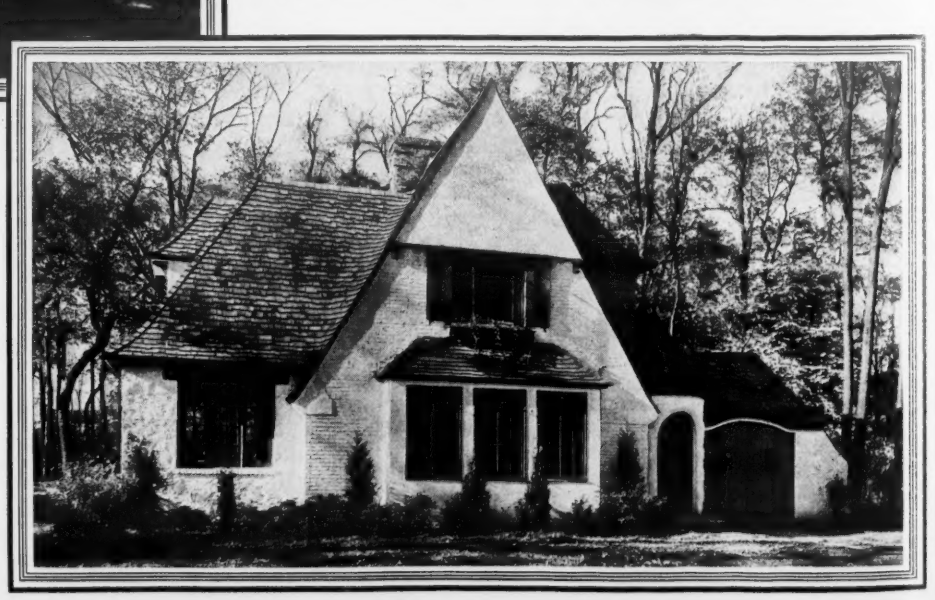
It is a distinct advantage to paint in an off season, if possible, when the painter is less rushed and can give more time to the job. Late fall and, in many climates, summer and early winter suggest ideal times for painting, with often even more favorable climatic conditions and an avoidance of the rush period.

Briefly, the remaining requisites for success in good appearance and the best in preservative qualities are good paint and good workmanship. Good workmanship includes careful surface preparation and painting only on a dry surface; a sufficient number of coats—three for new work, two for repainting; the allowance of ample time in completing the work and especially for drying between coats; and skilled application.

In regard to the paint itself, every home owner will be interested to know that although an inferior product costs less a gallon, it costs more a square foot. Cheap paint—that is, paint that is cheap because of inferior manufacture or inferior ingredients—covers less surface, fails to protect the wood or other structural material adequately, and does not last. A gallon of good paint will cover three to five hundred square feet, two coats, if properly applied, but the inferior product falls far short of this standard. Thus the cost of the two in the beginning is approximately the same—the good paint may even cost less. When it is considered that the cost of application is considerably greater than the cost of the paint itself, and that good paint lasts three to five years where two years is usually the maximum for a poor

(Continued on Page 193)

Paint on stucco presents a smooth film, which discourages lodgment of dust and dirt. At right—Painted brick walls make possible charming effects.



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(Continued from Page 190)

product, the fallacy of "cheap" paint is particularly apparent.

And just as important as either of these factors—the cost of the product and the cost of application—is the difference in economy of owning a well-protected or a poorly protected house.

In addition to being of good quality, paint, to give the service expected of it, must be used only for the purpose for which it was intended. Special primers, for example, are required to prevent metal from rusting; exterior paints only will be satisfactory for exteriors, and so on.

Painting Brick and Stucco

IN REGARD to estimating coverage, it should be pointed out that an expert brush hand will cover approximately 25 per cent more surface with the same amount of paint than one who is less skilled. Also, a rough surface requires more paint than one that is smooth. The figures given here—a gallon of paint for three to five hundred square feet, two coats—are estimated for a trained painter and a reasonably smooth surface in good condition.

These factors, then, are the primary points of information needed before embarking upon a paint contract, and they are the fundamental considerations in getting a good job, one that lasts well and looks well in the lasting. Except for color. Before proceeding with color selection, however, a few special pointers on the painting of brick and stucco will be in order, since the practice of painting these two structural materials is becoming increasingly widespread.

The reasons for painting stucco, apart from a desire for new color, are these: This material has a rough surface, the degree of roughness depending upon the type of stucco. Any type, however, offers to a certain extent a lodgment place for dirt and dust which cannot be removed, the more so if the texture is especially rough. In time the stucco loses the freshness which is responsible for much of its charm. Paint on stucco presents a smooth film which overcomes this difficulty and maintains for an indefinite period the original fresh appearance.

Another point of importance is that stucco absorbs water, and in consequence spotting may result. Should water absorption occur before a spell of extreme cold, cracking is apt to occur with the freezing of the absorbed water and consequent expansion.

In painting stucco it is advisable to add some varnish or additional oil to the priming coat, or else to use a cement primer of the China wood-oil type. Either of these paints will bind together thoroughly any particles of loose cement that may be on the surface, and will afford a firm undercoating for the final coats of paint. Ordinary house paint is satisfactory for the latter purpose.

New stucco should age a few months before being painted. The next-best procedure is to apply a neutralizing wash of two or three pounds of zinc-sulphate crystals dissolved in a gallon of water. This solution prevents possible detrimental effects due to the presence of free lime. Under all conditions stucco to be painted must be thoroughly dry.

As for brick, the reasons for painting are much the same. Old brick buildings may, in fact, absorb as much as 18 per cent of water. The effect on dampness and efficient heating can easily be imagined. Brick, too, like stucco and frame, must be thoroughly dry before painting to obtain satisfactory results.

Sometimes this material is stained by white efflorescent salts, and in this event the salts should be brushed off before applying the priming coat. For the latter purpose paint containing a large proportion of oil should be used, or else a special brick primer made with China wood-oil. Brick is extremely absorptive, but either of these paints counteracts any difficulty that might be encountered on this account.

Finally, as to color. This is an age of color, and the exteriors of our homes have not escaped the general trend. We have passed the time of bleak whites and uninteresting neutrals and are again adopting the varied shades and hues which gave to classic, and especially to Greek, architecture much of its beauty. In the revolt against lack of color, extremes have in many instances been reached. But it is probably safe to say that the use of combinations that are harsh and even bizarre is past, too, and we are now approaching a happy medium in which color emphasizes architectural perfection without being conspicuous in itself.

Newer Color Selections

THUS where we once had an unvaried white and dark-green for the Colonial house or the modern house related in architecture to the Colonial, we found during a recent period combinations bearing no relation to the type or architecture, and colors too harsh to be pleasing. Bright yellows with a red roof or trim of brilliant green have not been infrequent. Other types of architecture have been still more unrestrained. Even lavenders, blues and such colors as mulberry have found a place here and there.

Now, however, for the Colonial house a soft cream or light ivory with sage or darker green or slightly blue-green shutters, replaces both the ultra-conservative and the too unconventional combinations. Bizarre colors for stucco have practically given way to moderate hues of terra cotta, a fairly conversative shade bordering between shell-pink and light tan, or a pale yellow. And other types of architecture have shown a similar trend. Brick painted in oyster-white is an example of a pleasingly conservative choice, yet one which is not without interest. This, in fact, is one of the most popular as well as one of the most charming of present-day selections. The more subtle and subdued tints have a greater "survival value" because they do not tire one.

Time and thought given to color choice will be well worth the effort. It costs no more to paint your home in pleasing colors than in ill-suited combinations.

One final suggestion as to color: Present-day usage, though offering a wide variety of selections, tends toward the light and the cheerful. Just as in interiors we have got away from a dullness that is depressing, so for the exteriors of our homes we have found that the light colors, in keeping with the trees and flowers which beautify our homes, are the ones which are lastingly pleasing.

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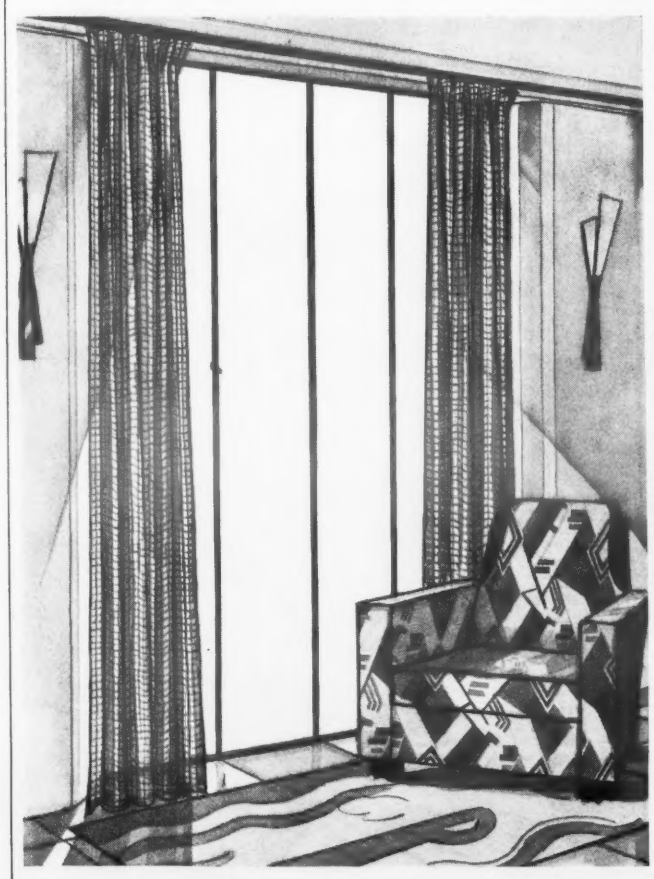

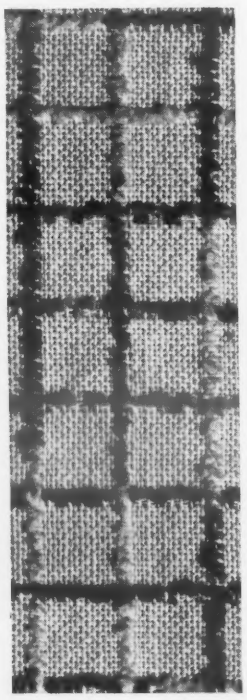

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Above 70 miles an hour—60 all day long

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Starter, and electric gauge for fuel and oil on dash

Weatherproof doors, rattle-proof windows, silent body construction

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Adjustable seats, front and rear

Radiator shutters for heat control

All bright parts chromium-plated

Patented Super-Six advantages eliminating vibration

Essex has won its remarkable acceptance at the hands of women, because of beauty and style of course, but also from its intensely practical utility as a big, roomy, 6-cylinder family car of unrivalled economy.

An examination of its 76 advanced features reveals at once why Essex excepts no car in its challenge. For point after point in fine car construction, performance and detail, brings you directly to costliest cars to find comparison.

It is the finest, largest, roomiest, most brilliantly performing Essex ever built, and the price the lowest for which Essex ever sold—but little above the lowest priced cars on the market.

That is why the acceptance of Essex the Challenger is the talk of motordom. That is why the largest production schedule ever planned for Essex has had to be increased, again and again.

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and up.. AT FACTORY

Standard Equipment includes: *4 hydraulic shock absorbers—electric gas and oil gauge—radiator shutters—saddle lamps—windshield wiper—rear view mirror—electrolock—controls on steering wheel—starter on dash—all bright parts chromium-plated.*

It's the Same Room, But How Different it Looks!

By ETHEL DAVIS SEAL

Drawings by Marion Dismant

The furniture in this room is lovely Chinese Chippendale lacquered in black and gold.

WE ARE so used to seeing rows of houses which look just alike that we accept them as a matter of course. But in any row of such houses, who expects all the rooms to be furnished the same? How surprised we should be if the house fronts came off, and in each identical room we should see the same rugs, the same wall papers, the same sofas and chairs, the same beds! No! Quite naturally, without stopping to think why, we expect rooms of even the same sort to look as different from each other as can be; and yet, unless we could see inside the houses we pass, it would be hard indeed for us to realize just how different, for instance, the living rooms inside them can look. But since rooms of even the same type do differ so radically almost always, it's the best sort of an idea for us to see from time to time how the selfsame room may be furnished in totally different ways, just as so many women, living side by side in one row of houses, with living rooms all of a kind, might furnish them according to the dictates of individual taste. This is what you may see now in these four drawings of one living room, each one looking as different from the others as possible, and each one offering ideas for a living room on the lookout for a new style of its own.

A quiet dignity pervades this room, furnished in the Duncan Phyfe spirit.

WHAT is it that may cause the rooms in similar houses to be so unlike in their furnishing? It may be taste; it may be means. We grant this. But back of the matter lies something still more important, and this something is period style. All of us make use of such influences in some measure, whether we know it or not, and in any room which makes any pretense to fine appearance there is a pervading atmosphere of some one or other of the historic periods from which our furniture types have sprung. But it is when we realize actually how very different one living room can look, and that the style we select causes the greater part of this difference, that we shall be more canny in choosing the style we like best and shall want to live with forever.

If you could have your living room exactly to suit you, how would you like it to look? Do you prefer dignity, luxurious comfort and that air of importance so often associated with furniture which is heavy and large? Then, if your room is sufficiently large, you should be interested in early English, early Italian, or Spanish, in which styles the pieces are so often imposingly massive.

If you like an elegance more sophisticated, but at the same time one which is very friendly and homelike, you will turn to any of the period styles of the eighteenth century, from no matter what nation; and as you learn to know one of these styles thoroughly, you will realize how easy it is to use more than one national influence while still keeping true to the spirit of that particular century.

If your greatest desire is for informality, and you enjoy a certain difference and originality, you'll consider French peasant or early American pine; and in deciding on one or the other, you will find the minority you have joined is very smart too.

Lacquers and the Chinese taste appeal to other personalities as being distinguished as well as unusual and colorful, and these may be cleverly and correctly combined through a knowledge of period history; in fact, there is no personal taste which cannot be satisfied through the wide choice offered by the admirable furniture periods. Merely look them over, and choose. And in this choice you will realize why your living room is so different from your neighbor's.

ONE of the smartest rooms I've seen recently was done in the spirit of the French-peasant style. If you will study the living-room scheme showing modern adaptations of the French Normandy types of furniture, you will see how refreshingly different the use of this style has become. In this particular instance most of the furniture is made of oak, which is the favored wood for furniture of this type, though maple and walnut and other kindred woods are used sometimes too. No matter what the wood, however, the proper finish is dull and waxlike, resembling a pale walnut tone. The somewhat quaint chair shapes at once set the measure of difference between this style and others to which we are more accustomed. The wooden-framed sofa, with its undulating edge and its scalloped stretchers, is typical of many similar pieces which may be obtained readily. The open-faced dresser is a delightfully original keeping place for books, and such pieces may be found with or without upper doors.

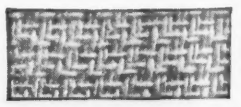
The materials selected for use with the French-peasant style should not be dressy as a general rule. Heavy linens, sometimes hand-printed, crashes, quiltings, glazed chintzes are in order, and set the style note for other fabrics selected according to individual fancy. Walls may be papered or

(Continued on Page 207)

Truly the Italian style lends a flavor of solidity and restfulness that is very appealing to masculine taste.

Above may be seen the same room charmingly furnished in modern adaptations of French Normandy peasant furniture.

Discriminating bathers delight in the whimsicality and humor of this new bath towel "Sirens of Antibes."



Underweave of ordinary Turkish towel (somewhat magnified) is loose, open, and weak.

Underweave of a Martex towel (equally magnified) is close, strong, and durable.

SIRENS - *by Bernard Boutet de Monvel*

The most amusing towel in this famous series

Distinguished portraits . . . classic bas-reliefs, delicately tinted etchings . . . are some of the varied media in which this great French artist, Bernard Boutet de Monvel, finds expression.

But "beneath a rigorously correct aspect he conceals much whimsicality and a prodigious sense of humor . . ." to quote from a recent appreciation of his genius by a fellow countryman. An estimate that is borne out by M. Boutet de Monvel's amusingly patterned "Sirens of Antibes." All the gaiety and charm of that smart Riviera resort are expressed in this graceful pattern of languid Sirens, who swim through a sea of clear, sparkling color . . . in blue, green and all the other favorite bathroom tints!

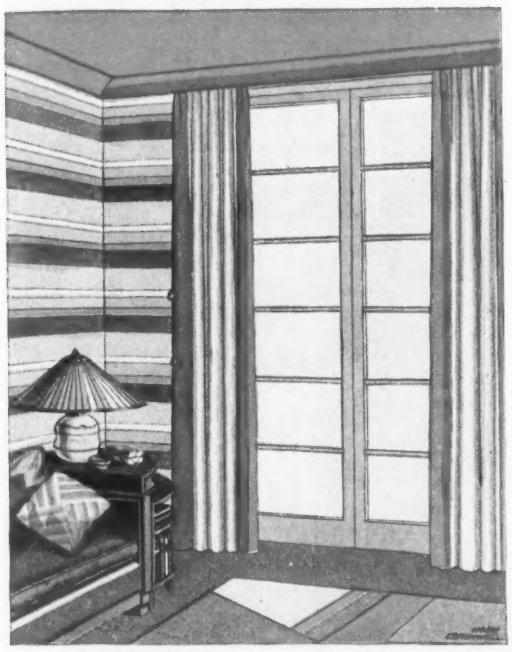
And whichever color you may select, it will have the sturdy Martex underweave which lasts so incredibly long! The magnified photographs above explain clearly why Martex towels wear longer than any ordinary Turkish towels made! Other firmly woven Martex towels designed by famous artists in this country and abroad are René Clarke's "*Bracken*," W. E. Heitland's "*Coral Seas*," Robert L. Leonard's "*Ducklings*," Winold Reiss' "*Old Mexico*," Sarah S. Stilwell Weber's "*Mermaids*," Elizabeth Shippen Green's "*Perugia*," Edward A. Wilson's "*Salem*," "*Night*" *and* "*Morning*," Erté's three Sun designs, Reynaldo Luza's "*Paris*," and Benigni's "*Fountains*."

Write for FREE Booklet, "Famous Artists Designed these Martex towels." Wellington, Sears & Co., Dept. 320, 77 Franklin Street, New York, N. Y.

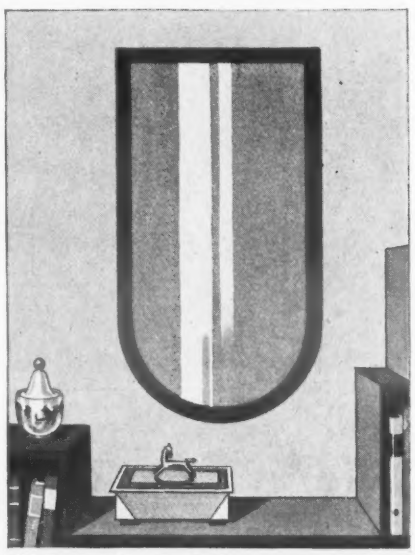
M A R T E X

TURKISH TOWELS • WASH CLOTHS • BATH SHEETS • BATH MATS

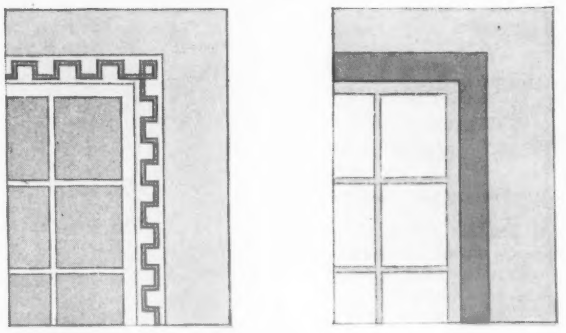
New and Unusual Modern Decorative Notes in the European Manner



Here is an idea that comes from Vienna—striped wall paper put on horizontally. The effect, which is of course very different from the usual treatment, is something like that achieved by a slender woman wearing horizontal stripes—she looks bigger round, and so does the room.



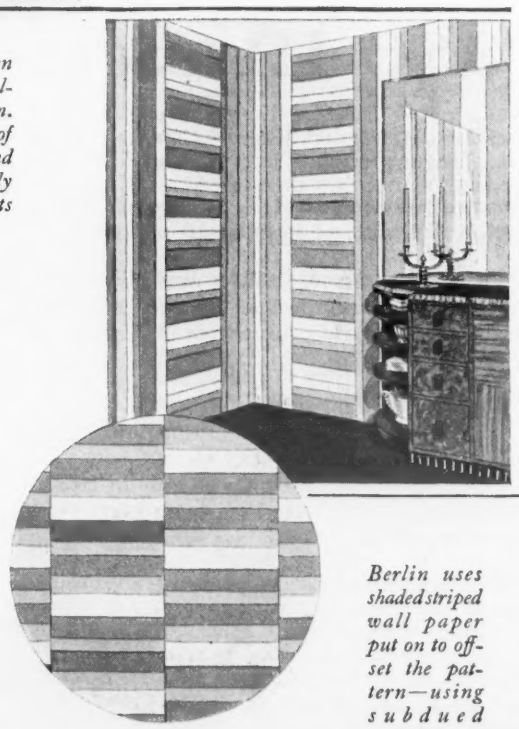
Mirrors turned upside down to give a new note of originality to a strictly modern room. The mirror itself may be of strictly Victorian shape and style, but it will look entirely different when standing on its head.



The wide trim around windows, or the plaster itself, decorated, as at the left, or painted a warmer tone than the room walls, as at the right—an idea that originated in Stockholm but could well be used with other modernist decorations here.

The Austrian pillows shown above are done in very gay colors. The shapes speak for themselves.

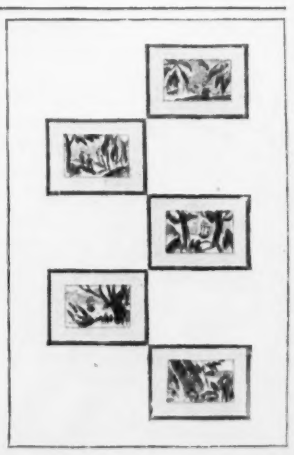
The modern forms of interior decoration shown on this page have come from Vienna, Berlin and Stockholm, where the modern art in furniture and furnishings is constantly reaching out to new and different notes. They are offered as suggestions that may—without lack of harmony—be used in almost any American home.



Here is another Viennese idea—striped wall paper used vertically, but with insets put on horizontally at the corners of the room. It is a modern way to break the monotony of stripes.

Berlin uses shaded striped wall paper put on to offset the pattern—using subdued colors.

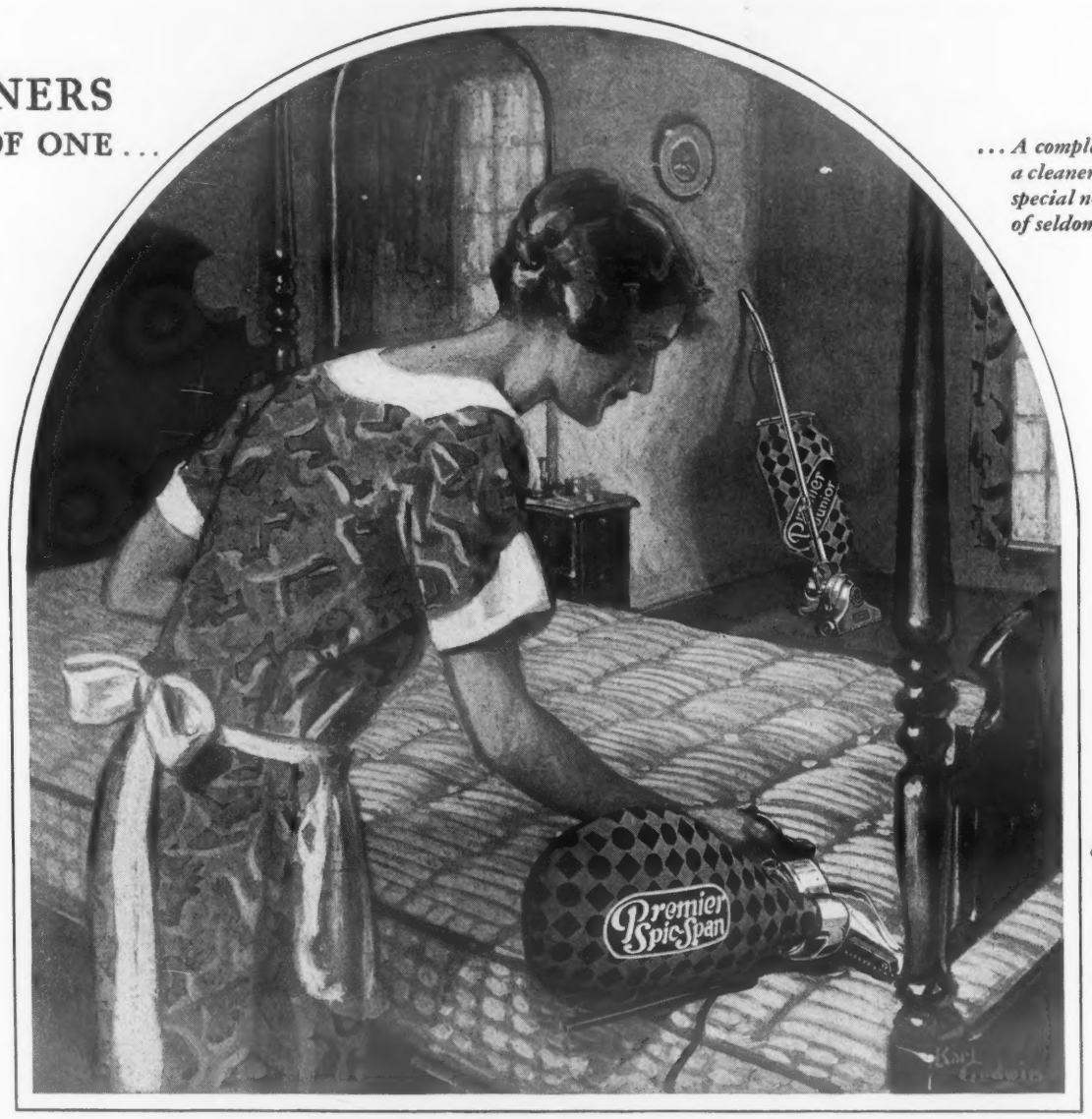
The melon pillow is best done in three shades; the boxed and quilted pillows may easily be made by the exercise of a little ingenuity in planning and cutting the materials.

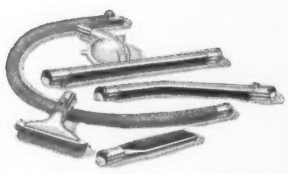


This idea is very effective—colored prints or etchings hung on a white wall in the arrangement shown at the right.

2 CLEANERS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE . . .

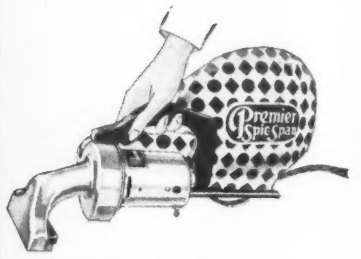
. . . A complete cleaning unit consisting of a cleaner for the rugs and carpets and a special new-type cleaner to do the work of seldom-used attachments.





Attachments not Needed!

Why take out the big electric cleaner to do the little cleaning jobs? Here's an easier, faster way, without attachments.



Now . . . the Spic-Span!

A handy electric cleaner that does the work of attachments . . . and does it faster and better. Works independently — with its own sturdy little motor.

Never before . . . such speed and ease in *electric housecleaning!*

"Marvelous!" . . . "Saves hundreds of steps!" . . . "Saves Hours!" . . . "Saves precious energy!"

Thus do women everywhere hail the new Premier triumph which simplifies electric cleaning by banishing attachments!

For in place of attachments, Premier now gives you an additional electric cleaner, the Spic-Span . . . a handy 4-pound cleaner that can be whisked about from task to task with utmost dispatch!

The Spic-Span is a straight-suction cleaner . . . specially designed to get its nozzle deep into tuftings and hard-to-get-at places. Just plug it into any electric socket and use it like any electric iron. It saves *hours* in cleaning drapes, mattresses, clothes, stairways, upholstery, nooks and corners everywhere.

By providing the Spic-Span in place of attachments, Premier gives you a complete cleaning unit consisting of *two* electric cleaners for the price of one . . . a big cleaner for the rugs and carpets and the handy Spic-Span for the smaller cleaning tasks . . . a combination that makes cleaning speedier and easier than ever before!

FREE Demonstration

The Spic-Span may be purchased separately for $14.50 or in one of the combinations listed below. Phone or visit your nearest Premier dealer today and arrange for a private demonstration. No obligation.

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO., Inc.
Dept. 1305, Cleveland, Ohio

Distributed and serviced throughout the United States by ***The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company****, with branches in all leading cities. ¶Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the* ***Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd.****, General Offices, Toronto. ¶Sold over the entire world, outside of the U. S. and Canada, by the* ***International General Electric Co., Inc.****, Schenectady, New York.*

Premier SPIC-SPAN

Two cleaners for the price of one
PREMIER DUPLEX *and* PREMIER SPIC-SPAN
Both for $72.50

Two cleaners for the price of one
PREMIER JUNIOR *and* PREMIER SPIC-SPAN
Both for $48.00

Pacific Coast and Canadian prices slightly higher

Gay Cases for Trousseau Linens

By CHRISTINE FERRY

LAW and order as well as glorious color have come into my linen closet. I fairly gloat over the gay trappings which house my precious linens, knowing that I shall find whatever I may wish to use in a fresh and immaculate condition.

Glazed gingham did the trick. When I discovered this new material I realized that here was the ideal fabric for my purpose—firm and substantial, yet light in weight, finished alike on both sides with a surface upon which dust simply could not find a resting place and above all having a fresh crispness and gayety of color which was quite irresistible. The only difficulty was to decide upon a color, for there were pink, blue, yellow, green, orchid and white checks of various sizes from which to choose—plain colors as well. An orchid check finally won the day, and then the fun began.

There came a vision of a glorified linen closet which should rival the kitchen and bathroom in gayety of color. As the cases progressed the walls and woodwork of the closet, including the inside of the door, were painted a medium-light shade of Colonial green, which contrasted with the orchid gingham in a most delightful way. With green gingham the closet interior might have been yellow, or lavender might have been used with the pink check, yellow with the blue, and so on.

Each shelf was covered with a piece of the gingham cut long enough to hang over the edge in a valancelike effect and shaped in shallow scallops. As the material cut with a clean edge and showed no indication of fraying, it did not seem necessary to bind the edges. Sheets, pillowcases and towels—articles in everyday use—were stacked in snowy piles on their respective shelves, where they showed in very effective contrast to the color elsewhere. Damask dinner cloths and elaborate luncheon cloths, each in its respective case, went into drawers; puffs and blankets—also incased—on the high upper shelf; and rolls and envelope cases inclosing linens of various sorts were distributed on shelves and in drawers as best suited the individual contents.

The width of the gingham proved to be exactly right for the purpose for which I wished to use it. Puffs and blankets folded handily into a shape thirty inches in length and eighteen inches in width—almost the exact size of the closet shelf. The full width of the material was used for these larger cases and the smaller ones cut almost without waste.

MEMORIAL DAY emphasizes our human duty to erect memorials. On this day we pause to revive the memories and renew the honors pledged in public and private monuments of the past. Thus we bear high the torch of history, heroism and family tradition. Thus should we, in turn, perpetuate beyond the span of memory our own tributes to those whose service or example we deem admirable, inspiring and superb.

From the beginning, Vermont Marble has been the nation's noblest Memory Stone. For a simple tablet, civic monument or memorial building, you too, may use the same matchless marble that was chosen by Government test to make the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier beautiful and inspiring for unmeasured time.

Vermont Marble memorials are available through Master Craftsmen in Marble in every American city.

ALL THAT IS BEAUTIFUL SHALL ABIDE FOREVER

This is the title of a booklet illustrating the 12 basic types of design used in modern family memorials. It will greatly simplify your problems in selecting a memorial. It will be sent promptly on request.

VERMONT MARBLE COMPANY
DEPT. J-2, PROCTOR, VERMONT
World's Largest Quarriers of Marble

VERMONT MARBLE
The Memory Stone

As it proved difficult to find a binding which matched the color of the check, I decided to make my own bindings from the plain orchid glazed gingham, which matched the color in the checks. After folding and cutting one end of the material on the bias from edge to edge, I marked and cut the three-quarter-inch strips. This gave me a binding with edges so clean and firm that it was unnecessary to turn them under, and which creased readily along the center fold. It also adjusted itself to curves as nicely as anything which I could have purchased and, in addition, exactly matched the texture of the body material. Though it was not necessary to bind the edges of the various cases, the solid color certainly added a most effective finish.

BLANKET OR PUFF CASE. This case was made in envelope shape with side gussets extending into loose ends at the tops to fold over the top of the blanket under the flap and thus completely cover all edges. Sixty inches of material was used for each case—from which two six-inch strips were cut across the width for the gussets and the remainder used for the body. The corners of the flap end of the body were rounded on a curve drawn from a point three inches from the corner on the side, to four from the corner on the end. The corners of the gusset strips were also rounded to a depth of about three inches at each end, and then the pieces were ready to be set together. First the straight end of the body was bound, then the ends were folded up to make a pocket eighteen inches deep, the ends of the gussets set between the sides to form the ends of the pocket and joined with the binding.

Tapes were attached to the edge of the flap for closing, each arranged with one short end and one long enough to wrap around and tie.

FOR PLACE MATS. Other envelope cases in the form of oblong pockets without gussets were made for place mats, each roomy enough to hold from four to eight mats of standard size, measuring a little under 12 by 18 inches. Half a yard of gingham was used for each case—18 by 30—and the flap end was rounded at the corners in a similar way to the blanket case. After binding the straight end the sides were turned up to form a pocket a little more than twelve inches deep and joined in the process of binding the other edges. Ties seemed to be unnecessary for these small cases.

FOR LUNCHEON CLOTHS. Envelope cases of similar shape were made for luncheon cloths, using one and a quarter yards of gingham for each, folded so as to form a pocket 18 by 30 inches and a nine-inch flap. Before being put into the case the cloth was folded over a mount of gingham-covered cardboard cut about an inch smaller than the case. This made it easy to handle and kept it free from wrinkles. First the cloth was folded once midway, then the board was placed inside with the short end against the fold, then the sides were folded over smoothly, and last of all the ends. Any cloth under sixty inches can be handled in a case of this size.

To cover the board, cut two one-inch pieces the length of the width of the mount and glue in place over the ends. Then take a large piece cut the exact length of the mount and long enough to cover it on both sides with edges overlapping about an inch and glue in place along the cut edges.

RUNNER ROLLS. Rolls for runners were made with eighteen-inch mailing tubes for foundations. First the ends were covered with circular pieces cut about two inches larger than the diameter of the tube, the edges slashed at intervals and glued to the tube. Then a piece was cut the exact length and about two inches wider than the circumference and glued around the tube with the ends overlapping. Upon this the runner was rolled, and then came a cover made of an eighteen-inch square of gingham, one end curved to a point about six inches deep for a flap and then the edges bound all around. Tapes were attached at the point for closing. It took but half a yard of gingham for each one of these rolls, one being made for each runner or set of runners.

NAPKIN CASES. Each set of napkins had its own individual case, varying in shape and size according to the size of the napkin and the manner in which it was folded. A six-inch-square case was, however, adaptable to both eighteen-inch damask napkins folded in thirds each way and a twelve-inch tea napkin folded once each way.

Cases for square napkins were made of two strips of material of the same width and length, with corners rounded on a curve drawn two inches from the corner on the side and three inches from the corner on the end. These pieces after being bound were placed one over the other to form four arms like a Greek cross, a square of cardboard being put between for a base, and the pieces stitched together on the line of the stitching on the edge bindings. If the folded napkin measured six inches, the cardboard square was cut six inches and the gingham strip about half an inch wider to allow for the width of binding outside. The length varied according to the number and weight of the napkins to be contained, for the ends were planned to overlap one another and thus cover the napkins. For example, a case made of two strips 6½ by 18 inches would hold a dozen eighteen-inch damask napkins folded in thirds each way. Tapes, one short end and one long enough to wrap around and tie, were fastened to the center end of one arm.

For eighteen-inch napkins folded in an oblong shape—once midway, then into thirds 6 by 9 inches—an oblong case was made in a similar manner, one strip being cut 9½ by 18 inches and the other 6½ by 21 inches and were crossed over a 6-by-9-inch cardboard base.

Fifteen-inch napkins, folded in quarters, then once diagonally, had a triangular case with stiffened top and bottom joined by a soft hinge on the long side. Two strips of material were cut 10½ by 12 inches and the ends tapered to points, leaving an oblong shape one and a half inches wide across the width of the strip at the center. Then two triangular pieces of cardboard were cut measuring ten inches on the base and five inches in height from base to peak—about one-quarter of an inch smaller on all sides than the points of the gingham strips. These mounts were placed between the edges of the gingham strips, and the edges bound all around with the bias fold, a line of stitching along the base of each mount holding it securely in place. Ties were added at the points. This case held eight fifteen-inch napkins of heavy linen.

LAUNDRY BAG. This ends the story of the cases, but before calling the closet complete a bag was made to hang on the inside of the door to hold bits of soiled linens which I did not wish to have mixed with the general laundry. It was not a large bag—18 by 26 inches finished—and shaped at the top to fit over the wooden coat hanger upon which it was suspended, the hanger being put into the finished bag from the bottom, which was open—the flap buttoning up over the front. Only a yard of material was used, folded lengthwise, the width of the material being the depth of the back of the bag, flap included. A four-inch strip was cut from the lower edge of the front. For the entrance of the laundry a vertical slit was cut in the front a short distance below the top, and the open bottom was its point of exit. Before seaming the side and top, the bottom of the bag was bound. Flat white buttons were used for closing the bottom, and to my satisfaction I found that slits cut in the material were the only buttonholes required. The hanger hook was easily pushed through the stitching across the top, which was shaped to fit a coat hanger.

Would you like to be the ONE woman in your community to own this car?

It's a personal car, individual in the truest sense, this Reo Car of the Month for May . . . a limited de luxe edition of Reo Flying Cloud. An ensemble created by a famous stylist, in colors that have all the smartness and verve of the mode . . . upholstered in an exclusive fabric designed, loomed and produced by Cheney Brothers—a fabric obtainable in no other car.

The Reo Car of the Month for May is priced at only one hundred dollars more than the large Sport Sedan of Reo Flying Cloud. Only one of these special cars will be available in your community. It will belong to the first woman who tells her dealer she wants it. If you don't know the name of your nearest dealer, wire collect to the Reo Motor Car Company, Lansing, Mich.

This illustration shows the actual upholstery fabric made by Cheney Brothers on Jacquard looms exclusively for the Reo Car of the Month for May.

REO FLYING CLOUD OF THE MONTH

Just think what you could do with first award

in the

O-Cedar $5,000 *Cash Contest*

$1,000 (First Prize)—*Do you want a new car?*
$500 (Second Prize)—*Need clothing or furniture?*
$250 (Third Prize)—*Wish to start a saving fund?*
And 378 other attractive awards starting at $100

O-Cedar facts to help you win!

O-Cedar Polish Mops dust and clean as they polish. Patented triangular shape makes corners easy to clean. New improved construction, practically unbreakable. Mops are interchangeable, washable and renewable. New O-Cedar Slip-on Mop pad quickly removable for cleaning and washing.

O-Cedar Polish is best for renewing any polish mop. Unequaled for furniture. *Apply on damp cloth.*

Observe these easy rules!

Contest closes May 31st. Midnight of that date is the latest post-mark acceptable. Address Contest Editor, Dept. E-5, O-Cedar Corp'n, Chicago, Ill.

Unnecessary to buy O-Cedar Products to enter contest.

Put name and address at top of *each* sheet. Write only on one side of sheet.

In case of tie for any award full amount will be given to each of tying contestants.

Winners will be announced at earliest possible date—but prize money will be mailed winners as soon as judges make decisions.

Judges are Katharine H. Fisher, Director of Good Housekeeping Institute; Della T. Lutes, Housekeeping Editor of *Modern Priscilla*, and Cora F. Sanders, Associate Editor of *Woman's World*. Their decisions will be final.

THINK of what your letter on "Why Housewives Should Use O-Cedar Mops and O-Cedar Polish" might bring to you. 381 lucky women will get $5,000—most of them women who never entered a contest of this sort before. Be one of them. Write your letter now. The time is short. May 31st is the last day.

Tell us in plain language how and when O-Cedar Mops and O-Cedar Polish might be used. What they save in time and energy. How quickly O-Cedar picks up dust and cleans and polishes floors. Just tell us your own experience—or ask your friends. Remember, you do not have to buy any O-Cedar Product to enter contest.

You will find O-Cedar Products on display at grocery, hardware, department, drug and other stores. See them—then write your prize letter. O-Cedar Corp'n, Dept. E-5, Chicago, Ill.

Easy to have beautiful floors with O-Cedar Polish Mops. 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50.

O-Cedar Polish Mops

O-Cedar Polish "cleans as it polishes." 4-oz. *bottle* 30c; 12-oz. *bottle* 60c; *quart*, $1.25.

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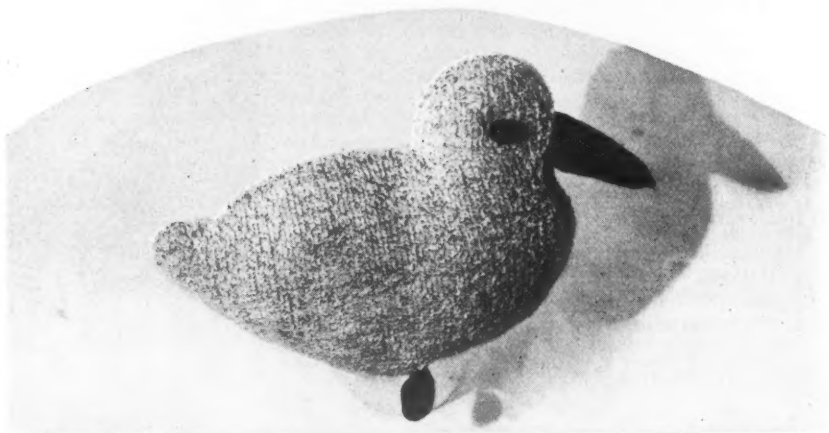
Joys for the Baby's Bath

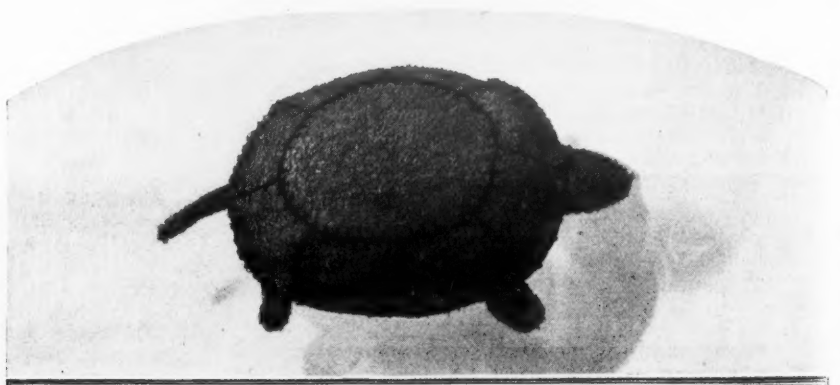
Gay Playthings That Float

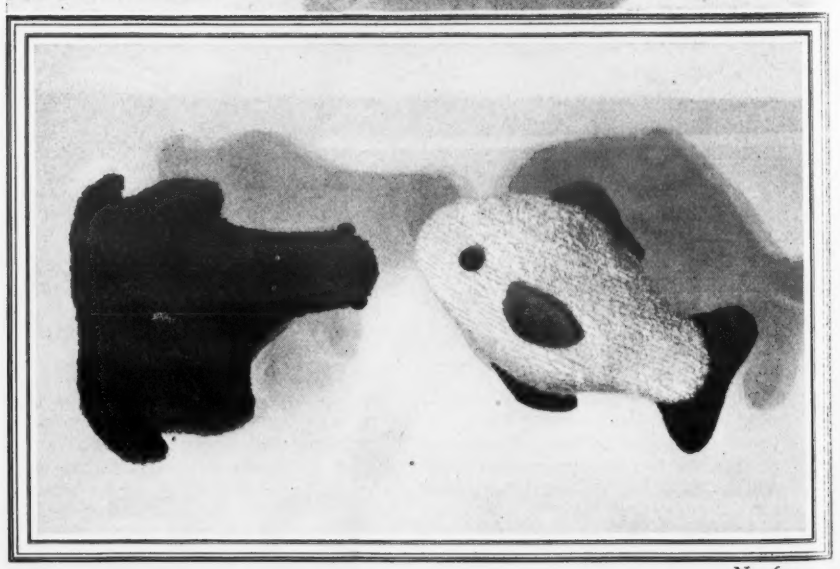
By ELIZABETH MARRIOT KING



THESE floating toys may be made of Turkish toweling, cotton crêpe or ratine. They can also be cut from wash cloths. For stuffing use ordinary kapok, as it floats and does not hold the water as other fillings would. To keep the toys right side up while floating, weight them with heavy buttons, shot or dress weights in the feet of the duck and turtle, the bottom fin of the fish and in the back of the leg of the frog. If the toys are made in Turkish toweling it is easier to turn in the edges of the small pieces (head, feet and tail) and overhand them together on the right side. As the material is rather heavy and ravels easily, sewing them on the wrong side and then turning them inside out is difficult.

The white duck has orange feet and bill and the green frog and turtle have yellow tummies outlined in dark green. The bewitching fish is made in two shades of orange.





No. 6144

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WITH color playing a more and more important part in the scheme of things . . . the best-dressed beds now have the right to claim their own matched ensembles of color for their pillow cases, sheets and blankets.

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If you are interested in needlework . . . ask to be shown some of the new and beautiful styles of Wamsutta Percale sheets and pillow cases which we have had embroidered in the Philippines.

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WITH
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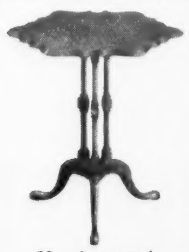
Number 5085

"It is really amazing the way these tables have transformed my living room"

"YOU can see how they have added new beauty and comfort to the rest of my furnishings."

It is surprising how a few tables carefully chosen, will help to change what might be a rather cold and formal room into the happiest, cheeriest place imaginable. But after all, good decoration is merely a matter of related groupings of furniture and accessories. And the accessories are quite as important as the furniture. You can't neglect them and achieve a happy result.

That's why so many decorators recommend Kiel tables. They know they are styled correctly and built according to the standards of Old World craftsmen.



Number 5034

Take Number 5085 (illustrated above), for instance. All the beauty and warmth of the hand matched Gonzalle Alvez and Crotch Mahogany top is emphasized by the Kiel Marseilles Mahogany finish. Certainly it will bring new color and life to some otherwise neglected corner.

The other two friendly little tables illustrated offer places for a lamp, or your favorite books, or an ash tray, or any of the one hundred and one other items that add to your comfort. But, of course, you can see the wealth of decorative possibilities that lie in Kiel tables.

Number 7511

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The Personality of a House

(Continued from Page 15)

In other words, it is entirely a question of properly matching your background. If you choose to live in a simple house you can have every equipment of luxury, but you must not offend against the spirit of apparent simplicity. On the other hand, if you choose to live in a palace, not only must all your appointments be of suitable dignity and quality, but so also must you.

Strict observance of these requirements is limited to the two extremes. The great majority who live in average houses can do pretty much as they please, unless too closely approaching the limitations of the one extreme or the other.

In the average house you can be formal on occasions and informal on others. If you have not the equipment for formal service exacted of a great house, what of it? And who cares? The only point to care about is that what you do is done well according to the standards of suitability.

Every house must respond to four requirements: First, its outer road or street appearance—that which is plainly on view to the public passing by. Second, its entrance hall and drawing-room of formal hospitality. Third, its intimate rooms satisfying to the needs of those who live in them. Fourth, its practical response to modern requirements of comfort.

Charming street appearance most often belongs to low, broad houses. An inordinately high-peaked roof is probably the original source of the slang term "high hat," which is reason enough for the preference of most of us for roofs of friendly lowness.

Houses that are high in proportion to width, especially if they have overnarrow windows and solid front doors, are seldom as invitingly hospitable as those which are more nearly block square or, better still, irregularly rambling. But far more important than height or width or pleasing variety of outline are windows sufficient in number and size to suggest light, sunny rooms within.

Windows are the smiles of a house. If they are friendly in outline they give the same impression as the welcoming smiles of a friend. Windows that are too small and few and set deeply in a façade of stone give an effect of oppressive gloom. But if they are out of proportion they yawn or whistle or make a fish mouth and are not pleasing at all.

The Ideal Living Room

A DOOR that is too small or thinly framed for an overweight of masonry above it makes one fearful of entering it, lest one be crushed. A front door of lovely design and perfect scale is like a beautiful hand held out in welcome. A hideously untidy door is like a dirty hand that one shudders to touch.

However, if the house is set back from the street its first approach is from its gate. Invariably inviting is a flower-bordered walk of brick or pebbles or flagstones outlined in grass. Unappealing is the concrete walk raised above the surrounding grass; bare edged and hard as the runway between trains at a railroad terminal. And yet the ugly hardness of such a walk might easily be overcome by sinking it to the level of the grass, with box or privet or other bordering hedge.

On the exterior, color plays a minor part as compared with its importance in the interior. But light-colored houses, sand or cream or oyster or white or the pinkish tones of brick, are to most people more appealing—perhaps because more cheerful—than houses of dark material.

The serviceable economy of a dark-stone or shingle or half-timbered house appeals strongly to the thrifty, and a house can be dark colored and at the same time cheerfully beautiful—especially if it be English in type—but not otherwise so often nor so easily as can a light one.

By "light" is not meant golden oak combined with yellow baked brick—a color scheme especially associated with a certain type of so-called mansion of heavy fatness sitting stodgily on a plot of manicured grass neatly polka-dotted with bed patterned in magentas and scarlet. A color scheme as suitable as any, since this particular shade of oak and brick is notably defiant of garden beautification.

Usually the first thing the average person notices on entering a room is color, and next invitingness of arrangement, next comfort, and details last. And to everyone capable of æsthetic appreciation, certain beautifications inevitably appeal.

Besides the beauty of color and sunlight and, if possible, flowers, the ideal living room should have an open fire in winter, and windows opening on a garden in summer. And there should be at least one long and deeply comfortable sofa drawn near to the fire for warmth when necessary and near enough to a window for light, and there should be a number of properly fitting easy-chairs—not those which assume the human frame to be a block of concrete three feet square! And there should be convenient tables at elbows with bells, books, magazines, ash trays or whatever owners or friends are likely to use.

The Demands of Comfort

THERE must also be perfect arrangement of light at night to read by, whether lying on the sofa or sitting in any of the chairs. Light that is cut off a foot below one's book or sewing or does not brightly illumine the field of a card table is not good light. Lamps of greatest comfort are standing ones with arms that reach over either chair or table. Table lamps that are intended for use as well as decoration should have white or cream-lined fringeless shades that tip at will.

Every house of comfort must, of course, respond to practical requirements. It must, for instance, be snugly warm in cold weather and well ventilated and cool in summer. It must have windows that create a proper draft when open and that won't rattle when closed. It must have shutters that won't bang, roofs that won't leak, and it must have chimneys that draw. There must be a convenient pantry and a pleasant kitchen with all appurtenances thereto.

And in every house, whether luxurious or simple, each room should have an abundance of light and air.

I have a personal obsession against little windows even in bathrooms. No architect has yet convinced me that the advertised location of the plumbing looks any better on the outside of a house than does a slit of a window from within! True luxury in the upstairs part of a house does not depend upon huge bedrooms and large bathrooms but upon huge closet space for the bedrooms and plenty of no matter how little bathrooms—with big windows!

And in contrast to the house of newly built comfort and beauty is the house of unnecessary ugliness. Dinginess, darkness, excess of bad ornamentation, hideosity of inconvenience, are faults that unresourceful people of moderate means accept with resignation in the belief that only a bottomless purse would be able to cope with them.

How many times does one hear a discouraged voice say, "Ugly old house, ugly old furniture—nothing can be done about it. We can't possibly afford to buy all new!"

Sometimes the house is so completely bad there is nothing that can be done even with unreasonable outlay. But far more often than not, a small expenditure will help a lot or quite possibly can beautify completely. This does not mean that an effect of charm and beauty can be made with hideous furniture against hideous

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To those still unacquainted with the many advantages of UNIVERSAL Stainless Steel, we will mail upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps to cover postage and handling charge one 25-cent UNIVERSAL Resistain Stainless Steel Paring Knife. Address Dept. L.

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walls, but that the beauty-loving woman will contrive somehow to achieve an effect of inviting personality in her surroundings, even though she accomplish it with saw and chisel, a few cans of paint and some cotton print.

And fortunately the house of inviting personality is not necessarily the result of expenditure, nor always dependent upon intrinsic value of items. Certain types of perfection are far beyond the purse of most of us, it is true. But other types are most often a matter of personal knowledge and taste.

The ignorant person will rent a house that is hopelessly bad but in better apparent repair than another of lower rent that could with the difference in the rent be put in equal repair and made, moreover, into a house of beauty.

Side by side, two chairs or carpets or tables or rolls of wall paper are offered to two women. The one who has taste chooses this item and the one who is ignorant chooses the other. Quite often the good article is of less cost than the bad.

And yet in every library or museum are books or models showing every classic type of architecture and furniture—knowledge that is to be had for the trouble of asking.

In the articles of this series it is intended to point out as many as possible of the underlying principles by which home-loving people of refinement and taste are able to create an atmosphere of homelike charm with whatever they may have, and wherever they may be.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mrs. Post's second article in this series on The Personality of a House will discuss Architecture.

"The Most Beautiful Spot in America"

(Continued from Page 12)

It was not long before the newspapers got hold of the idea that something unique and unusual was doing at Mountain Lake, and there followed a deluge of publicity. Though I in no wise contributed to this, I courted it for the reason that I wanted the American people to know what was being prepared for them. But I did not court the misrepresentations or the exaggerated reports that followed. I was left gasping with amazement at the imagination of the American newspaper writer as I read of the total financial cost of the Tower and the Sanctuary, and when this sum finally reached five millions of dollars I succumbed. Then came the manufactured stories that the Tower and the Sanctuary were memorials to my parents in one case, to my grandparents in another. As a matter of fact, neither ever entered my mind; I never thought of either. Neither is a memorial of any sort, and was never intended to be.

Symbols of Beauty

WHAT is the purpose, then? I am asked. Simply to create symbols of pure beauty, so as to spread the influence and power of beauty, which we so much need in this country, both in our cities and our communities and in our homes. Secondly, to express my appreciation and gratitude to the American people for their kindness and generosity—extended without limit. All that I have in means is from them; naturally I wish to give it back to them in symbols of helpfulness and beauty. This latter thought reached its culminating point when the President of the United States came from Washington, on February first, to dedicate the Sanctuary and the Singing Tower and to present them, for visitation, to the American people. He placed the crown of dignity on my purpose and desire—to say, in my own way, my thanks to the American flag.

GLORIFIED HAMBURG

Mix 1½ tablespoons Gulden's Mustard with ¼ cup boiling water. Add this to 1½ pounds ground round steak. Season with 1 teaspoon salt. Make into cakes.

Broil the hamburg cakes with a hot flame to the desired rareness. Be sure to baste the meat so that it gets the full benefit from the juice in the pan.

. . my husband's favorite dish

"How he loves it when it's cooked to delicious juicy rareness in this new tasty way."

It's just plain ground round steak—the old familiar hamburg. But what a difference a change of seasoning can make! Gulden's Blended Mustard spreads through the meat while it cooks and mixes with the juices to create a delicious, unexpected flavor. It brings out a hidden goodness in meats that you did not realize was there—an appetizing taste that just seems to belong to the meat but that you never discovered before.

Gulden's Mustard is a perfect relish served with cold-cuts and in salads and sandwiches. And in the same easy way, it is an amazingly effective seasoning when spread over meats—roasts, steak and chops—fish and poultry *before cooking*. It gives new appeal to vegetables and left-over dishes, and makes sauces and gravies delightfully different. That is why it is a favorite with chefs and an aid to the housewife eager for "something new" to give her family.

It is the mellow blend that does the trick—the world's finest mustard seeds to stimulate the appetite and delicate spices to give a savory touch to familiar foods. Each drop of Gulden's golden mustard carries a rich store of flavor, lending new zest to ordinary dishes. That is why it is the ideal seasoner for cooking.

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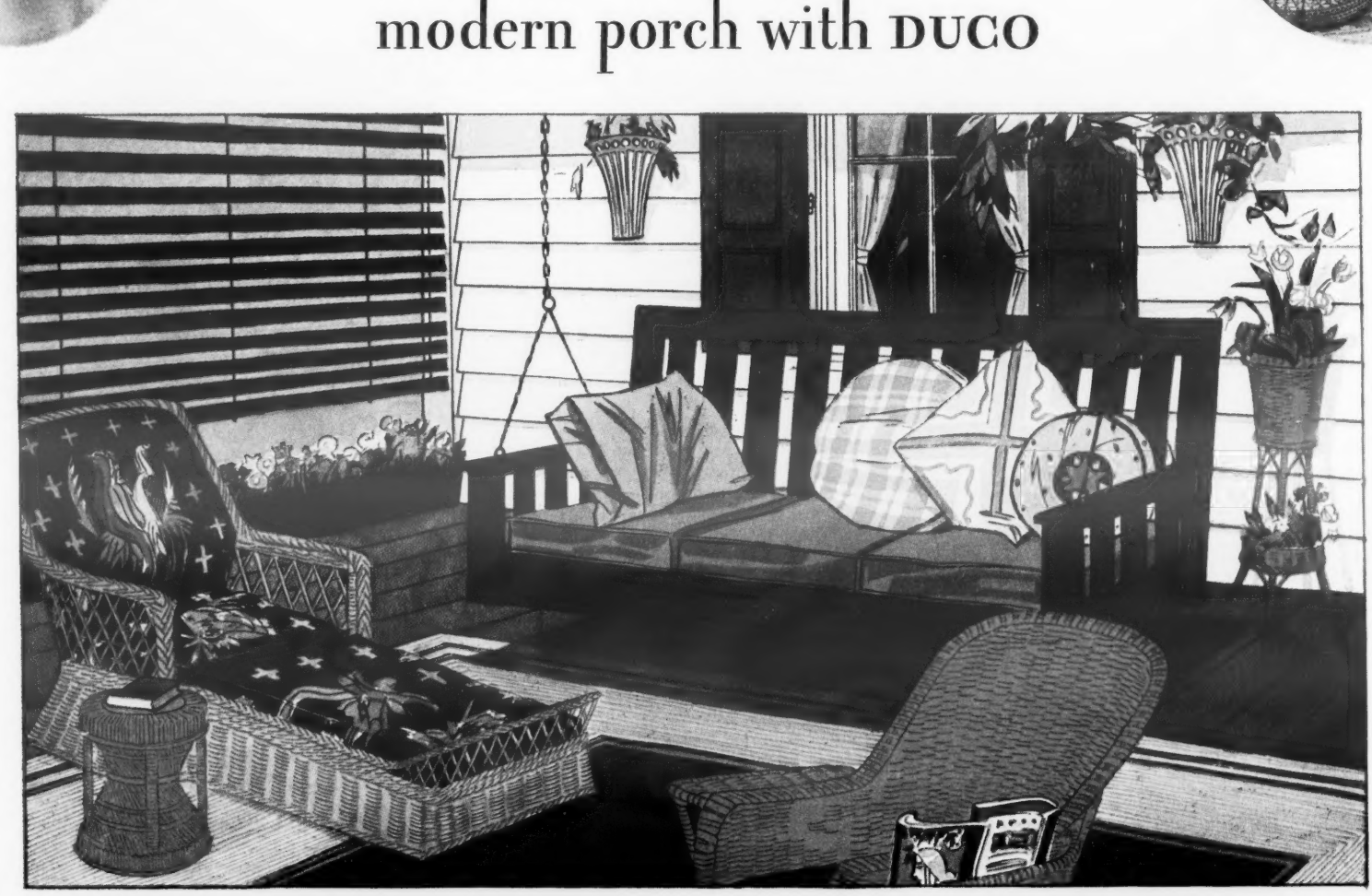
Margery Sill Wickware

tells you how to create a colorful modern porch with DUCO



"THE opportunity to 'do' a porch always delights me," says Margery Sill Wickware, "for here color — bright and varied—surely *belongs!*"

Mrs. Wickware, whose distinguished work as a decorator is especially noted for skillful use of color, always speaks with enthusiasm of color possibilities:

"Well chosen colors can do more than any other single thing to lend a home the charm of good taste and individuality," she says. "I think the effectiveness of this simply furnished porch illustrates beautifully how much can be done with Duco color and a little ingenuity . . .

"For the hanging swing I chose Duco Delft Blue — much the same shade as the center of my rug. Then, for the wicker chaise-longue, Duco Nile Green, lovely with the blue of its upholstery. Then bright accents of Duco Mandarin Red—on the chair, on the flower stand and small table, on the hanging ivy baskets. The pillows added pink, and repeated the gay yellow of the rug border . . .

"This is only one of many schemes I might have worked out with Duco—there are so many lovely shades to choose from, all created to blend harmoniously with each other—all quick-drying and easy to apply . . .

"I should think any woman would find working with Duco a joy. Every woman has a sense of beauty and with a little guidance can cultivate a color sense which will enable her to produce delightful artistic effects. Once she has begun to experiment for herself, she will see new possibilities in every room in the house. And certainly she will find that with very little expense she can make her home more charming than it ever was before."

The subject of home decoration is of such vital importance to every woman—whether her home consists of one room or of twenty—that the makers of Duco have prepared a book containing the expert advice of Mrs. Wickware and other authorities. "Modern Color Schemes for Your Home" offers you illustrated color schemes for every room in the house, with practical instructions for carrying them out.

You will also find schemes suggested by leading architects for painting the outside of your home.

Send ten cents in stamps today and "Modern Color Schemes for Your Home" will be mailed you at once. You will find it a source of continuing interest and practical help.

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It's the Same Room, But How Different it Looks!

(Continued from Page 195)

painted; and if they are papered, either plain or conventional two-tones may be chosen, or else a pastoral-type paper may be selected if the fabrics used in the room are sufficiently plain to allow it. Floors may be covered with flat or short-piled wool rugs in plain soft colors, allover or small in size; or else hooked rugs or flowered French Wiltons in small sizes may be laid on a somewhat dark wooden floor.

The room pictured in this general style has an especially effective color scheme. The walls are done in the very faintest tone of apricot rose; the woodwork is painted a medium tone of bluish green; the windows are hung with green quilted chintz over glass curtains of the palest sort of plain apricot voile. The valance boards are of wood painted a green deeper than the woodwork. The large rug on the floor is beige-colored, and the small rugs used as accents are flowered Wiltons combining the colors rose, green, black and beige. The soft light brown of the furniture fits beautifully into this scheme, and the shelved pieces are lined with a pastoral wall paper combining rose, green and écru. One armchair is covered in large-plaided rose linen, another is upholstered in green-check linen, and the sofa combines the two colors on a light tan-colored ground.

How different the same room would look done in the spirit of the heavy Italian style! Mellow and tawny in color, despite the heaviness of the furniture, this room has a great deal of charm. Against walls of medium, cool tan, the damask side drapes at the windows are of a pale wood-brown shading to deep beige. The glass curtains are pale beige, and the valances are of honey-brown velour edged in a tarnished-gold fringed gimp. The sofa is covered in a cool, light-brown pile fabric, which could be velour or mohair. This same color is used in varying tones and materials for all the upholsteries. Color, brilliant but soft, is found in the rugs, which are Orientals, and in these are mingled notes of terra cotta, rose red and gold with the more somber putty and brown of the backgrounds. Blue is avoided, since when mixed with red patterning the rug takes on a purple cast which would clash with this room scheme. Notes of terra cotta and old gold are used in the room accents. Gold is the finish chosen for metals.

The Italian for Permanency

WITHOUT doubt the Italian style lends a flavor of solidity and permanence very appealing to masculine taste. There is something about heavy walnut furniture of good historic design which lends this flavor of stability to any room, since walnut stands the test of time and use.

But in using the Italian style it is very necessary to bear in mind the need of simplicity, for heavy and ornate early Italian pieces long have been favored by second-rate department stores for the furnishing of lavish apartments and by the *nouveau riche*. Therefore, in rightly using this style, which is capable of really great beauty, err on the side of good taste, and avoid an overuse of pattern, color and department-store styles of window draping, with loops, puffs and fullnesses which will make any home look overdone.

Dignity of another kind may be achieved by the use of Chinese lacquers on furniture of English eighteenth-century type—but with how vast a difference, I'll leave you to judge after you have examined the same living room furnished in the feeling of the Chinese Chippendale style. This is a style for connoisseurs, and if really well done there are no heights of beauty to which the room could not aspire. There are many ways in which such a room could be furnished, many combinations which would add to its interest, but in the furnishing of the room shown the style characteristics are in the main unmixed. The pair of sofas, which have a flavor of the Chinese Chippendale style, are covered in putty-colored velvet. Peacock-blue pillows are found in each. The floor is taupe-covered, with accenting Chinese rugs in which tones of putty and taupe allow full sway to the soft colorings, Chinese blue, and gold, and dull lacquer red, which predominate in the designs.

The furniture in the room is lacquered in black and gold. The interior of the cabinet is Chinese red; the interior of the desk is antique ivory. The mirror above the galleried table is of Chinese red and gold. The armchair, whose legs are of the straight reeded type seen on so many Chippendale chairs, is covered in hand-blocked linen showing Chinese designs and brilliant colors on a ground of black. At the windows, side draperies of antique satin in dull greenish blue hang from cornice boards, lacquered in black and gold and ivory in Chinese fashion; the glass curtains are beige-toned to match the walls.

Several "Elegant Styles" Defined

IN A ROOM of this character, which reflects the Chinese taste so intriguingly evidenced in many periods of furniture design, it would be quite possible to use Louis XV and Queen Anne types done in Chinese lacquer, since such pieces were so treated in their day. Also it would be quite right for the several pieces to be lacquered in different colors if so desired. Small pieces could be done in Chinese red; larger pieces could be done in that dull Chinese blue or biscuit yellow if desired, so long as a pleasant harmony ensues in the room as a whole. In a room of this character, also, mahogany furniture in the Chinese Chippendale style could take the place of lacquers if preferred. Mahogany furniture of this style is not only beautiful but also rare, since it is not designed to appeal to the masses, but to an educated and discriminating taste.

Mahogany furniture of the Duncan Phyfe spirit dominates the living-room scheme, which shows the sofa placed with its back to the window series. And how changed in its character does this living room seem! The Duncan Phyfe flavor is very popular for furnishings here in our land, and rightfully so. We feel it to be a truly American style, and though it reflects the refined elegancies of Continental taste, and combines the straight simplicity of early Sheraton with the classic Empire tendencies, because it was "designed in America" we imagine it fits with special aptness into our most typical homes.

This living room is very quiet in general feeling and color. The walls and woodwork are misty gray, the rug is Scotch gray. The side draperies at the windows are of soft mulberry damask, over glass curtains of misty beige. The draw curtains are of leaf green and silver. The sofa is upholstered in plum. A pair of apple-green lamps are seen at each side of the sofa; and the lamp on the lyre-base Duncan Phyfe table in the foreground combines a black base with a shade of soft lavender. The needle-point tapestry chair to the right of this table is in gray, green, mulberry and rose; the cretonne-covered barrel chair to the left is of deep plum, rose, black, green and gray.

In a room designed to show the Duncan Phyfe flavor it is proper to use Sheraton pieces also. For with those of Duncan Phyfe, any of the simpler pieces of mahogany, designed in the spirit of the English or American eighteenth century, are sure to blend perfectly in character.

Beautiful, Quality Sheets with Colors fast to light and laundering

As an enduring, attractive gift—or to add that finishing touch of color to your own bedrooms—what could be better than beautiful Utica or Mohawk sheets in soft pastel shades?

Both Utica and Mohawk brands are made in white with colored hems, called "Tintedge". The pillow cases are made *with two hems in color*, for single beds (producing an unusually beautiful effect!) and with one hem colored, for double beds. Both brands are also made in solid colors, with cases to match, called "Tintall".

There is a choice of five delicate shades: Rose-bud Pink, Cornflower Blue, Jade Green, Golden Maize, and a Lovely Lavender, as well as the all white.

"Tintedge" and "Tintall" offer *permanent* beauty; their color is guaranteed *fast to light and laundering*—as lasting as the sturdy, strong fabric of the sheets themselves, which *is unexcelled*.

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RIGID ASBESTOS SHINGLES

Mirrors for Charm

(Continued from Page 28)

for instance, it gives the guest an opportunity for a hasty survey before presenting herself to the assembled party. As the entrance to a house should be the index of its general style, whatever mirror is placed there should be harmonious with it. The living room may offer several advantageous places for reflecting surfaces. As many as four or five may be used without a feeling of excess, provided they are interesting in themselves, well placed, and do not reflect annoyingly the faces of the occupants once they are seated. Corner cupboards or sunken niches lined in small bits of old mirror are effective in themselves and provide an excellent background for a collection of china, fans or glass. This is the room in which to be a bit extravagant and indulge in a few old frames of real beauty. It is increasingly difficult to get good original glass, but even modern glass may be treated with acid so that it is not too glaringly shiny and out of key with mellow old pieces.

A Colonial, Federal or late-Georgian house is the appropriate place to use a convex mirror. Some are in very simple gilt frames, others are surmounted by eagles and adorned with scrolls, and occasionally one comes across one in the center of a large frame with panels of plain mirror at the sides and a frieze of classic dancing figures beneath the cornice.

The placing of a wide mirror over the sideboard in the dining room is classic, and like most traditions is good even though a bit banal. This is an excellent room in which to use large panels of glass, either plain or set in pane-shaped pieces. There is a very beautiful example of such a room illustrated on page 28. The panels are faintly clouded so that the effect is more silvery than glassy, and a design etched in the eighteenth-century manner relieves their severity. The use of plateaux has revived of late for dining tables, either the French ones in several curved sections framed in silver or gilt galleries or the rarer English ones of Vauxhall glass, famous for its perfect color and quality. Even beveled sheets of new mirror cut into attractive shapes are effective and within reach of any purse. To obtain a modernistic effect it is quite as good to have a set of one central piece and a pair of quite different end pieces, such as a central diamond and a pair of stars.

Modern and Antique

IN NO phase of modernistic furnishing have our young artists shown greater ingenuity than in the use of mirrors, to enlarge, to give brilliance, and sometimes by baffling angles of reflection to mystify us by creating apparently endless vistas in a limited space.

To use on a dressing table are many possible choices: A threefold mirror to rest upon it is easily adjustable, or a delightful old mirror hung above it to carry out the style of the room, or, where a dressing table sets into a little alcove, to line the recess completely with glass and apply the side-light fixtures directly onto it. Over the dressing tables is a good place for a French *trumeau*, with glass below and an amusing picture above combined in a painted and gilded frame.

In the use of antique mirrors in our American houses we seldom go further back than the seventeenth century. Here you find the magnificent carvings and fine beveling of the reign of Charles II, the sober Cromwellian frames, and the beauty of those of William and Mary blossoming into the perfection of the style of Queen Anne. As proof of their enduring quality, no mirrors are so much in demand, so hard to find or so frightfully expensive as the best examples of her prosperous reign! The exquisite delicacy of workmanship in *gesso* reached its height at that time, an art that we have never quite succeeded in reproducing. Chippendale carried on with pierced-work carving, surmounted by birds or Chinamen, and the later Georgians introduced the classic note carried to its best by Robert Adam. But after his death, except for the brief success of the Regency inspired by the Empire in France, England produced no more great designers of mirrors. Quaintness she did achieve under the Victorians, but today she looks back to her great period or to the originalities of her young modernists, omitting on a whole the work between 1820–1920.

Italy and Spain also rose to great heights in mirror design during the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. Their baroque and rococo work is stunning and picturesque, if sometimes a shade too flamboyant for our northern taste, but eminently suited to Florida and California. It was their custom to hang their mirrors against panels of old damask or brocade which greatly enhance the tone of the gilt frames and the decorative quality of the open-work carving.

Good Investments

PROBABLY the French raised the art of the use of mirrors to its highest point, but unfortunately for us most of their best efforts were achieved architecturally. By that is meant that mirrors were treated as a permanent and integral part of each room and not as movable bits of furniture. From the magnificence of the Galerie des Glaces at Versailles to the simplest *manoir* we find them incorporated into the paneling of the rooms. Louis XIV preferred them in pompous grandeur, the Regent first sponsored a lighter elegance with whimsical touches of the *Chinoiserie* and *singerie*. Louis XV saw the flower of the *rocaille* style which, under the influence of Madame Du Barry, merged gracefully into the newly awakened interest in classic forms. From the reign of Marie Antoinette we have fallen heir to some of our loveliest examples of mirrors.

With the Directoire style, mirrors became excessively chic. In slim and elongated diamonds they were applied to doors and walls. As stars and geometric figures they presaged the modern movement of today. Its mirrors as well as its furniture are really the only relics of the past that combine harmoniously with its up-to-date descendant.

In Austria and Germany we have an amusing group of mirrors from the brief Biedermeier period, frames of pale woods with black-and-gold accents, sometimes surmounted by pictures of flowers or typical scenes. These go very well with our American Federal style, and fortunately are neither dear nor very difficult to find.

America had many mirrors of native manufacture. The old ones with designs of elegance were inspired by English models. The quaint ones are often original to these United States.

The markets of our country today present, as never before, a vast choice of the best of the old and of its reproductions. May we offer a word of counsel? A really fine antique mirror is a constantly increasing investment. At the end of ten years you can usually resell it for a far greater percentage of profit than a reliable bond will net you. Therefore, if you are in a position to buy a good authentic piece, it will not only give you the delight of its mellow beauty but be practical as well. If, however, you do not feel justified in acquiring an original, may we suggest that in choosing a reproduction you select only the simplest and least pretentious designs. Painted *trumeaux* of the severer type are fairly safe, also some of the plainer English frames. But remember that you will never go far wrong if you use sheets of plain unframed mirror fastened to your walls, provided you preserve a sense of architectural proportion.

Now — SMART *nails have* NATURAL GLEAM!

Just notice the nails of truly chic women . . . never, any longer, do you find them polished with artificial-looking nail tints. For the new nail fashion is *natural gleam* . . . given in an instant by Glazo.

The softly glinting brilliance of Glazo Liquid Polish is neither too deep a shade, nor too pale—just cleverly in-between. It is the most successful make-up for the nails . . . for the whole hand . . . because like other successful make-up it is artistically natural.

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I enclose 6 cents. Please send me Glazo Samples (polish and polish remover). Also booklet of complete manicuring instructions. (If you live in Canada address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)

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Banana Bill

(Continued from Page 17)

seemed to be a difference of opinion between one of the speakers who was passionately urging "*Esta Noche!*" "Tonight!" upon his companions. And one who as passionately and as volubly opposed it.

"*Calle!*" hissed the third party. Another long, wordy wrangle. And then finally a sullen acquiescence from the one whose soul's happiness depended on something *esta noche.*

"*Muy bien—mañana por la noche, entonces.*"

Even William could understand that, "All right then, tomorrow night."

There was the sound of a boat or canoe shoving off from shore, the plunge of a paddle, the murmured sound of voices receding in the distance, and William was left alone once more.

Came the dawn. And William discovered a trail. Seething as he was with humiliation and rage and bodily discomfort, he drew a long breath at the wonder of the savage, tropical land.

"I WON'T go back; they can't make me!" he said half aloud. He did not stutter when he talked to himself. Pat upon his uttered defiance there came the sputter of a motor car from the green-veiled distance. William accelerated his walk to a run and plunged out of the jungle, to find himself on the narrow-gauge track that banded the banana farms together on a double thread of steel.

A flash of red rounded the curve a hundred yards away from him—the "*cucaracha,*" driven at considerably more than the speed designated by company rules.

William shouted, waving his hands above his head, in unconscious imitation of a marooned mariner sighting a passing sail. Then his shout died away into an abrupt silence. The driver was a girl; the handsomest that William had ever seen.

She was dressed in trim shirt and riding breeches, and there was a crimson tie at her throat. Her hair was a gorgeous tumbled mop of dark brown, and her eyes were the snapping black of polished coal. Her skin had a warm brown tinge to it, with cheeks and lips of natural, healthful red. William was suddenly, painfully conscious of his shortcomings; of his tousled yellow hair and blistered skin, his mud-stained trousers, and mosquito-wrecked face. But the girl seemed to see nothing laughable in his appearance.

"Are you the one they call Banana Bill?" she demanded simply. He nodded.

"The beasts!" the girl burst out unaccountably. "The big lousy fatheads!"

WILLIAM'S mouth fell open helplessly. He was not accustomed to girls, but none of those he had met in real life—and certainly none whom he had encountered in fiction—opened a conversation by referring to persons unknown in such a violent and vitriolic manner.

"What? Who?" he managed to say.

The girl jerked her dark stormy head backward.

"Those *carrajos* back there at Mopan," she answered promptly. "I told the whole bunch of 'em what I thought about them for letting you in for a gyp like snipe hunting when Zolangua is getting ready for his yearly raid. I saw you, you know, the night you came down to Kali, dad's farm, hunting a bridge stretcher. I'm Patche Merriam [she pronounced it "Pah-chay"], which is the nickname for Mary—but nobody calls me that. Give me a hand with this damn 'cockroach,'" she commanded in the same breath, "and turn it around. I haven't a *via,* so we'd better pull our freight pronto."

A *via* was an important slip of paper issued before anyone was allowed to take a motor car on the track. Without it one ran the risk of bumping head-on into a pick-up train hurrying along for its daily quota of bananas; or running into an open switch; or even colliding with the through train from Puerto Barrios on its way to Guatemala City.

BUT this lack of official permission apparently meant less than nothing to the amazing young woman who had come riding into William's life on the red *cucaracha.* Her matter-of-factness put him at his ease. He helped her lift the small red hand car off the tracks and put it back again, headed in the direction of Mopan.

"Ever run one of these gasoline bugs?" she shouted above the sputter of the motor.

"Yes—but it ran out of gasoline," he shouted back.

He was filled with a complete and reckless happiness. Go back? Leave Guatemala while this glorious person inhabited it? Not for a thousand miles of searching for bridge stretchers, or a thousand nights of holding bags for nonexistent snipes.

A faint but ominous whistle suddenly sounded from behind them. The girl turned.

"We've got to step on 'er. Here comes the pick-up train."

"Won't they see us?" William asked in her ear.

"Maybe, after they hit us," she answered. "With luck we'll make the siding and I can throw the switch."

William threw the lever over as far as it would go. The little car fairly leaped ahead, its wheels seeming barely to skim the steel rails laid for its guidance. The whistle sounded again, louder now, just behind the curve that they had taken on two wheels.

"Here we are," she cried. "Slow down for the switch!"

WILLIAM jerked the lever backward, and the *cucaracha* came to a skidding halt a few feet from the siding. Patche Merriam slid from her perch on the corner, covered the intervening space in one lithe bound, flung open the switch and motioned William to come ahead.

He did so, and the little car lurched as it swung over the roughness of the frogs. The girl slammed the switch lever back again. And a scant five seconds later the pick-up train plunged by on the track they had just quitted.

"Keen stuff, what?" chuckled the girl. "Got a cigarette?"

William fumbled for a package, slightly dizzy with bewilderment and excitement. There were several things he felt he ought to say.

"I—I—I'm —— W-W-Will ——" he commenced.

"Do you have to do that?" she cut him short. "You weren't stuttering a while ago."

"No, I don't," he said distinctly; "it's only when I'm nervous that I stammer. My m-mother—I mean my folks thought that this country could cure me. I was always a sickly brat," he added in impersonal disgust.

She examined him critically through a cloud of smoke.

"You'll be all right. That's what I told dad and those fatheads at Mopan; to give you a chance to make good before

(Continued on Page 212)

Shampooing

done properly . . adds loveliness to

Your Hair

Why Ordinary Washing . . fails to clean properly, thus preventing the . . Real Beauty . . Lustre, Natural Wave and Color of Hair from showing

THE beauty, the sparkle . . . the gloss and lustre of your hair . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

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Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

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That is why women, by the thousands, who value . . . beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear and entirely greaseless product not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of . . . rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Just Notice the Difference

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will be so delightfully soft and silky.

Even while wet, the hair will feel fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

The next time you wash your hair, try Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo and just see how . . . really beautiful . . . your hair will look. It will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking, wavy and easy to manage and it will—fairly sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter, . . . anywhere in the world. A 4-oz. bottle should last for months.

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The BURKLAND Patented Shirt illustrated is completely finished with the reliable buttons. No tapes or pins to be troublesome.

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(Continued from Page 210)

they started riding you out of the country on a rail."

"I can't say that I blame them much," William answered, grinning a little ruefully. "I know I look like something off an Easter calendar——"

"Bah!" Patche flicked her cigarette into the jungle greenery. "Looks don't mean a thing. It's nerve that counts. I suppose," she added suddenly, "they haven't told you a darn thing about bananas—being so anxious to shoot you back to your Easter calendar."

William considered this.

"Well, they did correct my impression that the bananas were growing upside down on the stalks, and they did call me Banana Bill. Outside of that, I haven't learned much about the industry."

Patche swung her slim legs over the corner of the *cucaracha*.

"Right-o," she said simply; "here's where you learn something about it. Push the lever, Banana Bill!"

BY NINE o'clock Patche Merriman had explained to William the processes of planting. By ten o'clock she had showed him how to tell when the green fruit was ready for cutting, and how to count at a glance the number of "hands" on a stem. By eleven o'clock she had instructed him concerning the operation of the pick-up trains that cruised along the track, with the fruit inspectors sitting on top of the cars into which native workmen passed the heavy green bunches of bananas. She showed him how the cars were padded, first with dried banana leaves, then with green ones, everything being done to keep the precious fruit from bruising and spoiling before it had ripened.

But suddenly, as the broad sluggish bend of the Motagua River came in sight, she shoved the brake lever over so abruptly that William barely saved himself from a forward somersault as the car came to a grinding halt. He saw then what she had seen—a dark-faced native, standing motionless in a small clearing of banana plants. He was evidently a cutter, for he carried one of the long poles to which a short crescent-shaped blade was attached. To William he looked like all the other brown-skinned Guatemaltecos. But he was aware that Patche found something wrong with the picture. For she called the man to her peremptorily and questioned him with a crisp, sizzling fluency that aroused at once William's admiration and envy. He wondered as he listened what language it was they taught for Spanish in the American schools. The dialogue lasted for five minutes; then the girl nodded as if satisfied. She waved the man back to his work and started the motor. But William did not like the newly acquired tenseness that was in her face as the little car plunged up the tracks toward Mopan.

"Everything all right?" he asked her at last. She shook her head.

"ANYTHING else but! That bird is a Hondurano who was fired for knifing a Guatemalteco. He joined up with Zolangua—who used to work for dad before he became a general in the Honduras army. I don't like the idea of that bozo's being on this side of the river. He claims to be an independent cutter—but I didn't see any mule around to carry the fruit. Did you?"

William suddenly remembered the voices of the preceding night.

"I say, Patche——" he commenced.

The *cucaracha* swerved around a curve, and William clutched for a hold.

"Hang on!" shrieked Patche.

But it was too late. William's six feet of height went sprawling into the soft lushness of a tule ditch. The red car hurdled the rails in the opposite direction and came to a jolting halt, right side up, in the long thick grass.

"I told you to hang on!" gasped Patche from where she sat, very breathless and shaken amid a pile of discarded bananas.

"Well, I th-th-thought I w-w-was!" stammered William, gathering himself together to go to her assistance. But halfway across the tracks he stopped dead.

"Hello! No wonder we spilled!" he exclaimed. "The track pins here have been pulled up!"

Patche scrambled to her feet and limped over beside him. Her face was very grave.

"Home, James!" she said at last. "Maybe it's accidental—and again maybe it isn't! You know, dad's got quite a bunch of money in the safe. I'm wondering if Zolangua's got wind of it. He's a tricky bird—speaks English and what not. Anyhow, the repair gangs had better be on the job pronto! It wouldn't be any joke to have railway communication busted up!"

WILLIAM walked into the Mopan mess hall at noon. The clatter of forks and knives was stilled as suddenly as if he were a character in a play making a carefully timed entrance. Every eye was focused on him. Buster MacIntyre's small bloodshot eyes raked William's length from head to foot.

"Well," he said at last very deliberately, "did Mary's little lamb finally come home?"

A snigger ran around the table as on a fuse. William's face, swollen, insect bitten and dirty, had nevertheless been the face of one who bears important tidings. Now it became suffused with a miserable fiery-red glow. He opened his mouth to reply, and only succeeded in bringing out a popping sputter, like a launch engine trying to start.

"M-m-mister Ma-ma-ma——" he essayed desperately.

Buster MacIntyre rose up with a lunge.

"Don't you blat at me, you whelp!" he roared. "You're through! Fired! Do you get that? A fine T. K. you are, joy-riding around the country when there's enough work here for twenty men! Work! Did you ever hear the word before, you stuttering string-bean mamma's boy? Now beat it! Get out of my sight before I commit murder! There's a boat back to the States from Barrios tomorrow—and you're on it—get me? And tell anyone who wants to know why you were fired that we need experts on bananas down here—not skirts!"

William stood swaying like one who is being flayed. He managed to draw himself up straight. With a terrific effort he succeeded in speaking without stuttering:

"She didn't wear a skirt, Mr. MacIntyre!"

THEN a look of horror flooded his whole countenance. Of all the things he had expected to say, that was the one farthest from his intention by millions of miles.

A wild whoop of laughter went up from the table. Only MacIntyre's voice, above the shout, was not joyfully derisive.

"Get out, you impudent——" (The rest were better deleted.)

William stumbled out of the room. Chuck Andrews found him an hour later lying face downward on his bed, his long youthful body a rigid line of anguish.

"Listen, kid," Chuck spoke gruffly but kindly: "Why didn't you tell the Old Man that Patche was chasing you? Everyone down here knows that crazy brat—she'd carry off headquarters if she felt like it."

William suddenly sat erect.

"She wasn't chasing me," he snapped back without the slightest suspicion of vocal impediment, "and I'll break anyone's head who calls her a brat!"

"My Lord!" breathed Chuck softly. "Well, I'm a so-and-so! Well, Bill, I gotta hand it to you for a fast worker!" He started for the door.

"W-wait, Chuck! I heard s-s-something last night——"

Chuck grunted.

"Kid, I got something to do besides listening to what the snipes said."

"But Chuck——"

The screen door slammed.

(Continued on Page 215)

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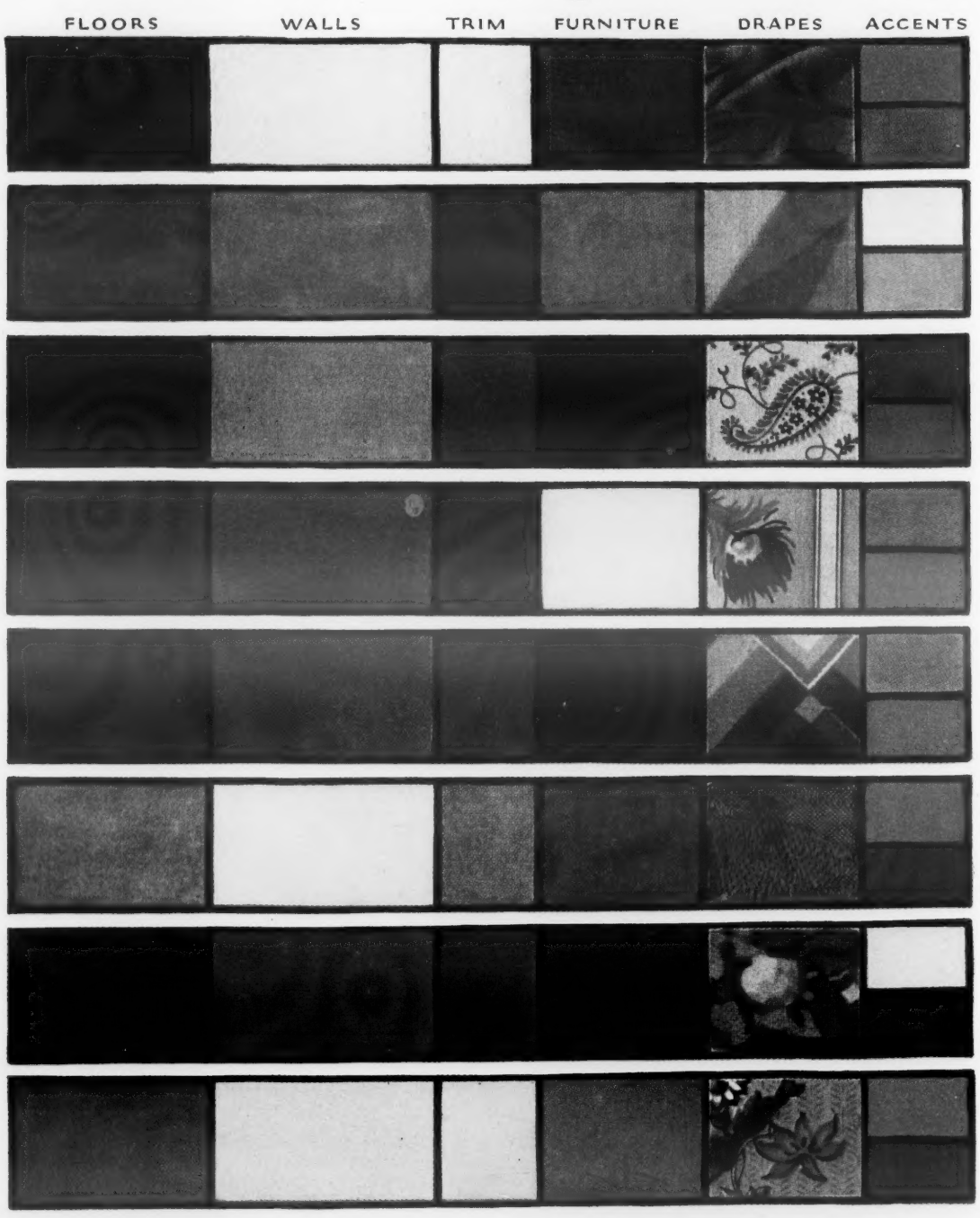

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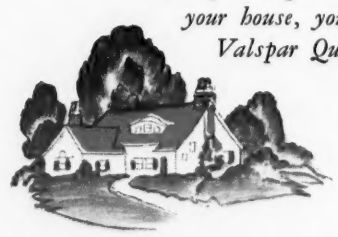

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(Continued from Page 212)

Maria came, fat, brown, ugly, but very sympathetic, and, bountifully laden with food for which William had no appetite. His brain was aching for sleep.

"Listen, Maria"—desperately he summoned his academic knowledge of Spanish—"*oigame*, Maria ——"

"*Si, si, pobrecito—coma los frijoles* ——"

"I'll eat the beans in a minute, Maria. Listen—*oigame*—I've got to tell someone—it's important! *Muy importante* ——"

"*Ah, pobrecito* ——"

When William regained consciousness the room was in darkness. He struggled to his feet, aching in every joint, and pushed the light switch, staring at his watch with unbelieving eyes. Eight o'clock! He had slept completely through the afternoon, and well into the evening.

He stepped out on the screened porch of the small frame building, and came to an undecided halt. Something was wrong; something that at first he could not place or name. The evening air was warm with that delicious balminess of the tropics. But although the lights were burning in the company office, a scant twenty yards away, in the mess hall to the rear, and in the overseer's house to the right, there was no human sound to break the stillness. No noisy or subdued laughter or the slap of cards, no phonograph going, or the click of a typewriter. That was what seemed wrong—the utter silence. It seemed like the silence of desolation.

WILLIAM covered the short space between the sleeping quarters and MacIntyre's house in a few seconds. He called, then pushed open the screen door and walked in. No one answered him. The house was empty.

Even then he had no realization of the situation. He thought of the river pick-up, which was usually an all-night job, so that the fruit could be gotten down to the wharves at Puerto Barrios at dawn. But it seemed unreasonable that all the men would have gone. Surely there would be someone in the office ——

Someone was in the office—Matt Dugan, the bookkeeper. But he lay on his face in a pool of blood amid a scattered mass of papers and reports—dead. He had been knifed from behind as he bent over his pay rolls. The door of the office safe had been blown open.

William stood and stared for the barest fraction of a second, sick with horror. Then he made a dash for the phone. Frantically he jiggled the hook up and down. But the heaviness of the silence was absolute. The line had been cut.

Left alone with a dead man and a rifled safe, William tried to focus his thoughts, to make up his mind what was the best and most logical thing to do.

He must get help—but from where? And to what purpose? He had no idea of where MacIntyre and the men had gone—whether or not they knew of Dugan's tragic death and were in pursuit of the robbers and murderers. It was with a curious feeling of unreality that he loosened the dead man's gun and cartridge belt and buckled it about his own waist. How many years it seemed since he had borrowed it to have his picture taken—a "tough" picture that would give the folks at home an idea of the wildness of the country into which he had come.

WILLIAM knew, even as he went plunging across the tracks, that there was scant hope of the motor car being in the small frame building. The doors swung open on an empty interior.

William's hand went down to his hip as he felt, rather than heard, a deep vibrant quiver along the steel lines—the hum of the rails beneath the flying wheels of a motor car.

Out of the darkness it plunged around a curve, toward the chalky white of the Mopan lights. Instinct rather than reason told him who would be guiding it.

"Bill!" came Patche Merriam's quick, strained voice. "What the hell's the big idea, standing silhouetted against the lights? Get aboard here—and lie down! I guess maybe you are a sap, after all!"

Without argument he flung himself flat beside her. She was swathed in an overly large black rubber coat. He guessed that she had flung it on over a light dress. For her slim legs were white, ending in white slippers. Something beside her clinked as he lay down. His hand struck two bags, round and hard.

"What the ——"

"Money," she said briefly. "I fooled 'em. Dad wouldn't believe that the phone call from Sonola was phony—I had the jack out of the safe in less than two minutes after he and the men left, and got the Cockroach up the track to see what would happen. They came swarming up from the river —— Never mind the details. What's doing at your place?"

"They got Matt Dugan," William told her grimly, "and everyone else is away. Don't ask me where."

SHE made a savage sound between her teeth. It sounded like a Spanish word that ladies are not supposed to know.

"We can't go back to Kali—the river banks are lousy with Zolangua's men. We can't stop here—they've probably gotten the safe open back there, and will be out for blood when they find the money gone. I don't know about the track to Sonola, but I imagine it'll be torn up."

William thought hard and fast. He tried to imagine what a hero in a tropical adventure novel would do.

"Where do you think your father is?" he asked her.

"Dead, probably," she answered shortly. He gave an exclamation of horror.

"Well, you don't think that Zolangua has planned an elaborate thing like this for fun, do you? He figured on the pay roll of the company to pay his men to start his revolution. Anyone who gets in between him and that plan ——"

Her voice suddenly broke. Lying face downward there on the little red car, William heard the awful agony of her smothered sobs. And a film of crimson rose up before his eyes.

"Stop it!" he commanded hoarsely. "You don't know that he's dead. Where's your nerve? Come on, give me that lever, and lie low as we go through the lights! We'll ditch the car up the road where they took me into the bush for the snipe hunt. If we can make the river we can follow the bank as far as Sonola. At least by that time we'll know what's happened. Are you game?"

A subdued sniffle answered him.

"Well, why don't you get going?" she demanded querulously.

IT WOULD have been romantic in a novel, that wild dash through the night along unseen tracks that might part at any instant and send the small car flying into eternity with its human cargo. But there was no romance in the reality. William's eyes were screwed into superhuman points of alertness; he must not miss the white wooden marker by the curve that indicated the beginning of the trail.

A shout suddenly sounded seemingly beneath the very wheels. Half a dozen shadowy shapes rose up in the darkness, and a flashing battery of lights sprayed them as they rushed past. The sharp pop of a bullet followed them—the whine of another zipping past their heads—the crash of a third that buried itself in the framework of the car.

"Here we are!" shouted William. "Roll off and let the car go on!"

It was a wild, reckless, harebrained thing to do. One chance in a thousand for coming out unscathed—but they did not hesitate. Patche thrust one of the bags into William's hands, the other she hugged in her arms. As one body they went rolling off the *cucaracha*, spinning and scraping down into the tule ditch. The little car went flying on into the blackness.

"All right?" whispered William with what breath was left him.

"O. K.," came the shaky answer.

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Footsteps went plunging past them—excited voices in Spanish; silhouettes of guns—rushed on in the wake of the riderless car.

Somewhere, far up the tracks, they heard more shots, and then the grinding crash of a car. The *cucaracha* had spilled finally; the bandits would be occupied for a few minutes in hunting for the riders.

A jungle trail at night—narrow, unfamiliar, treacherous, matted underfoot with roots that reached out to trip groping feet—thorny branches that swung viciously at unprotected faces—stealthy rustling noises that froze the blood and stilled the breath; but it led straight ahead down to the river bank. William remembered so much with gratitude.

An open piece of sky appeared before them, grayish by comparison with the intense blackness of the jungle.

They stood silent and tense, listening. At first William could only hear the metallic clanking of the frogs, and the somber, thrilling notes of the *cigarras'* chant. Then suddenly his ear caught an undercurrent of human voices somewhere along the bank to their right. A wabbly, helpless feeling—like the weakness that follows fever—took possession of him.

A VOICE rose abruptly out of the distant murmur, a sharp, Anglo-Saxon voice, speaking English:

"I said no, and I mean no! You can't get away with stuff like this, Zolangua ——"

Patche gave a smothered gasp.

"That's dad! Zolangua's got him!" She made an instinctive movement forward. But William's hand reached out and caught her.

"Going to walk right in on 'em?" His lips were close to her ear.

"No," she muttered sullenly, but she did not pull away.

Cautiously, feeling every step before they took it, they edged their way down to the river bank, keeping in the thick fringe of shadow. The voices were nearer—coming from a group of palm-thatched native houses. A glimmer of light showed between the mud-filled cracks. Drawn up against the rude wharf that served as a banana pick-up station were half a dozen native dugout canoes. Dimly William made out the outlines of the carrier, the canvas-and-steel machine that fed the heavy green stems into the barges. But the thing that focused his attention and sent a wild idea spinning up into his brain was the smell of gasoline.

He dropped to his knees and motioned Patche to remain where she was. Then stealthily he crawled forward, until his groping hands encountered the square tins of the fluid. Two of them were soldered tightly. But the third had been opened. The screw cap turned easily.

HE COULD hardly have put his plan into words, even as he lifted the tin, eased it cautiously from the platform, and proceeded to pour its volatile contents over the black canoes. A diversion if need be—that was his half-formed thought. He felt to see if he had matches. The voices above suddenly became loud. A fist was banged on a table. And a Latin voice cried in English.

"Very well, Meester May-reem, if that is your wor-rd, then hear mine, the wor-rd of Miguel Zolangua! You cannot stop the revolution—that is assured!"

"Not without money," came a man's dry voice.

"We will have money, Meester May-reem. The farms of Kali and Mopan are fur-rnishing eet for our cause!"

William realized that Patche was not beside him. She had pulled herself up over the embankment and was squirming like a snake, flat on her stomach, toward the large central house from which the voices came. He dared not risk even a low whistle. He could only fling himself down and follow her.

It was like a scene in a movie; a bare, dirt-floored native shack illumined by one smoky lantern—the group of red-faced, savage-eyed white men, their hands bound behind them, glaring at the dapper, oily-looking native who stood smiling down at them; their guns and cartridge belts bunched on the floor behind him; and round the walls a ring of shabby, stupid-eyed Indians, formidable only by reason of a tremendous display of artillery.

David Merriam and the man who William knew must be Zolangua were facing him. The former's face was running with sweat. He was talking against time, William guessed, praying desperately for a miracle to happen. There were six other white men. Those from Kali farm William knew only by sight. But directly in front of him loomed MacIntyre's straining bulk, the huge red hands working futilely at the thongs which bound them.

NEXT to him was Chuck Andrews' lean, more relaxed figure. His hands, too, were behind him. But William's heart leaped wildly as he saw that the leather thongs were hanging loosely around the wrists. Chuck had managed to free himself, and was waiting.

Merriam spoke again in English—a ruse to keep the conversation in a language that the Indians could not understand.

"It's all very well for you to get us into your power like this by a trick, Zolangua, but your intelligence will tell you that you've nothing to gain by it in the end. Some of the men at Sonola will try to call Kali or Mopan. When they find the wires are down they are going to investigate!"

Zolangua smiled, a suave, crooked smile.

"They will not come far-r, Meester May-reem—the tracks onfortoo-nately—*no estan.*"

"Well, even so, they'll fix them. Or they'll come down the river in a launch."

Zolangua nodded, still smiling.

"Per-r-heps—yes, Meester May-reem. But that will take time. And before they come, my men will have brought the monee from Mopan an' Kali ——"

Buster MacIntyre stirred. His voice was hoarse with hate.

"Not from Mopan, bozo; I sent the money in the safe away this afternoon!" Zolangua's black eyes glittered.

"SO?" HE said softly. "Then you will pay do-blay for it, Meester Maceentir-re! You must know, señores, that Zolangua theenk of everytheeng! I do not plan a revolution without gr-reat thought—no! That is the fool's way. But not Miguel Carlos Torres Zolangua ——" He pounded himself on his chest and launched into a blatant description of his intelligence. "I only await the coming of the car-r from Kali with the mon-ee from the safe ——"

David Merriam made a sound in his throat. William knew he was thinking of Patche back there, alone perhaps in the power of the Honduras desperadoes.

"Or if my men come not in a ver-ree few minutes, I shall be forced to—geeve my men a leetle seegnal!" Again his hands made an expressive gesture—brief—brutal in its import.

William was aware of Patche moving beside him. There was a round bulk under each arm.

"Patche!" He tried to reach her, but she evaded him like a wraith. He felt his blood go icy cold in his veins as he realized her intention. She was going in there with the money! The money she thought would save her father's life. Didn't she know—she who had lived among the natives all her life—that it was too late now for that?

But she bent toward him warily.

"Be ready, Bill—lots of whoopee! Make 'em think the Marines have landed!"

His voice stuck in his throat. He saw her walk calmly, coolly, up to the guarded doorway. Her voice rang out with the clarity of a bell.

"*Buenas noches, Señor Zolangua. Traigo aqui el dinero.*"

In the instant that he lingered, paralyzed, at the crack, he knew that her

(Continued on Page 218)

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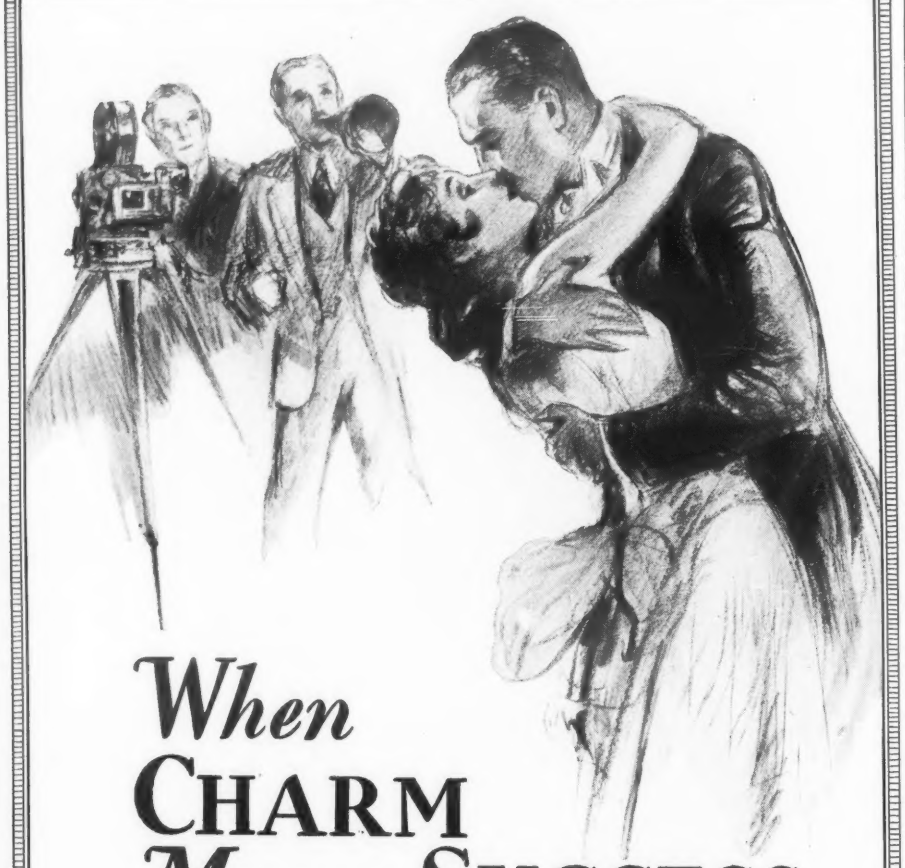

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(Continued from Page 216)

instinct had been truer than his. Surprise—why it was more dumfounding than the war whoops of a dozen armies.

The Indian bandits stood with their guns half raised, bewildered, having no idea as to what they ought to do. Zolangua's face was not much more intelligent. Only Chuck Andrews was busy. William had a glimpse of the thongs falling away from Buster MacIntyre's hands—and then he raced for the river.

WHOOPEE? Plenty of it! He lighted a match and flung it down into one of the gasoline-soaked *cayucos*. The thin blue flame hesitated for an instant. Then it blazed up with a spitting roar. William flung a cartridge straight down into the blazing turmoil. A split second later it exploded with a startling bang! And, like ants from a disturbed hill, the bandits came pouring out of the shack.

"Whoopee! Get 'em dead or alive!" William let out his voice in a hoarse shout.

"Bang! Bang!" His gun spat fire. It was echoed by a roar of artillery from the house.

"Whoopee! Knock 'em for a goal!" He was running now toward the door of the house through which flame and smoke was spitting. His one thought was Patche. He had to get her out of there! A heavily loaded bandit collided with him.

For the first time in his life William heard the impact of a gun butt on a human skull. He scarcely knew that he had hit the man. He only shook himself free of the inert body and took steady aim at another of the flying figures.

Someone leaped lithely out of the lighted doorway, a gun in either hand. It was Zolangua. He was taking aim ——

William's own gun cracked fire.

"That's for Matt Dugan!" he heard himself shouting.

The bandit "general" whirled about in a half circle; his face was blank, stupid with surprise, his arms went up limply. Then he slumped down, almost at William's feet.

Chuck Andrews came plunging out of the doorway, wreathed in smoke.

William brushed past him into the biting, smoke-filled interior. "Patche!" he cried.

"Here y'are, Bill! Give a hand with a machete and slit this guy's ropes!"

She had freed her father's hands and was loosening one of the other men.

A fusillade of shots suddenly split the darkness outside. The liberated men made a dash for the pile of guns. But the figures that appeared out of the night were small brown natives in the blue uniform of the Guatemaltecan Army.

"*Señores!*" they thundered valiantly, "*donde estan los banditos?*"

"My gosh!" breathed Patche. "Those were the birds who were chasing us! To think we had the whole damn army behind us, and didn't know it!"

Ten minutes later, when the smoke of battle had cleared, William felt himself poked roughly in the back. He turned belligerently—to confront Buster MacIntyre's outstretched hand.

"Kid," he said gruffly, "you're there. Forget that stuff I peddled about firing you. I don't know why Old Man Kincaid sent you down here, but ——"

"Oh," stammered William, suddenly very red-faced and shy once more, "h-h-he's m-my uncle. And he w-wanted me to learn the b-b-business from the g-ground up ——"

Patche burst into an unladylike imitation of a sheep.

"Ba-a-a! I guess that'll hold you, fathead! I told you he had guts ——"

"Mary!" said her father weakly.

"Well, hasn't he, dad, hasn't he? Couldn't he have told 'em at the beginning that he was Old Man Kincaid's nephew? But he didn't say a word and took his medicine like a he-man? Come here, Bill, I'm going to kiss you!"

And she did, before all of them.

Buster MacIntyre blinked hard. His face was a study.

"WELL, outside of that," he said finally, "how come those soldiers got here? Who told 'em about this mess?"

William commenced to stutter.

"Cut that out," commanded Patche.

William started again, this time slowly.

"Maria told them, I guess. She was the only one I could get to listen to me."

"Dad," Patche spoke up suddenly, "I'm going to marry Bill as soon as he asks me."

Her father threw up his hands. "If he has a lick of sense he won't!"

William had to make two starts before he could speak. But when he did, there was a complete assurance in his voice.

"I haven't, Mr. Merriam; not a lick!" And he gathered Patche in his arms.

Chuck Andrews' voice rose in a whoop.

"Who's all right?"

"Banana Bill!" came the instant roar of response. And no one could take offense at the nickname now, least of all William, who stood grinning foolishly and happily—beaming down at Patche from his one unclouded eye.

Helpful Ladies' Home Journal Books

Order the following from the Service Bureau, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.:

ANNUAL GARDENING. Price, 5 cents.

PERENNIAL GARDENING. Price, 5 cents.

ROCK GARDENS AND ROCK GARDENING. Price, 5 cents.

PLANNING YOUR GROUNDS. Price, 5 cents.

GARDEN FERTILIZERS. Price, 5 cents.

JOURNAL HOUSES (completely revised). Price, 25 cents.

NEW GARDEN HOMES (containing working details). Designed by Ernest Flagg. Price, 25 cents.

WHAT IS AN EFFICIENT KITCHEN? (With complete list of equipment.) Price, 5 cents.

HOW TO BUILD THE FIREPLACE. Price, 5 cents.

HOW TO BUY YOUR HOME. Price, 15 cents.

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW WHEN BUILDING A LITTLE HOUSE. Price, 10 cents.

JOURNAL PARTIES. Our new booklet of good times. Price, 20 cents.

PRENATAL LETTERS. ***By Dr. S. Josephine Baker.*** **A series of nine letters to expectant mothers, with timely advice as to health, clothing and necessary preparations. Letters will be mailed monthly. State when the baby is expected. Price for series, 25 cents.**

MILK FORMULÆ FOR FEEDING INFANTS AND DIETS FOR CHILDREN. Prepared by Dr. S. Josephine Baker. These leaflets contain suggestions for the feeding of children from one week to six years of age. Price, 10 cents.

THE BRIDE'S BOOKLET. Complete information for the wedding. Price, 5 cents.

Paris Patterns may be obtained from stores selling Les Authentiques Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City. All patterns 65 cents each.

You must order the following booklets directly from the Home Pattern Company, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City:

THE NEW FASHION BOOK. A fashion magazine containing all the latest American and French designs. Price, 25 cents.

SIMPLIFIED SMOCKING. Teaches the one-process method of smocking, and shows forty designs, with many delightful suggestions for their application. Price, 25 cents.

MASQUERADE COSTUMES. A twenty-four-page booklet of novel designs for party, play or pageant. Price, 15 cents.

Ladies' Home Journal Patterns may be obtained from stores, or by mail, postage prepaid, from the Home Pattern Company, 251 Fifth Avenue, New York City, at the following prices (refund if excess is sent):

	CENTS
Dresses	35, 45
Topcoats	45
Jackets	40
Blouses and Skirts	30, 35
Juniors' Patterns (12 to 14 Years)	35
Children's Sets	35
Children's Clothes	25, 30
Lingerie	30
Transfers	25, up

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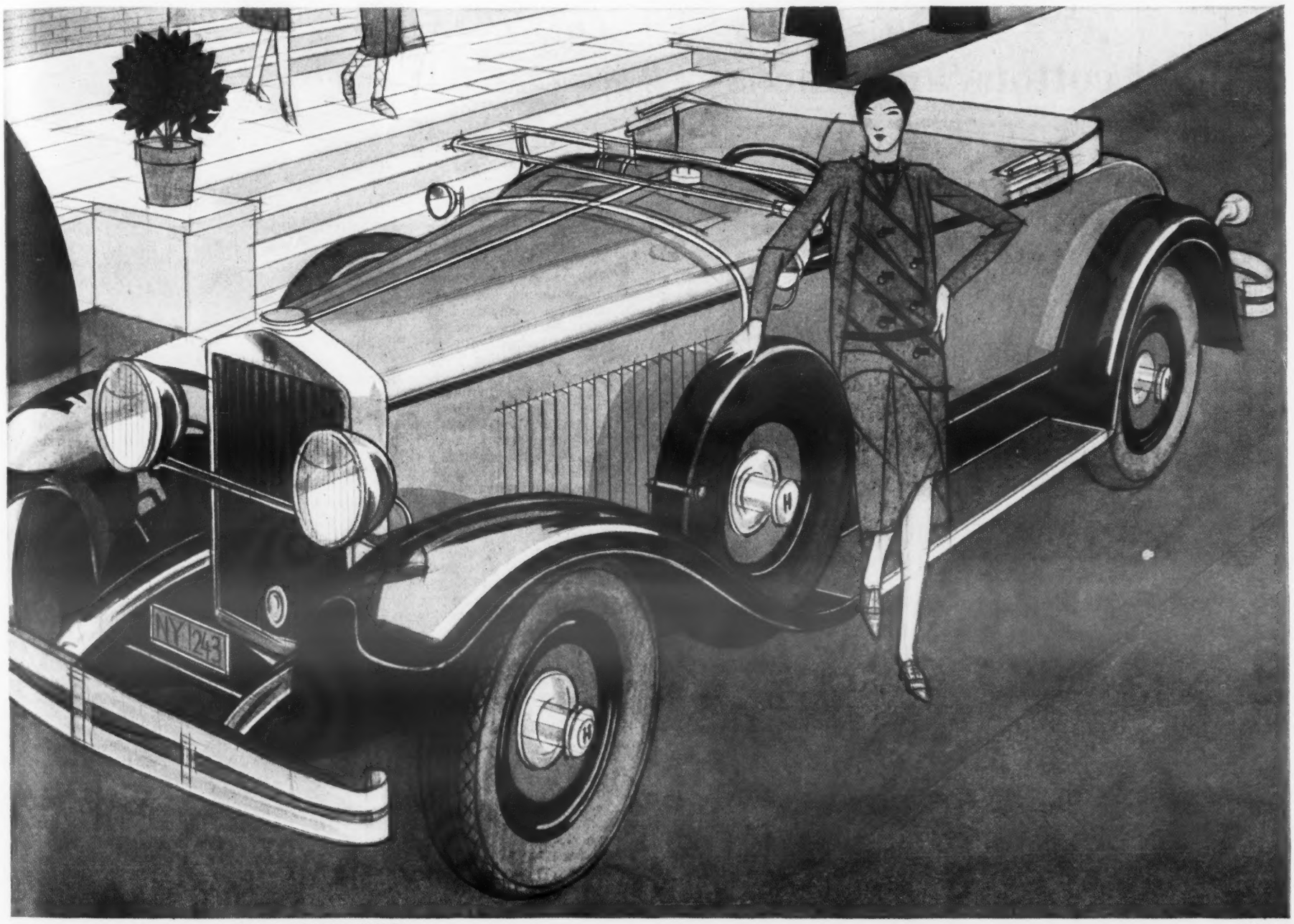
SPORTS ENSEMBLE BY RÉGNY . . . . CAR BY HUPMOBILE



DRAWN FOR HUPMOBILE BY BERNARD BOUTET DE MONVEL

17 L.H.J.

Success is always interesting. And when a long-established business, after 20 years of steady and notable progress, suddenly bounds ahead to an increase of 60% over the previous year, the facts are worth telling and worth reading. To the motor-posted male mind, there never has been any question about HUPMOBILE mechanical quality. For 20 years men have used the word "HUPMOBILE" as a synonym for never-failing motor car integrity. But with the advent of the New Century cars, HUPMOBILE acquired a new recognition. A nation-wide acceptance as the mentor of the motor car mode. Surpassing the richest HUPMOBILE traditions for mechanical excellence, the New Century cars · · · both the Six and the Eight · · · expressed a new and finer art in motor car smartness and beauty. So, today, in the typical American family, he and she are agreed. His car of matchless deed is her car of unrivaled dash. For the HUPMOBILE has been made to look as good as it is! The CENTURY SIX . . . $1345 to $1645. The CENTURY EIGHT . . . $1825 to $2625. Standard and custom. All prices f. o. b. factory. Equipment, other than Standard, extra.

THE NEW CENTURY SIX & EIGHT HUPMOBILE

Smart dressmakers turn these cool cottons and linens into chic frocks for summer afternoons

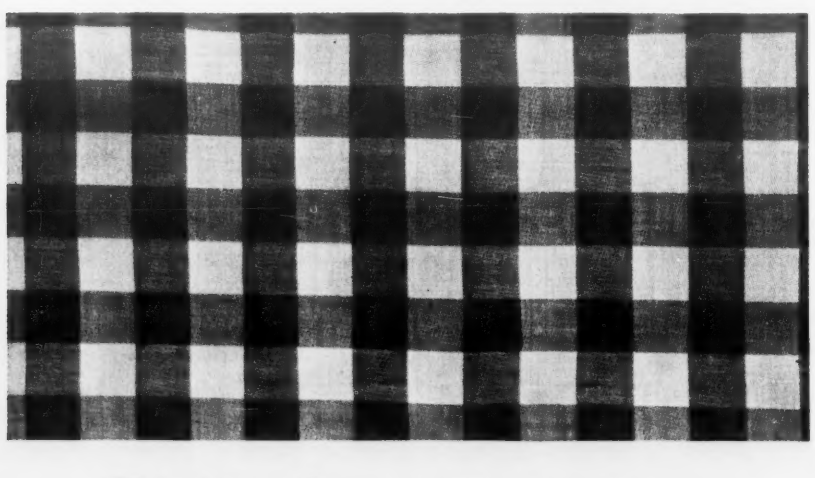
To BE absolutely chic, a frock must, above all things, be fresh looking. The most fashionable ensemble loses its style the moment its life and color leave it. . . . This year many summer frocks of our smartest women will be made of Everfast cottons and linens. These materials are cool and comfortable, and their freshness will never fade.

If one ever believed cottons and linens could not be truly smart materials, she need only see the Everfast Fabrics for spring to realize her mistake. There are Printed Piques, Printed Linens, Handkerchief Linens, Gabardines, and Eponges, Gingham Checks, etc., all of these smartest textures. There are gay, sprightly prints in floral, geometric and novelty designs, and the plain, clear colors that are always smart.

Being fashionable with Everfast is so comfortable! The colors of the materials will not fade under any circumstances. Every yard is guaranteed by the Everfast nationally known money-back guarantee — if any color fades we will refund not only the cost of the material, but all making-up costs as well.

Every genuine Everfast Fabric has the name "Everfast" on the selvage. Leading stores sell these fabrics. Some stores also carry ready-made frocks for women and children of Everfast. We are glad to furnish names of Everfast dealers. N. Erlanger, Blumgart & Co., Inc., 354 Fourth Ave., New York.

The new, checked Everfast Gingham makes this very correct and very comfortable suit for summer wear. The skirt has two pleats at the side in front. The jacket is hip-length with scarf collar. The sleeveless blouse is of white Everfast Linen. Below, a nearer view of the smart check.



THE GENUINE
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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Women in Business

MANY BANKS LOOK TO MRS. VERA STEPHENS FOR ARRESTING AND ATTRACTIVE WINDOW DISPLAYS

THREE years ago a certain farmer in Earleville, Maryland, seemed to be suffering from an acute appetite for watermelons. The melons on his own farm apparently didn't satisfy him, for he was continually sending over to a neighboring farm to purchase others.

The owners of the farm, Miss Margaret England and Miss Ruby Pannal, wondered. They continued to wonder until the following year. Then one day their neighbor appeared in triumph, with an enormous watermelon under his arm.

"I grew it myself," he boasted. A few pertinent questions solved the mystery. The melons he had bought from the two young women were not for eating purposes. He had been ashamed to admit that "lady farmers" could grow better melons than he could and so he wouldn't ask for seeds, but bought the melons and raised a crop of his own!

That incident is typical of the attitude which greeted the debut of Miss England and Miss Pannal as farmers. The two young women came to Earleville straight from the School of Horticulture for Women at Ambler, Pennsylvania. Miss England was a society girl. Miss Pannal had been a nurse, serving during the war with Base Hospital No. 45 in France and returning with shattered nerves and broken health. She turned to landscape gardening as a relief, and at Ambler met Miss England. Both girls loved farming and wanted to experiment, so they pooled their resources and moved to Earleville.

On their 125-acre farm, with its lovely old manor house dating back to 1700, they set about raising apples and watermelons and breeding Jersey cattle. Almost all of the work about the farm they had to do themselves, since hired men showed an unwillingness to work for lady farmers and carry out their new-fangled methods. They wanted to argue instead of work.

But today folks along the Eastern Shore have changed their opinion. For the two "lady farmers" had not been at work a year before their milk had won the prize for Eastern Maryland, and their Jerseys were finding a ready sale. Today the farm is flourishing in every way. The two young owners are raising Irish wolfhounds on the side. The dogs, very rare in this country and worth $1000 apiece, are exceedingly difficult to raise; but, as in the case of their farming efforts, Miss Pannal and Miss England are refuting all predictions by meeting with success.

Reformatory Warden

MRS. GEORGE A. WATERS, of Granite, Oklahoma, occupies a position that is probably unique for a woman. She is warden of a state penal institution.

In a way, Mrs. Waters "inherited" the position—that is, on the death of her husband, who for five years had served as warden of the State Reformatory at Granite, the office was tendered to his widow. Every employe of the institution had signed a petition asking for her appointment, and the temptation was strong for her to accept. During her husband's lifetime Mrs. Waters had had charge of the reformatory library and had become familiar with every phase of the work. The position of warden appealed to her strongly. But her two sons, aged eighteen and nineteen respectively, were just ready to enter college, and she felt that her first duty lay with them. And so she refused the appointment and moved to Norman, where the state university is located.

But the reformatory did not forget her. In January, 1928, the position of warden was offered her again, and this time Mrs. Waters accepted. With the youngest of her three children, Clara Mae, she moved back to Granite and took up her residence in the institution with very definite ideas on the subject of penal administration.

The "lady warden" is well equipped for her job. Before her marriage to Doctor Waters she had taught school, and after her marriage she had the training and supervision of eight children to oversee—five of her husband's by a former marriage and three of her own. The two chief secrets of reformatory success, she believes, are strict discipline and a respect for the dignity of labor.

In addition to her activities as warden Mrs. Waters is keenly interested in politics and is state vice chairman of the Democratic Central Committee.

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MRS. ELLA D. GREEN MANUFACTURES SAFETY BELTS AND HOOKS FOR WINDOW CLEANERS

Financial-Window Trimmer

INDIRECTLY, it was an interrupted college course that started Mrs. Vera Stephens, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, on the road to success. Today she holds a position believed to be unique in the business world—that of the country's only free-lance financial window-display worker.

Mrs. Stephens—at that time Vera Altemeir—had taken a stenographic position in a Minneapolis bank in order to earn enough money to resume her college studies. One day she was given a chance to "trim" the big bank window. She arranged a display so original and so attention-arresting that she was asked to

do the window trimming regularly, and from that time on display arranging became her work.

A few years' experience with the bank was enough to convince her that she could go into business for herself. Accordingly, she hired an office, and with the bank for which she had once been a stenographer as her first customer, started free lancing. In time another bank, a trust company, a security company and an investment concern were added to her list, and today her work has increased to such an extent that she has been forced to take her sister into the business as assistant.

Mrs. Stephens not only does the planning of her displays, but the actual work of arrangement as well. Frequently she has to work out the construction and wiring of a window, in addition to the actual trimming. And when her day's work is done, she goes home and begins all over on a whole new set of displays for the tiny, red-haired baby who is her son!

MRS. GEORGE A. WATERS, WARDEN OF A REFORMATORY AT GRANITE, OKLAHOMA

She Owns the Town

GARBER, Missouri, is quite literally a woman's town. It is owned by a woman, it has a woman mayor, a woman station agent and a woman postmistress—and all four are one and the same woman, Mrs. Sarah B. Clodfelter.

When Mrs. Clodfelter was a child she often accompanied her circuit-riding father on his rounds through the Missouri hill country. It was then that she saw the possibilities that lay in the tiny rural villages through which they passed, and it was then that she stored away the idea that took definite form years later with the purchase of one of these little towns, approximately forty-five miles from Springfield in the southwestern part of the state.

No through road passed through Garber when Mrs. Clodfelter bought it, and in flood time the roaring waters of Roark Creek shut the village off completely from the outside world. There was no religious organization, no hotel, no chamber of commerce, and the residents knew no comforts, such as telephones and electric light.

But with Mrs. Clodfelter's coming all this was changed. A business woman had taken charge, and Garber found itself being run on a business basis. A hotel was one of Mrs. Clodfelter's first steps toward progress—an easy one for the new mayor-owner, since she had operated hotels in Springfield and other Southern Missouri towns—and the establishment of a general merchandise store followed. Next a Sunday school was organized, with a membership that today has passed the hundred mark, and a nondenominational church is now in process of construction. A telephone system and an electric light plant, a swimming pool and a county chamber of commerce were further improvements inaugurated by this combination business woman and evangelist of community endeavor. And last year saw the greatest improvement of all—the building of a school by voluntary donations and labor with everyone assisting to the best of his or her ability.

Although the population of Garber is only slightly more than fifty, the chamber of commerce organized by Mrs. Clodfelter has a membership of 150, and serves as a cooperative-marketing body as well as a good-roads booster group. And although many of its members have to travel from five to fifteen miles, there is always a seventy-five per cent attendance at the meetings.

Even the children are included by Mrs. Clodfelter in her plan for civic unity, and twelve-year-old Bob Thompson, chairman of the mayor's fish-and-game committee—a most painstaking conserver of wild life—is only one of those who have been trained to feel a distinct and personal responsibility toward the town in which they live.

She Makes Window Cleaning Safe

A MUCH-BEWILDERED woman sat at her husband's desk in a New York office six years ago, trying to familiarize herself with his affairs. His death had left her with no other resources but a business at low ebb because of postwar conditions, and what she knew about manufacturing safety belts and hooks for window cleaners was no more than any other housewife. To step in as the head of such a concern, without previous business experience, seemed to her an impossible task. But a casual remark which her husband had made some years before gave her courage. "You could run my business," he told her. And Mrs. Ella D. Green determined to justify this belief in her latent ability. So she sent out an announcement to his customers that she was carrying on, and turned her attention from frilly curtains for an uptown apartment to matter-of-fact hardware for the windows of downtown skyscrapers.

If you ask Mrs. Green how she managed in those first difficult months, she replies laughingly with the one word, "Bluff." But those who worked with her called it Grit, and as she gained more knowledge of business procedure, architects and builders who had treated her with friendliness as her genial husband's successor, began to accept her on her own ability. What surprised many of them was her demand for written contracts. In the old days verbal agreements had frequently sufficed, but Mrs. Green was not willing to trade on her husband's good fellowship. If she was to put her business on a solid foundation, all her orders must go down in black and white. Competitors, too, who had taken lightly this feminine invasion of their field, soon discovered that here was someone to be reckoned with. She knew how to present her product as well as any man.

Though she is the only member of her sex manufacturing such a device for window cleaners, Mrs. Green has not stressed this fact in conducting her business. Once a prospective customer telephoned in and asked for the president. "You're talking to her," he was told. "I don't do business with a woman. Let me talk to a man." Mrs. Green didn't start an argument on feminine rights—she turned him over to her manager. What she wanted was not glory, but more contracts.

And she got them. At the end of two years Mrs. Green not only had her business back on a prewar basis, but could point to a 50 per cent increase on her books. The following year this percentage was doubled and her corporation now has agents from New York to California and is represented in Canada and Japan.

We Stand Corrected

IN THE December JOURNAL the statement was made on this page that Mrs. Emma Guy Cromwell, state treasurer of Kentucky, was "the only woman in the country occupying such an office today." We wish to correct this statement by taking this occasion to offer our congratulations to Mrs. Grace Banta Urbahns, who has the distinction of serving the state of Indiana in the same capacity. Mrs. Urbahns was appointed state treasurer of Indiana to succeed her husband in 1925, was elected to the office in 1925 and re-elected in 1928.

Gone

is all the drudgery and mystery of learning to play a piano . . . . . .

So simple and effective are the new methods of teaching that Public Schools are successfully giving Class Instruction to Children . . . .

THE piano has taken a new and important place in modern education. For years educators have agreed that if piano study could be made simple and interesting it would become one of the real important subjects in training the minds of the children of this country. And why not? Is not music the greatest spiritual influence that a child can have?

Piano Study Simplified

The simplification of piano study has been accomplished. Modern methods of teaching make learning to play the piano so natural, so effective and so interesting, that over 400 cities and towns in this country have added piano study to their curriculum.

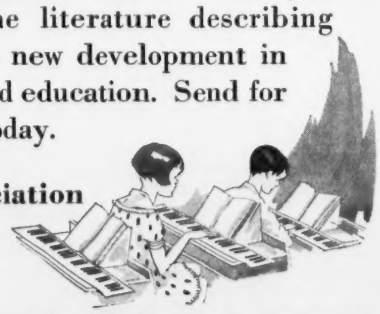
This new educational movement is gaining ground daily. City after city is offering piano study as an optional course in its public schools. Think of the significance of these happenings. In not a great while every child in America will be able to learn the rudiments of piano playing at school—and at public expense.

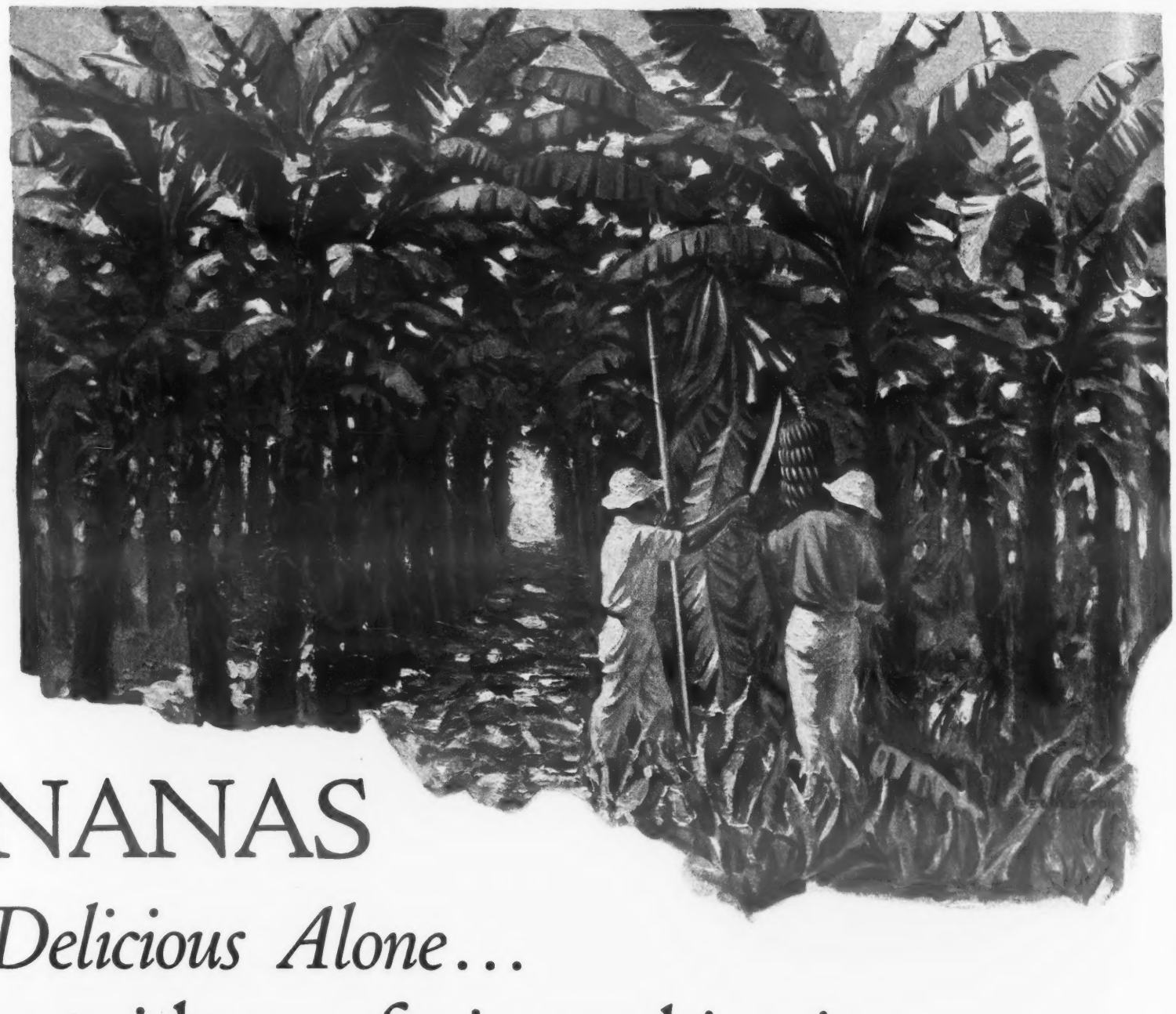
Chicago Schools Adopt Class Piano Instruction

So successful is this plan of teaching children to play the piano, that the city of Chicago recently put piano study at the option of its public school children. To know and love music and how to make it, is indeed a contribution to public welfare.

You will naturally be interested in the spread of this work. It means additional advantages to your own children. Let us send you some literature describing this new development in child education. Send for it today.

National Piano Manufacturers Association
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.





Scene in a Costa Rican plantation. The fruit is cut when at the proper degree of fullness, laden into cars, and hurried to a waiting ship—which is really a floating cold-air plant. A few days later the bananas are unloaded at one of our seaports, inspected and carefully ripened, so they reach your table firm, delicious, ready to eat.

BANANAS

Delicious Alone...

or with any fruit combination

The banana is fully ripe when flecked with brown

NO matter what the season—chilly December or torrid July—you can always secure ripe, luscious bananas. And what a useful, tempting fruit for mother to keep on hand at all times!

With bananas in the house, there is never any need to worry about desserts, salads, or healthful between-meals bites for the children.

The delicious, distinctive flavor of ripe bananas never grows tiresome, and this fruit lends itself to a variety of recipes.

Eaten just as they come from the skins, or sliced with milk, cream, or cereals . . . bananas are always tasty, wholesome, and nourishing. When added to other fruits, they seem to be the one ingredient that perfects the combination. In fruit cups, fruit salads and fruit gelatins, bananas always bring out the flavor of the other fruits and make them taste better.

Nature made them taste so good because they're so healthful . . . . . In every home where there are children, bananas should be served as regularly as milk and green vegetables.

Doctors and nutrition experts have tested bananas exhaustively and have found them to be one of the most valuable energy-producing foods. They also contain the essential vitamins and mineral salts.

But like any other fruit, bananas should be eaten only when *perfectly ripe.* When the skins are generously flecked with brown spots, bananas literally melt in the mouth and are thoroughly digestible.

If the bananas are not fully ripe when you buy them, let them ripen at room temperature. Never place bananas in the ice box, for the cold retards the ripening process.

UNIFRUIT BANANAS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A United Fruit Company Product

Imported and Distributed by Fruit Dispatch Company
17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y.

BANANAS MAKE EVERY FRUIT AND EVERY CEREAL BETTER

Young Mrs. Greeley

(Continued from Page 29)

just told you that Mr. and Mrs. Cooper are the kindest-hearted people in the world. They're immensely happy and congenial in their life together, as anyone who comes into the house can see immediately; but they spare a great deal of time from their own happiness and put themselves to no end of trouble to do kind things for other people. They'd both be terribly distressed to think you'd been having a wretched evening, and I'm sure you won't let them see it."

"It's nobody's business what kind of an evening I'm having," Stella said in a fierce, low voice. "It certainly isn't yours!" Then suddenly, and to her own horror, she sniffled. With trembling fingers she began to fumble at her dress.

Seeing her need, Crystal slipped a handkerchief into her hand. "Turn away just a little," she whispered. "Nobody'll notice." And, as Stella obeyed, she went on: "Just let me talk to you for a little while, Mrs. Greeley; you'll be all right. There's something I've very much wanted to say to you ever since we knew that your husband was going to be the new factory manager. Do you mind if I go on?"

"I don't care what you do," Stella said moistly through the handkerchief which she now held applied to her nose. Sitting sidewise in her chair, so that her back was as much as possible toward the group of three at the other end of the room, she bent her head over the coffee cup upon her side of the little table. "I don't care what any of you say."

"AND yet I might be able to say something that might make a little difference, Mrs. Greeley. At the reception after the inauguration banquet in honor of your husband, I naturally understood from your manner that you had a prejudice against me, and that was just what I'd been fearing. I'd been anxious to meet you and have a little talk with you before then in order to forestall that very prejudice; but the opportunity hadn't offered. You see, Mrs. Greeley, I knew beforehand that in all probability you were going to form a very unfavorable opinion of me."

"Did you? I don't care."

CRYSTAL leaned a little nearer her. "Mrs. Greeley, I'm afraid you must let me make the matter clear to you. Your husband's present position was formerly held by Mr. Thomas, and before him by Mr. Peale. When Mr. Peale had to resign, Mrs. Peale was very bitter against me; and afterward, when Mr. Thomas in turn had to resign, Mrs. Thomas was just as furious with me as Mrs. Peale had been. Both women did a lot of angry talking, and of course I knew that a great many of the upper people in the N. K. U. were familiar with their complaints against me. An institution like the N. K. U. has a social structure almost exactly like that of general human society itself; when anything happens at the very top only the people at the top, and nearest the top, know exactly the truth of what has happened and, as accounts of it are passed down from mouth to mouth, the story is the more garbled the lower it goes, and at the same time all the more eagerly do the lower circles of people relish and enlarge the garblings that are passed down the line.

"Mrs. Peale and then Mrs. Thomas blamed me for their husbands' being dropped; and that was because they thought I had influenced Mr. Cooper. They knew of my intimacy here—an intimacy that began in my girlhood, Mrs. Greeley, and before I went into the N. K. U.—and they knew, too, that Mr. Cooper had gradually come to depend upon me more and more." She laughed deprecatingly. "I suppose I'm a sort of watchdog for him, Mrs. Greeley. I'm there eight hours a day to his two or three, and I have something of his own passion for the efficiency of the place, and he knows it. Mrs. Peale and Mrs. Thomas thought I set him against their husbands, and Mr. Thomas and Mr. Peale thought the same thing their wives did; they naturally did not care to face the actual fact that they weren't large enough men for the job—that the true cause of their going was their own failure. We're all like that more or less, of course; it's natural for us to let ourselves down as easily as we can, and I've never felt any rancor against the Thomases and Peales for letting themselves down at my expense. I didn't set Mr. Cooper against either of those men, though, Mrs. Greeley; it was their own mistakes that determined him. But it is true that he consulted me and that together we very reluctantly had to face the fact of those mistakes. What's more he consulted me about the appointment of your husband, and I was able to point out to him that Mr. Greeley would never make such mistakes." She laughed again placatively. "I may be Mr. Cooper's watchdog, but I'm not there to bite your husband; I'm not a spy upon him, Mrs. Greeley: I'm an enthusiast for him."

"I don't care what you are."

Crystal ventured to touch with light fingers, and but for an instant, her companion's cold hand now resting upon the little table and clutching the wet handkerchief. "Mrs. Greeley, I'm afraid I must try to make you care! I knew that in some form or other the story of Mrs. Thomas' and Mrs. Peale's bitterness would be likely to reach you, and that it would represent me as an intriguing, dangerous and power-seeking woman whose principal business was to be an enemy to the factory manager and to set the president of the N. K. U. against him. When you snubbed me at the reception, of course I saw that this misrepresentation had indeed reached you and that already you were prepared to treat me as your husband's potential enemy; and yet, if you had known it, I'd been doing quite a little that very day in the hope of showing you how much I wanted to be his friend and yours, Mrs. Greeley."

STELLA'S LOWERED GLANCE REMAINED UPON THE CORNER OF THE FLOOR. "HOW DO I KNOW? I DON'T KNOW WHAT AURELIA MEANT BY—BY ANYTHING"

STELLA'S face had been lowered and averted; but at this she turned her head and from eyes still wetly glistening looked sheerest incredulity. "What are you trying to put over on me now?"

Crystal shook her head ruefully. "Mr. Cooper wanted to have only men at the speakers' table at the banquet. I convinced him that he should have you there, and at his right. It was a compliment Mr. Greeley would like, I thought, and I believed it might please you. Also, I showed Mr. Cooper it was in line with his policy of being interested in the domestic life of his people, and an honor to you might encourage other wives to feel that their services to their husbands had some recognition; in fact, I thought a great deal about you, Mrs. Greeley. But I'm afraid it seems now that I almost have to prove it." She laughed a little sadly. "The orchids you wore that night pleased you, didn't they?"

"What?"

"YES," Crystal said, "I picked them out pretty carefully, and I'm afraid I wanted a little credit with you for doing it. I meant to ask you if you liked them, and so hint that my hand was in it; but you didn't give me much chance!"

Slowly the incredulity that was in Stella's eyes lost its sharpness and her look became completely blank; then she uttered a little gasp.

"Oh, Golly!"

Crystal went on: "Mrs. Greeley, it's of the utmost importance that you should be an aid to your husband in his career. In him Mr. Cooper has found the right man for the right place at last—a man who will increase the prosperity of the institution—and you know how many people depend upon its prosperity. I can be of great service in my way to Mr. Greeley, and I will, no matter what you do; but that will be a great deal easier, of course, if I have not his wife's enmity but her good will. In your new position you may necessarily have to lose some old friends, and of course that's too bad." She paused a moment, looking at Stella

Specially Prepared, Strained

Ready-to-Serve Vegetables

NEWER knowledge of baby care created the daily problem of preparing baby's vegetable feedings. Quickly and conveniently—Gerber's Strained Vegetable Products now make this problem as simple as A-B-C. Just warm and season! Scientifically prepared—Gerber's Products provide the vital vegetable supplement to the milk diet in a uniform, wholesome way.

Rich in Vitamins—Tested and Approved

Steam pressure cooked and sealed—steam sterilized—Gerber's Strained Vegetables retain vitamin values, and bone and tissue building mineral salts lost in open vessel cooking. All have been tested and approved by Good Housekeeping's Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health; the Institutes of The Delineator, Modern Priscilla, Child Life, Junior Home; and leading pediatric authorities. Packed for two full size feedings, the products afford a wholesome variety—rich in vitamins A-B-C. Your doctor can best advise the feeding schedule for your own individual baby.

Examine Them Yourself

You must examine Gerber's Products yourself to appreciate how tempting and wholesome they are. If your grocer can't supply you, send the coupon and $1.00 for our introductory package of 2—10¼ Ounce cans of Soup (25¢ each) and 1—4½ Ounce can of Strained Spinach, Carrots, Prunes and Peas (15¢ each). Postage paid. One product only if you wish. *In Canada, Complete Assortment Only, $1.15.*

Gerber's
STRAINED VEGETABLES
Free samples on request to physicians or hospitals

A WEEK'S SUPPLY — SEND COUPON

Gerber Products Division, *Fremont Canning Co.*, Fremont, Mich.
Dept. J-2—Enclosed you will find money or stamps for the Assortment or for Gerber Products checked.

$1.00 Complete Assortment	25c Strained Vegetable Soup	15c Strained Spinach	15c Strained Carrots	15c Strained Prunes	15c Strained Peas

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thoughtfully, even gravely. "The old intimacies of people who go up in the world aren't always best for them or for their early intimates, either; and our institution is compelled to make a great many changes in the lives of its people. I hope you won't regret the changes it makes in yours." She paused again, then leaned toward Stella with a friendly and charming smile. "Mrs. Greeley, as you inevitably must make some new friends, mayn't I hope to be one of them?"

Stella looked at her distractedly; then, as a noise was heard approaching the open doorway near by, and the dry and crackling laugh of Leahart sounded there, denoting the advent of the gentlemen from the dining room, she almost unconsciously seized the hand of Crystal Nelson.

"Say, I feel rotten!" she gasped. "Can't you get me out of here?"

Crystal retained Stella's hand tightly for a moment. "You're all right," she whispered. "You needn't do a thing but sit here quietly with me for a little while; nobody'll come near us. Mrs. Leahart's going to play: she's already at the piano. As soon as that's over, you can just get your husband and go and tell Mrs. Cooper good night. You can manage it, can't you?"

"Oh, golly! I guess so."

XV

"WELL, anyway, we lived through it!" The good William mopped his cheerful face with his handkerchief when the oaken door of the stone house had closed behind him and Stella. "I thought once or twice I wasn't going to, myself, especially when that old yaller geezer of a Leahart got me cornered with one of his funny questions," he said as they crossed the terrace. "But, after all, people are just people, and a body can kind of talk along with this sort as well as any other, once you get over being scared of 'em. I guess on the whole I had a pretty good time after all. Didn't you, Stella? You certainly put it all over everybody there for looks, anyhow. I guess we didn't come out so much at the little end of the horn after all, don't you think so, Stella?"

She said nothing, and they descended to the gravel path that led to the street where they had left their sedan. "Don't you think so, Stella?" he repeated as they walked along the path together. "When that music talk started, with all that stuff about Schnickelfritz and everybody that nobody ever heard of before, I certainly thought we were gone; but after a while when we kind of got used to it, I guess we made a pretty good stab at a showing. Glory! I'm certainly going to buy some books and read up before I get caught in a jam like that again. I expect we've got to start out and get ourselves all polished and cultivated up, Stella, now we're getting to go with the high and mighty!" He laughed a little excitedly. "We'll probably be inviting the Big Boss and his wife and a crowd like that to dinner ourselves, before long, Stella, when we get into the new house. Woosh! I'm going to read up till I can talk like Schnickelfritz himself by that time! Hello!" he said, as they reached the end of the path. "What's this?"

THEIR sedan stood just in advance of a street lamp; the door was thrown open and a woman's slight figure leaped out and came running toward them, silhouetted against the light. They heard her panting and gasping Stella's name before she reached them; it was Aurelia.

"Aurelia Hedge!" William exclaimed. "Where'd you come from? What's the matter?"

But Aurelia seized Stella by the shoulders. "You fixed it? For heaven's sake, Stella, tell me you fixed it!"

"Fixed what?" William asked, greatly astonished; and then, as the long and bent figure of Henry Hedge detached itself from the sedan, "What on earth are you two up to?"

"She wouldn't wait," Mr. Hedge explained drearily, coming toward them. "After I told her my news she made me walk all the way up here with her and get in your car and sit till you came out. She wouldn't listen to ——"

"You be quiet!" his wife cried, and retaining her hold upon Stella's shoulders, shook her. "Stella, for heaven's sake, aren't you going to tell me you got it fixed up for us?"

Her voice had become shrill, and Stella broke out at her angrily: "You let me alone! Take your hands off me and quit yelling like that! You want people to come out of that house and hear you making this disturbance?"

"Then why, in the name of heaven, can't you tell me if you've done what you said you would or not? What do you mean standing there and letting me ——"

BUT here her voice had become so loud that both husbands intervened. Henry put his arm about her to draw her away, while William implored in an undertone: "Get back in the car. My glory! If you're going to have hysterics let's get away from here!"

They bundled her into the sedan with Stella beside her; William hurriedly mounted to the driver's seat and began to operate the controls; Mr. Hedge followed him and they drove rapidly away.

"What are you holding out on me this way for?" Aurelia went on, with unabated vehemence. "What's the matter you can't answer when I ——"

"Just hold your horses, Aurelia, can't you?" her husband interrupted over his shoulder. "I told you it wouldn't do any good to come up here; we can't talk a thing like this over in a bumpy sedan. We'll be home in five minutes, so for mercy's sakes can't you wait?"

"Guess it looks like I got to," Aurelia assented bitterly. "If she can't answer a simple ——"

"Well, you see she can't," Henry said, "so just wait, will you?"

Aurelia's rapid breathing was audible within the car; but she made no reply and did not speak again until the Warwicke Armes had been reached and the four stood at the door of the Greeleys' apartment. There she addressed her husband sharply. "What'd you get off the elevator here for? You take Bill and go on up to our room, because I and Stella ——"

"No," Henry said gloomily, "it's too late in the day for any female powwows. I'm going to be in on it, and I want Bill in on it too. We four are going to talk this thing over together, Aurelia."

SHE looked at him defiantly; but his air was stubborn and determined; she gave way, and the two serious husbands followed their wives into the room. Stella went to the maroon-velvet sofa and sat there, leaning back, staring pallidly upward at nothing. She seemed completely unaware of Aurelia, who came at her angrily even before William had closed the door.

"Now look here, Stella Greeley, how long before you're going to tell me ——"

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" William interrupted, coming from the door. "Give a man a chance to find out a little of what's been going on, can't you? You sit down, Aurelia, and keep quiet a minute or so. Henry, what's it all about?"

Mr. Hedge made no oral reply; but in silence drew from his pocket a folded sheet of paper and handed it to William. Then, producing one of his bad cigars, he lighted it and seated himself droopingly; yet he had spirit enough left to elevate his feet upon the gilt radiator. William read the letter aloud slowly.

Dear Sir: I am instructed to write you as follows:

In accordance with the new policy of the N. K. U. an examination of the record of Promotion Marks is now made every ten days and the present examination, concluded only last evening, entails certain changes in the personnel of your department. No complaint against your service there has been received and this notification does not

(Continued on Page 226)

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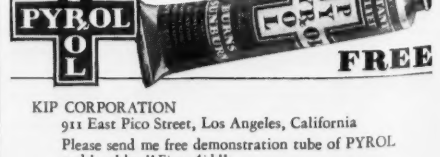

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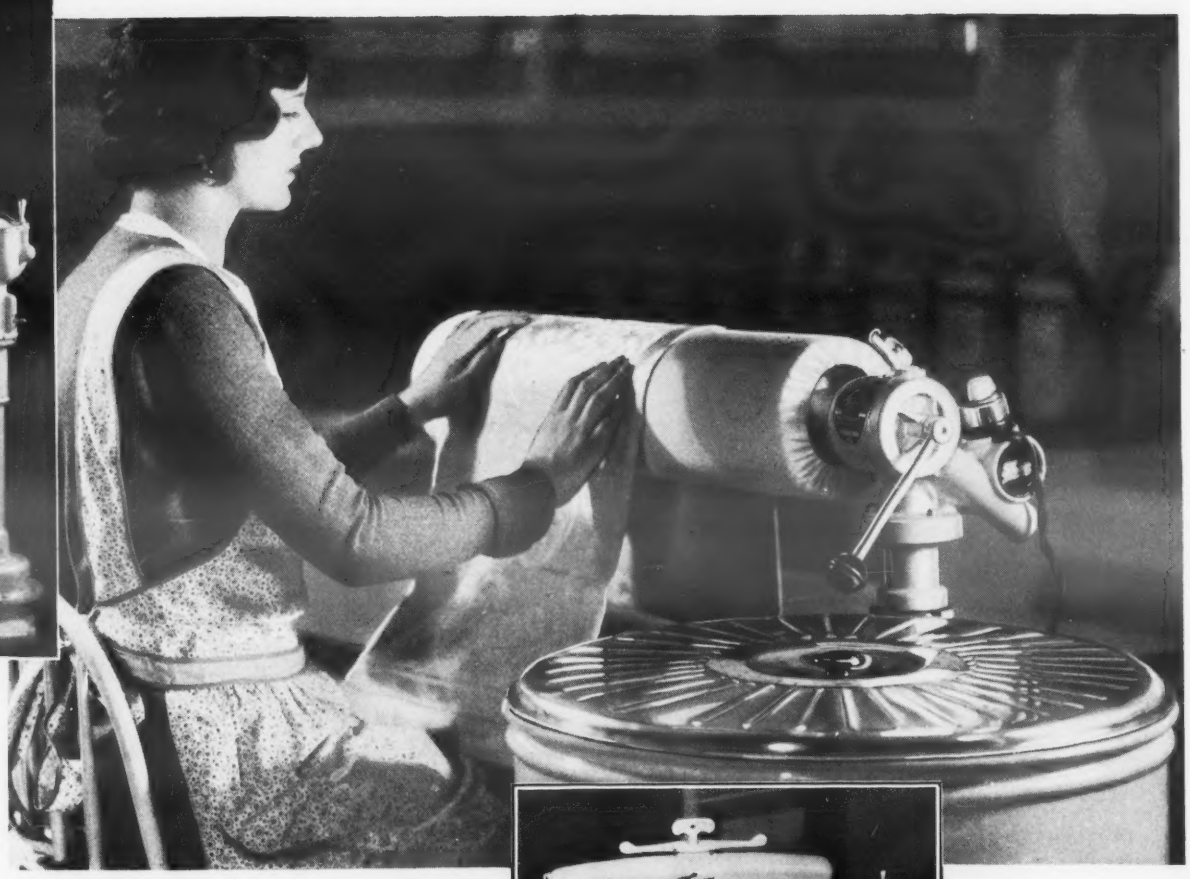
By this new way—the work of a day becomes the task of an hour or two



SPEED, madam, has found its way into the laundry. And this invites you to experience a faster and utterly different way of doing your washing and ironing at home. A way that thousands of women are turning to as a welcome relief from the drudgery always associated with these two jobs. A way, too, that does away with the uncertainties and disappointments of other methods.

SPEED!

Now, by this new method that has won the approval of home economists and women leaders everywhere, you do your own washing and ironing in from 3 to 5 hours without the slightest hint of labor or fatigue. *Speed* is the secret—*speed* with wonderful new kindness to clothes . . . made possible by features that have taken years to develop.

Wash—5 to 7 minutes a tubful

And in the newest of all speed type washers—the beautiful new Thor One. This machine will change all your ideas about what a washer should do and how it should look. It is faster—and kinder than ever to clothes. Its beautiful, light green tub is oven-baked porcelain enamel, inside and out. It has a new rubber guarded, rattle proof and splash-proof lid. Top opening is the full width of the tub for easy access and greater convenience. And it's a washer you can depend on to clean shirt cuffs and collars in one washing without soaking. Tub of generous capacity is amply large for the average family. And its price is about one hundred dollars.

Iron now four times as fast

For the first time an automatic electric ironer priced within the means of even the most modest income. An ingenious invention now makes it possible to remove the wringer on your washing machine—place the Thor Rotary Iron in its place—turn the switch—sit down and iron.

The ironer—called the greatest home labor saver ever invented—embodies a new and proved principle of speed-ironing. So simple you can operate it with a few minutes' practice, yet it irons the average family washing—everything—in less than two hours. It heats as fast as an ordinary electric hand iron, and is just as convenient for the small ironing tasks of the week. It presses women's skirts and men's trousers with magic speed—and does them as well as the special pressing machines.

Yes, this amazing machine saves hours—scores of them in a year—hours for healthful recreation with family and friends. Priceless hours in place of health-ruining drudgery.

And the price of this complete Thor laundry unit—both washer and ironer combined—is just about what you have been asked for a washer alone of equal quality and features.

Send the coupon for fully illustrated descriptive booklets picturing this amazing new machine and explaining its features. Hurley Machine Company, 22nd St. and 54th Ave., Chicago. Manufactured in Canada by Thor Canadian Company, Limited, Toronto.

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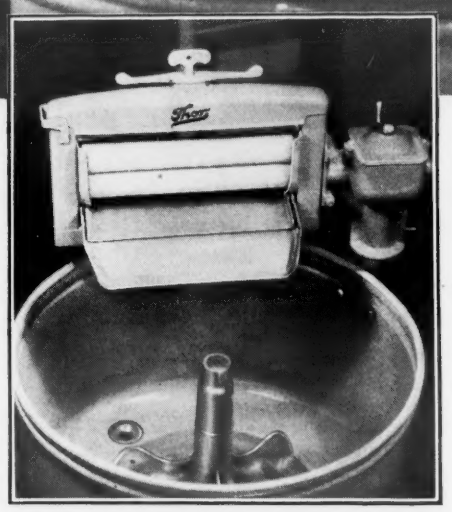

Above—Comfortable ironing position. At Left—The big capacity wide-top tub.

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Please send me booklets describing the new Thor Washing and Ironing Machine Combination.

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THE WORLD'S FIRST ELECTRIC WASHER WAS A THOR — THE LATEST IS A THOR

"Ignore the moth but treat the cloth"

Says the modern woman

Why try to hunt out each individual moth or moth-worm? It is much simpler and much surer to mothproof the fabrics themselves with Larvex, and *prevent* damage. Killing the moths themselves, wrapping or packing your woolens, using strong odors—such methods can't stop moth-eggs from hatching into moth-worms, and it is the worms that eat your clothes, unless the fabric itself is *mothproofed*.

That is the new and revolutionary Larvex idea—not moth-*killing*, but moth-*proofing*. It means getting ahead of the hungry, ravaging moth-worm, so he can never even *begin* to eat your clothes.

Just spray the Larvex on once a year

Larvex in its "spraying" form is intended for use on all fabrics containing wool or mohair—suits, coats, rugs and upholstered furniture. *Only one application* a year is necessary to bring absolute peace of mind. And this whole year's mothproofing of a suit, for instance, is obtained at less cost than a single pressing—far less than one ordinary dry-cleaning.

Different treatment for all washable woolens

A different form of Larvex is now available for use on *washable* woolens. It is called "Rinsing" Larvex and it comes in powder form. You simply dissolve it in water and place the sweaters and blankets in it—just like rinsing and just as easy. Package containing enough for two tubfuls, 50 cents. Then you can store your precious woolens for a full season without worry about moth-holes. This is a wonderful feeling!

Both forms of Larvex—Spraying and Rinsing—are odorless, non-injurious and non-inflammable. They put an end to all moth damage and moth troubles. Sold by drug and department stores everywhere. The Larvex Corporation, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

It comes in two forms

For coats, suits, rugs, upholstered furniture and all other fabrics that cannot be washed. $1 for a pint, or with atomizer which lasts for years, $1.50. Also obtainable in ½-gallon and 1-gallon sizes.

SPRAYING

LARVEX

For blankets, sweaters, woolen stockings, baby clothes and all other *washable* woolens. In powder form to dissolve in tub before dipping the woolens, 50 cents a package—enough for two tubfuls.

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FREE BOOK—*write today for interesting book, "Outwitting the Wily Moth." You will be glad you sent for it when you see how it helps save your best clothes and finest rugs. Just fill out the coupon.*

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Please send me, free, your book, "Outwitting the Wily Moth," that tells me how to end moth damage.

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(Continued from Page 224)

mean that your work has been found specially unsatisfactory. Therefore you should not consider the change we are making as a demotion for yourself and you will be continued in your new position at your present salary. Mr. C. W. Crosse, until now manager of our chain-hardware store at Bennettsville, this state, is shown by the Promotion-Mark system to be entitled to a position in one of the headquarters departments, and thus the managership he has so well filled is left vacant. You are hereby notified to proceed to Bennettsville by the fifteenth of this present month, as Mr. Crosse will be leaving upon the sixteenth, and you will assume at once the duties entailed by the managership of the Bennettsville chain store. Your appointment to this position seems peculiarly appropriate because of your former residence in Bennettsville and your acquaintance with the citizens of that place. We trust that the removal of your household goods will not entail great inconvenience through shortness of the time allowed for such removal, as it is imperative that you report at your post in Bennettsville on the morning of the fifteenth. We believe that in this new service you will be effective and useful, and that under your guidance our enterprise there will be conducted as successfully as heretofore under Mr. Crosse.

We remain yours truly,
J. C. PENDLETON,
Secretary P. M. Records.

"There!" Aurelia cried. "I guess maybe you'll talk some now, Stella! Are you going to keep on sitting there in a trance or are you going to answer my ——"

BUT once more her husband stopped her. "Wait just a minute, can't you?" He stretched forth a thin hand and took the letter from William. "One of the messengers handed it to me just before I left the office yesterday afternoon. I didn't want to spoil the party last night for Aurelia by telling her about it then, and anyway I wanted to wait for a chance when we could all four be together to talk it over. Stella and Aurelia have been pretty good friends, and I kind of wanted Stella with her when she heard it. I was kind of cowardly about it, I guess. I had my mouth open to tell you, Bill, a dozen times, when we were out in the sedan this afternoon; but you looked kind of down yourself, and I just waited. Then tonight, after you and Stella had gone out to this dinner, Aurelia, poor thing, got to talking big about all this and that we were going to do—how I was going to get a raise and we were going to rent a fine big house, and all thus and so; I just couldn't stand to let her go on. She was dancing around the room, and she said a little bird had told her all about what big good luck was coming to us, and everything; it seemed to me I couldn't let her believe such nonsense any longer, so I showed her the letter. Well, at first she laughed at it and pooh-poohed; she said she didn't care anything about Cooper's new policy and the Promotion-Mark system; all that stuff cut no ice with her; she had everything fixed for us. But of course she couldn't keep that up long after such a letter as this, and pretty soon she got so rattled that nothing would do but for us to go up there to the Coopers' and wait till you came out. I knew it wouldn't do any good." He shook his head sadly. "I never dreamed but I was doing my work as well as any man in our department; but I guess somebody don't think so. Anyhow, it's back to Bennettsville for ours, and I guess the best thing Stella can do is help Aurelia make her mind up to it."

"IS IT?" Aurelia said shrilly. "Is that the best thing Stella can do? She better not try it, because you can bet your last dollar we're not going back to Bennettsville! Not much! Don't think you'll ever get me back in that old crossroads mudhole; don't think it for a minute! Did you hear what that crazy letter says?" She laughed contemptuously. "It says by the fifteenth! That's Tuesday—Tuesday of this week, day after tomorrow! I see myself in Bennettsville day after tomorrow, or any other time!" She jumped up from the chair where she had seated herself at William's command, went to Stella and stood before her, trembling and furious. "Look here, Stella Greeley ——"

Stella did not move. "Can't you let me alone?" she said.

"LET you alone? Are you crazy? You needn't think I don't know why you don't dare to talk! You didn't do what you promised me you would, and you're ashamed to tell me you didn't. You went in that house and you got so busy showing off and putting on airs and being all falderal and high society, you went back on me. Yes, you did! You'd never have amounted to anything if it hadn't been for me; you wouldn't even have had a decent dress to wear tonight! But the minute you get a chance to show off at a high-society dinner you think somebody's going to look down on you if you let 'em see that Henry and I are intimate friends of yours, and so you decide to go back on your word and not even mention us. Do you know what you begin to look like to me? You begin to look like the kind that the minute they get up the ladder themselves, turn around and kick their old friends in the face!"

"She isn't, either," William said stoutly. "Stella isn't anything of the sort; she wouldn't ——"

"Wouldn't she?" Aurelia cried out. "That's just what she's done. Why, look at her! She can't say a word. If she'd done the right thing by Henry and me wouldn't it 'a' been the first thing she told us the minute she saw us waiting outside Cooper's house? She wouldn't sit here now and let me accuse her if she had anything to say for herself, would she?"

"She would if she didn't know what you were accusing her of, as I certainly don't!"

"YOU think she doesn't know?" Aurelia laughed shrewishly. "I'll tell you something she's going to know mighty soon, and that is she can't treat me like this and get away with it! She made a promise to me and she's going to keep it; she's going to keep it tonight, too; it's not too late. If any of you think the whole N. K. U. can get me back in Bennettsville, I'll show you you're mistaken!" And with that, she ran to the little table that served for a telephone stand. "I'll show you!"

But her husband intercepted her; he jumped up and took the instrument from her hands as she lifted it. "What on earth are you doing, Aurelia?"

"You keep away from me. Let me have that phone. I know what I'm doing. Let me have it, I say!"

"What for?"

"I'll show Stella Greeley what for. I'm going to call Cooper up, and she's going to talk to him and do what she promised. You let me have that phone. Take your hands off of it, I say!" Half screaming, she tried to wrench her husband's fingers from the instrument, and fought him for possession of it. "You let go, Henry Hedge; I tell you I know what I'm doing! I'm going to call Cooper up, and Stella's going to ——"

"Take the phone," Henry said desperately to William; and then, as the latter obeyed, contrived to twist the frantic woman away and force her down into a chair. "She'll have you in Bennettsville, too, if we're not careful." Then he spoke to the writhing and panting Aurelia. "What you trying to do—ruin everybody?"

(Continued on Page 228)

GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE

By HAYDEN HAYDEN

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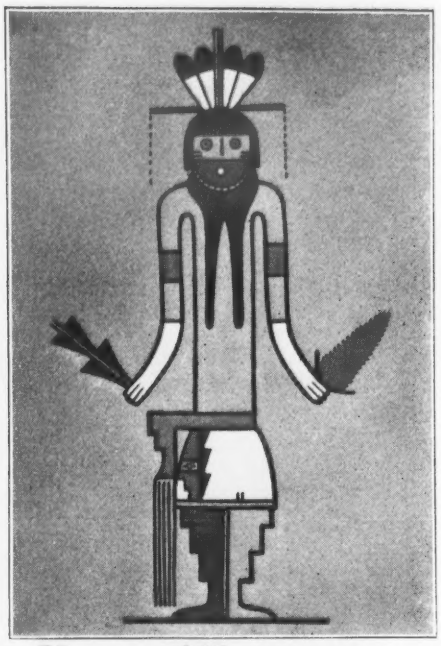

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(Continued from Page 226)

William stood aghast. "What was she going to call Cooper for?"

"She wasn't," Mr. Hedge said with a wry smile. "That's just a bluff because she's sore at Stella. She let out a good deal while we were waiting in your car. Seems they planned Stella was going to tackle Cooper at the dinner and get him to give me a raise! Of course, as soon as you came out we saw that Stella'd had too much sense to make such a fool of herself and—at least I hope it was that way." He turned gloomily to Stella. "You didn't do anything like that, did you, Stella, and get turned down? You didn't say anything to him, did you?"

"No," Stella said, not moving, "I didn't."

AURELIA had begun to weep. "You're going to," she said. "Don't think for a minute I'll stand for your turning yellow on me! You had the whole thing in your hands and you ——"

"How did she?" William interrupted. "What did Stella have in her hands?"

"Cooper," Aurelia sobbed. "She knows he'd have done it if she'd asked him, and she's got to do it yet!"

"Stella!" William said incredulously. "Why, Aurelia, if anybody could ask Cooper a thing like that I could, and of course I would, but Henry knows, himself, as well as I do, I might just as well ask him to burn up the whole N. K. U. works, for all the good it would do. Everybody in the N. K. U. knows the danger of approaching him on a point like that; once he's issued an edict it's law, and if he thought Henry'd asked me to intercede for him—which is what he would think—Henry mightn't even get Bennettsville." He turned to his wife: "Stella, you didn't have it in mind to do anything as foolish as that, did you?"

Stella shook her head slowly. "Not after I set foot in that house. I guess this was what she meant."

"What who meant?"

"That woman," Stella said huskily. "She told me that I was going to be separated from friends of mine; she said the N. K. U. was making changes and I'd have to get new friends. She knew what she was talking about because ——" Stella's voice became so low and indistinct that as she finished expressing this thought she was audible to no one but herself: "Because she'd done it herself, I guess."

AURELIA stared at her. "Who? What woman are you talking about?"

"Crystal Nelson."

"What!" And Aurelia's mouth dropped open. "Crystal Nelson! Do you mean she was at ——"

"Why, yes," William informed her, "she was there tonight, and it looked to me as if she's there half the time, anyway; she's certainly Mrs. Cooper's most intimate friend, and I guess she's pretty much the same thing with him too. She and Mrs. Cooper go on trips, and you could tell by the way they were arguing together about music that they think the world and all of each other. Why, Miss Nelson ——"

"Crystal Nelson!" Aurelia cried again, and her face, her voice and her stricken attitude expressed a gathering horror. "*She* told you ——"

"Yes," Stella said, "this was what she meant, and I expect she thought I already knew about it and wanted to make me understand it as a—as a ——" Her voice, already husky, broke pathetically. Then she concluded: "She wanted me to understand it as a—as a sort of warning or—or more like a punishment, maybe."

"Punishment?" William repeated after her. "What for?"

"Well, maybe," she answered, and she looked up at him drearily. "Maybe because I was overdressed, or something."

"Why, what ——"

But Aurelia interrupted him; she turned fiercely upon her husband: "You look here! Right now you got to act like a man for once in your life. We're out of the N. K. U. for good; do you understand? Tomorrow morning you're going to tell the N. K. U. to go to hell, and you're going out and get a job right here in this city. You're going to every other big firm there is, and you're going to ——"

Mr. Hedge uttered a loud and prolonged laugh, in despair of her intelligence. Then he slumped down into his chair by the radiator. "Fat chance!" he said.

Aurelia knew her doom and she could not accept it without agony. She jumped up and struck her husband's drooping shoulders two violent blows with clenched fists. "What am I tied to you for?" she asked him hoarsely. "Why couldn't I have got a man, instead of an old rag of a thing like you that lets everybody ride over him and can't even make a squeak for himself? A pretty life you've made for me! I put a little spirit and ambition into you and got you out of Bennettsville and up here to the city just long enough to make it a black hell for me to have to go back there; and now that's what we've got to do. You let Bill Greeley walk right up over your shoulders and tramp you down under, and you take me with you into the mud, and you haven't got manhood enough to lift one finger to save me. Half the women in the N. K. U. will be crowing over me tomorrow, and yet you sit there with your feet up and your cigar sticking out of your mouth! What do you care! You got to slink back to Bennettsville and drag me with you ——" But despair caught at her throat, and the shrill voice broke into a passion of sobbing. "Oh, my Lord! that's where I end up! A hardware dealer's wife in a jay town! Oh, my Lord! that's where I end up!"

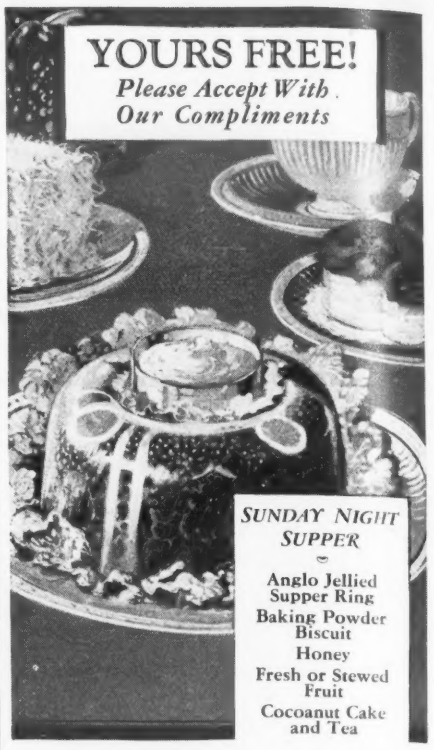
THE thin and melancholy head of Henry Hedge nodded forlornly; his chin sank a little deeper into the collar that was too large for his neck, and the ash of his cigar dropped upon his waistcoat; thence it drifted downward to the hardwood floor as he slowly got upon his feet. Then he put his arm about the convulsing form of his wife, and spoke to her in a voice a little tremulous: "It's hard luck, Aurelia. I—I didn't know but I was doing about as well as anyone in my department; I didn't have any idea I wasn't giving good satisfaction or—or was slipping, or anything. But it seems they think I was, and when they think so that's all there is to it—a man's up against it. It's hard luck, but we got to go, Aurelia." Thus speaking, he urged her gently toward the door, and she submitted to this pressure. "There isn't anything for it; all we can do is to begin getting our things packed up tonight, because we'll have to leave sometime tomorrow afternoon. We'll see you folks tomorrow, so we won't say good-by now. Aurelia, could you manage to hush up a little till we get through the hall and up the elevator? You can let out all you want again soon as we get up to our own room." Then, at the door, as Aurelia struggled for the control he besought of her, he looked back apologetically over his shoulder. "Of course I must have been slipping or something, or they wouldn't have done it; so I guess she's right—I've brought this down on her. And all so sudden and everything, it's going to be a little hard for her to get used to it. You mustn't blame her for being upset; she didn't really mean anything she said to Stella, Bill, or all this and that about your climbing up on my shoulders and pushing me down. It was just easing off her disappointment because she thought she and Stella had everything fixed; it was foolish, but they meant for the best."

With that he gave utterance to a troubled and wistful sound of laughter, bade his friends good night, led his shaking wife out of the room and closed the door.

XVI

WHEN William and his wife were thus left alone together she still sat upon the sofa, looking blankly forward at nothing; but he began to pace the floor in a

(Continued on Page 231)



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(Continued from Page 228)

profound and frowning cogitation. For a time his footsteps made the only sounds audible within the room; then the rumbling of the ascending elevator, the clicking of its door in the corridor and a cheerful babbling of voices calling good nights gave evidence that a party of denizens had returned to the Warwicke Armes, probably after a second show at the movies and subsequent libations at a soda fountain. The noise, nocturnally customary, subsided without William's having been consciously aware of it; yet some part of him may have received mechanically a warning of the lateness of the hour, for his pacing back and forth stopped abruptly; he sat down in a chair near his wife and, still frowning heavily, faced her.

"THERE'S something I've got to get at, Stella," he said slowly. "Last night after what Mrs. Gliesinger told me I asked you if you'd been talking, and then you got so upset about a dress for this dinner tonight, and all, I couldn't go on with it. Well, I've been thinking. The way Mrs. Gliesinger had it I was supposed to be jealous—Lord knows what about!—but everybody understands how gossip gets twisted once it begins going around, and it looks to me as if Mrs. Gliesinger had founded what she said on a twisted version of your jealousy about Miss Crystal Nelson and me. Anyhow, it's clear that stories about us have been going around and I can't get it out of my head that it's got something to do with the way Aurelia's been acting tonight. Of course she was just wild with disappointment; it's a terrible thing for a bright, ambitious woman like Aurelia to have to realize that she's going down in the world, not up, and I feel almost as sorry for her as I do for poor old Henry; but there was something queer about the way she took it. At first she was fighting mad—she just wasn't going to have it—and then, the minute you mentioned Miss Nelson's name, she laid right down. Just as soon as she heard about Crystal Nelson's being Mr. and Mrs. Cooper's closest friend, Aurelia gave up; she was all through. Why, she just collapsed! Now that strikes me as pretty funny, Stella; I can't help thinking it has some connection. How does it strike you?"

STELLA did not look at him; and her eyes, under drooping lashes, wandered to a corner of the floor. "I don't know," she murmured. "I wasn't thinking much about it."

"Well, I am," he said with emphasis. "I'm thinking a whole lot about it. And there's something else: Aurelia said you had the 'whole thing' in your hands, and when I asked her what she meant you had in your hands she said 'Cooper!' What did she mean by that?"

But Stella's lowered glance remained upon the corner of the floor. "How do I know? I don't know what Aurelia meant by—by anything."

"Are you sure you don't?" He leaned forward, scrutinizing her gravely. "You and Aurelia have always been thick, but lately you've been thicker than ever; you've had powwows alone together all day most of the time. It isn't easy for me to believe that you didn't understand everything she said. I want to know why she collapsed at the name of Crystal Nelson and why she said you had Cooper where he'd do anything you asked him."

"I don't know," Stella returned with a hint of doggedness in her low voice; and she still looked away from him. "I don't know what Aurelia meant."

"You know what it sounded as if she meant! You know that much, don't you?"

"What?"

"It sounded to me as if you and Aurelia had been flying pretty high in these powwows you've been holding all day and half the night," he said, and his voice was stern. "One of the things you told me lately that I haven't forgotten was that you put me where I am. At the time you said it I thought you meant your influence on me; but it begins to look as if you meant your influence on Cooper. Your influence on Cooper!" He repeated the words ruefully and contemptuously. "If he knew you thought you had any, it might come pretty near costing me my job, even though he knows the N. K. U. needs me. Is that what you want to have happen?"

"No."

"Do you think you've got any influence on Cooper?"

"No."

"Well, what Aurelia said sounded as if she thought you've got a good deal, didn't it? Answer me!"

Upon this she tried to look at him but failed; her eyelids fluttered and her glance went back to the corner. "I can't help how it sounded. I suppose it sounded as if prob'ly she thought Mr. Cooper kind of liked me, and so maybe it wouldn't do any harm for me to say a word to him about Henry—if I got the chance."

"So? What made her think that?"

"What did?" Stella's eyelids fluttered again; there was a troubled movement of her throat as if she swallowed and she spoke with difficulty. "Well, I guess it was what Mr. Cooper said about me that night at the—at the banquet."

"Is that all?"

"Well, she might—she might have exaggerated it some. I guess I—I did myself, maybe—until I walked into that house tonight!"

WILLIAM shook his head. "There's something behind it. What made Aurelia collapse when she heard Crystal Nelson was there?"

Stella was able to meet his eyes at last. "I don't know," she said. "I tell you I honestly don't know—not unless Aurelia's said something to somebody about my being jealous and thought maybe Miss Nelson might have heard she'd said it."

"Weren't you and Miss Nelson sitting together most of this evening after you left the table?"

"Yes, we were."

"Well, she looked to me as if she was being pretty friendly and polite, wasn't she?"

"Yes, she was."

"Then how do you explain it?" he insisted.

"I don't know. I guess Miss Nelson'd be that way, no matter what."

He seemed to acquiesce in this; then brooded gloomily for a moment. "How'd she happen to tell you that Henry was going to lose his job here?"

"She didn't say it in so many words, but something she said sounded afterward like she'd meant that."

"YES—maybe she did. I guess there's mighty little happens in the N. K. U. that she doesn't know beforehand, and I expect it's a pretty good thing for us that she's always shown herself friendly and helpful to me. But there's something behind all this I don't get at; I'm pretty sure you know more than you're telling me and I mean to have it out of you, Stella. Right here, to begin with, though, I've got a question to ask you that I think it's about time you answered!"

"Have you?"

"Yes, I have!" Unsatisfied upon the other points he had been pressing, he spoke with indignation upon this one; he rose and stood looking down at her angrily. "I want to ask you: When you met Miss Nelson tonight weren't you ashamed of the way you'd been talking to me about her—yes, and talking about her and me to God knows who! Yes, and letting Aurelia talk for you too! There's one thing I would like to know from you right now: I want you to look me in the eye and tell me if you weren't ashamed tonight!"

"Ashamed?" Stella quavered, and her eyes at this sharp bidding rose flickeringly to meet his for a moment. Then she shivered; her lovely figure trembled and she slid over upon the sofa, face downward, her arms as if protectingly about her head

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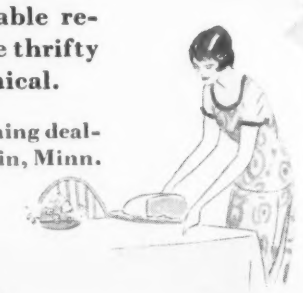

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upon the maroon-velvet cushion. She lay there, silent.

William looked down at that stricken and helpless form from which the strips of rhinestones and the sunburst of false diamonds seemed to glitter up at him coldly, yet with a reproachful pathos.

"I guess you better get to bed," he said. "I mean to go to the bottom of this business, Stella; but right now I expect you better try to get some sleep."

XVII

HE GOT little sleep himself until near daylight, and then he slumbered so heavily that when he woke the sun was high and it was time for him to be at his office. Stella was not in the room; she had risen without disturbing him and gone out—to Aurelia, he grimly supposed. She had left the electric percolator ready for his use, however, and sliced bread in the electric toaster; he made a hasty breakfast and would have sallied forth upon the instant of its conclusion; but at the door he paused and turned to the telephone. He called the number of the Hedges' apartment and was surprised when the voice of Henry responded.

William laughed dryly. "You there, Henry? They haven't sent you out yet?"

"Who haven't sent me out?"

"Stella and Aurelia."

"Stella isn't here," Mr. Hedge returned. "She sent Aurelia's rhinestones up in a package by the elevator man; but we haven't seen her. We packed till two o'clock last night and got up at six and started again." He laughed feebly. "No great trouble about that; we haven't got much to pack. The sedan's in the shop and it won't be out till Wednesday or Thursday; but the janitor's going to put the phonograph and the radio in it and hire somebody to drive it down to Bennettsville for us by the end of the week."

"Couldn't I attend to that for you, Henry?"

"No; it's all looked out for."

"Well, isn't there something else I can do for you, Henry?"

"Not a thing, Bill."

William insisted. "I wish you'd let me. I'd do anything I know how, Henry."

"I know you would, Bill."

"Then look here, Henry; if you think it'd be the least good on earth for me to go to Cooper ——"

The voice of Mr. Hedge occupied in lugubrious laughter cut short the offer. "Don't do that unless you want to fix me up with no job at all. Thank you just the same."

"What time are you and Aurelia going to leave?"

"Four forty-five."

"I'll be there," William promised. "I've got to be off to the works now, Henry, and I'm tied up with a business luncheon; but I'll be at the train. Stella and I'll both be there to tell you good-by; but of course Stella'll be up to see you before that; she and Aurelia'll probably want to spend most of this last day together."

IN THIS supposition, however, he found himself mistaken; Stella did not come to the station to bid her unfortunate old friends farewell, nor had Aurelia seen her at all since the preceding night. Aurelia did not voluntarily mention this but gave the information in reply to a question; her tone was something more than preoccupied and even something more than indifferent, he thought; in fact, it seemed to him that she was relieved when the final moment of parting came without Stella's having appeared. He watched the train move out of the station bearing with it the patient, long face of Henry Hedge dustily framed at the window of a day coach, and William sighed deeply as that forlorn and never unkindly visage thus passed permanently from his view.

"The poor old cuss," he murmured. "I wish I knew ——" His mind had returned again to his perplexities; and to these there was added a slight new puzzlement: Why hadn't Stella come?

Debating within himself upon this and more serious matters, he drove away from the station in the new light automobile he had bought for his own use, and leaving the crowded highways of business behind him sped northward toward the new boulevards and the Warwicke Armes. Stella was there by this time, he supposed as he passed that edifice, but he decided that he did not wish to see her just then. He had intended to stop and go up to their apartment and to renew the process begun last night of wringing the truth from her—for the truth he would have, one way or another—but he did not stop. For some reason not quite known to him, the thought of the little apartment, and particularly of the maroon-colored sofa, made him feel sickish; and although he swerved to turn in toward the portals of the Warwicke Armes he set his car upon a straight course again and continued to move northward. He would go out to the new house, he thought; it had been vacated by its former tenants a week earlier; it stood empty now and he had a key to the front door in his pocket.

BUT no easement of mind came to him when he got out of the little automobile and stood facing the house. It was brick covered with whitewash and agreeable enough in mass and outline, English Cottage in type, the agent had told him. There were some fine trees behind it and, in front, shrubberies, a pleasant small lawn and a green hedge. William had expected to be happy here, but he had no such expectation now, and as he went frowningly up the cement path the air of gayety that had once seemed to be about the little place was vanished. "What's the use!" he said aloud.

He inserted his key in the lock but did not turn it, for the handle yielded under the pressure of his fingers, and the door opened. "Somebody here?" he called inquiringly as he passed within.

There was no response; he went through the empty rooms of the lower floor and then, ascending the stairs, began to search the second story. The door of the largest room at the front of the house—the room to be his bedchamber and Stella's—was closed, and he went to it last. When he opened the door he saw a woman sitting upon a pine box near the window and apparently engaged in looking out at the street beyond the lawn. It was Stella.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, after a moment.

"Nothing. I've been here all day."

"Did you walk up here this morning before I got up?" She nodded; and he inquired. "Where'd you go for lunch?"

"I didn't want any. The telephone's working and I got that decorator out here again this afternoon. He just left a while ago; but I was glad when he was gone. He wants us to put up plum-colored drapes throughout downstairs and he wants us to have maroon rugs and a maroon-colored sofa—velvet."

"No, for pity's sake!" William broke out vehemently. "Don't let's have any ——"

"WHAT'S THE MATTER—LUMBAGO?"
"NOPE. JUST A MONKEY WRENCH"

(Continued on Page 234)

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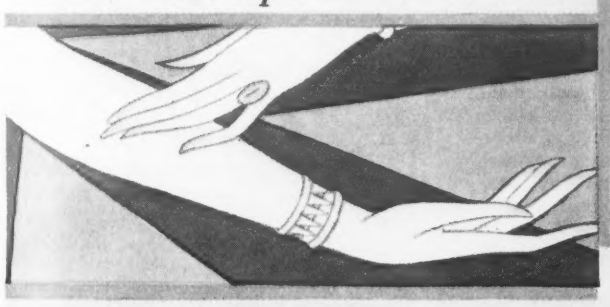

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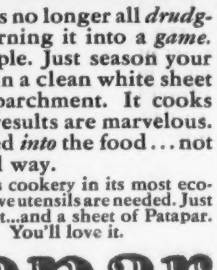

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FREEZONE

(Continued from Page 232)

"I told him I wouldn't," Stella said. "I told him I wouldn't have any maroon in the whole house. He was bound to; but I told him I wouldn't have it."

"You told him right!" William rejoined grimly; then he came into the room and stood near her. "Stella, why didn't you come to the train to tell Henry and Aurelia good-by?"

"To tell them good-by?"

"That's what I said! Why didn't you?" Stella had not turned toward him and she continued to look out of the window. "Why didn't you?" he repeated impatiently.

"I guess I didn't care much about it."

"You didn't? When it was your last chance to see Aurelia for probably ——"

"I don't care," she said pettishly. "I don't care anything about seeing Aurelia. I wouldn't care a bit if I never saw her again."

He pondered upon this before he spoke. "You say that because you and she are angry with each other about something. I see."

"No," Stella returned, and she laughed bleakly. "I'm not a bit angry with her and she isn't with me."

"Then why ——"

"I just don't care one way or the other. I don't care whether I ever do see her or whether I ever don't see her any more."

HERE the tone in which she spoke, drearily indifferent, carried conviction; and the fact was made plain to him that without having quarreled neither of these two friends, who had been such close companions and busy confidantes, cared to see the other again. More, it seemed to him that neither of them even cared what became of the other, so completely had some mysterious thing severed them. Two men who had shared such a companionship would not part with each other in this strange way; men broke comradeships, yes; but when they broke them abruptly like this there was feeling—anger or disgust, or at least regret—there was never silent, utter indifference; they didn't each merely pass the other into oblivion. But here, William knew he confronted the hopelessly inexplicable; he was only a man standing outside of what was forever impenetrably feminine. William was practical and experience had taught him that the fact of his wife's being a woman permanently precluded him from comprehending many mental and emotional processes within her; this was one of them—a closed stone door she could not herself have opened to him. Irritated, he could only helplessly pass it by and go on to what was possible.

"Listen," he said. "After I'd seen them off a while ago I thought I'd go up home; I thought you'd be there. But when I got to the apartment I just couldn't make myself stop and go up; it pretty near turned my stomach to think of."

"DID it?" Stella murmured, and as she had doggedly looked at the corner of the floor last night, so she now continued to look out of the window and down at the street. Nothing was there visible to interest her, nor had she any heed of the passing automobiles conveying women home from matinées and downtown shops or relaxed men of business from their daily labors. Then an unfamiliar sound came clicking rhythmically from the boulevard; iron horse shoes rang upon the asphalt, and Milton Cooper came into view riding a bay horse debonairly homeward from the near-by park. The bleakness of Stella's expression as she looked at him suffered no more alteration than when she had just now vaguely thought and spoken of Aurelia Hedge, for this fine figure of a horseman trotting by had been subjected to transformation by another of those strange inner processes behind stone doors impenetrable to William. Not a shred of romance hung still upon the garments of the equestrian. Already he had become for her almost what he had been before William's promotion, a distant shape, impersonal except that it was remotely formidable; so quickly had receded the glittering heroine and hero and the whole brilliant ballet spectacle that had danced in her fancy. It receded still farther, fading to nothingness with the receding of Aurelia Hedge—Stella had a faint consciousness of a pale Aurelia on the train growing ever paler and more transparent with the increasing distance until she had no outlines at all—and, with this dissolving of Aurelia and the shimmering ballet, all that had seemed an absorbing reality was become thin air. It appeared incredible to Stella that what was in truth such mere mist and phantasm should leave consequences after its passing—yet here stood her husband waiting for her to speak, and she had nothing to tell him that was not ruinous.

THE horseman passed beyond the scope of the window; the metallic pulsations of the hoof beats grew fainter, and then were gone without William's having been aware of them, for he had not taken his eyes from his wife's downcast profile. He had spared her last night; but all day the commiseration that postponed her ordeal had appeared to him more and more as a weakness; he would postpone it no longer.

"Stella ——" he began harshly.

"Yes," she murmured, and through the tremulous half whisper in which she spoke there ran a faintly perceptible bitterness. "Yes, I guess you've got to!"

"Stella ——"

She looked up at him, and he stopped speaking, for this upward look of hers startled him by its resemblance to one that he had seen, upon occasion, long ago; he was a little shocked to find that the piteous eyes of his wife should remind him of the eyes of that old dog of his. He had often boasted to the other boys that it was the best dog in Bennettsville; but sometimes it got excited about chasing something, and ran away for a while; and when it humbly came home again, creeping into the yard, William brought forth the strap that held his schoolbooks together. Just before the first blow fell the little old dog would always look up at him entreatingly and yet submissively, understanding that there would be no mercy. 'I couldn't help running away," the look seemed to say. "I just couldn't help it. You're going to half kill me, I know; but anyhow can't you believe that I just couldn't help it?"

WILLIAM began again. "Stella, the first thing I want to know ——" But his voice was unsteady as he gazed down into the eyes lifted so helplessly to his; he coughed loudly. He would talk about something else for a few moments, he decided, and then begin the severe questioning of her upon which he was determined. "I was just thinking," he said, "I was just thinking it might be a good thing if we could get moved up here right away."

Upon that, her upward gaze became one of incredulity. "What?"

"Do you suppose we could get in by the first of next week if we hurried?"

"I don't know," she said slowly. "Maybe we could. I've written a list of the furniture we'd need to start with."

"Where is it?"

"I left it downstairs on the dining-room mantelpiece. Shall I—shall I get it?"

He hesitated, frowning; then said, "I suppose you might as well."

But when she had left the room he was sorry that he had permitted this interruption; it was only some more weak shilly-shallying, he thought, and when she came back he would put an end to it. He would make her face him with the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth; and he framed in his mind the opening phrases of what he would say to her as soon as she appeared. "That list can wait, Stella, because we may never use it. What won't wait are some questions I didn't ask you last night, and I warn you to answer them truthfully. I expect you'll probably try to lie to me, but

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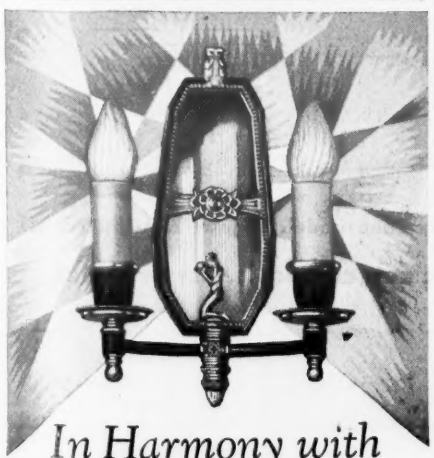

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it won't be any use, Stella, so you might as well ——"

Her footsteps, light but ascending slowly, were heard upon the stairs; he put his hands in his pockets, faced the door and stood waiting ominously.

"I found it," she said, as she reached the head of the stairway. "I thought I'd left it on the dining-room mantelpiece; but it wasn't there—it was on the window seat." She laughed apologetically. "I guess I'm getting forgetful or something." Then, with the sound of her apologetic laughter still audible as it dwindled to a murmur, she came timidly into the room. "I—I guess maybe I'm getting old or dumb or something. But anyway here it is." And she offered him the sheet of penciled paper she had brought with her.

He meant not to take it; he meant to push her hand aside and say, "No more shilly-shallying! We're going to have it out between us right here and now, Stella!" But the hand that should have pushed hers aside remained in his pocket, and what he said severely was, "You read it to me. I have trouble enough reading your writing when you use a pen and ink and do it carefully. When you write in pencil nobody on earth can make anything of it."

"I guess that's so," she assented gently, and she began to read the list. After a moment she stopped and stood frowning at the paper.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, dear," she laughed, "you're right; here's something I can't even read myself!"

THIS was his opportunity; he would begin the inquisition now—but again his powers failed him. All he did was to take the paper from her and decipher the scribbled words that had baffled her. "Towels," he said irritably. "It couldn't be trowels because even you wouldn't want two dozen trowels. Yes, here's the word 'dish' before it—dish towels. My goodness! Can't you read your own writing?" He returned the paper to her with an impatient gesture and turning away from her abruptly put his hands in his pockets and stood looking out of the window while she went on with the reading. Two or three of the items bothered her and she stumbled over them; but he did not interrupt or again offer to help her, and as she continued her voice took on a tone a little brisker and more confident.

The great Dutch King of England never did a better thing than when he destroyed, without reading it, the scroll bearing the names of those who had conspired against him. They had been traitors but would be truer to him thenceforth than if they knew he knew them for traitors; William of Orange let them live in safety and with spirits unbroken. By instinct sheerly, this other William did as fine a thing. He heard the lift in his wife's voice.

"Ah, well," the good fellow said to himself, "I guess I can get along without knowing every last thing about everything."

(THE END)

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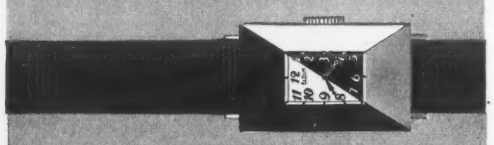
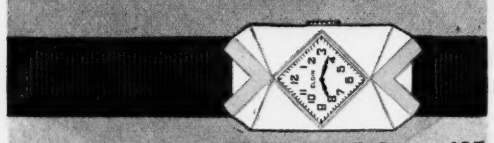


Lucien Lelong model, with black enamel, $35

Lucien Lelong model, enamel inlaid . . $35



Another smart model by Lucien Lelong, $35

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Engraved case; filigree bracelet . . $32.50

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Naturally, you can't just march up to that mother or father of yours and say in so many words that you'd like an Elgin watch for graduation.

But would you mind our suggesting it?

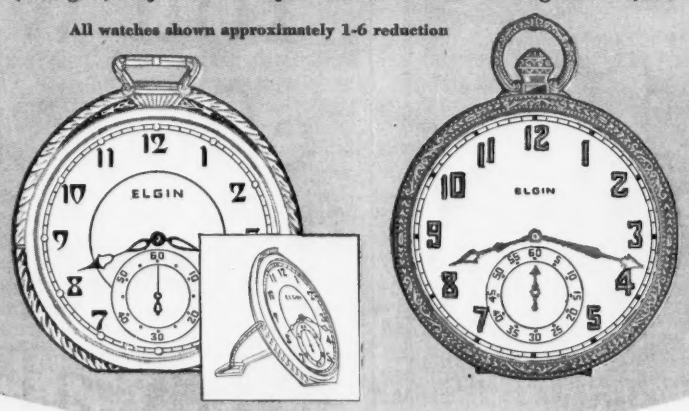
That's what these pages are for . . . just to remind the busy race of parents of an obvious fact that might have otherwise escaped them. Now, of course, they might not see this display, there's always the chance of that. But, of course, you might see to it that they don't miss seeing it . . . That's where being a diplomat comes in.

If ever you've thought of an Elgin for your graduation present (and who hasn't?) you'll be more eager than ever now. For never have there been so many exquisite Elgins. Never has the mechanism of a watch been cased with such beauty and variety. Somewhere in this array of watches . . . the largest in the world, foreign or American, is precisely the watch to carry the sentiment of your graduation day into the years to come. For the name Elgin is still, as always, the watchword of the watch world. Near you is an Elgin jeweler ready with your graduation present. Prices range from $19 to $350.

ELGIN

(At left) For pocket and desk. 17 jewels. Adjusted. 14 kt. $50
(At right) 19 jewels. 8 adjustments. 14 kt. white gold . $150

All watches shown approximately 1-6 reduction



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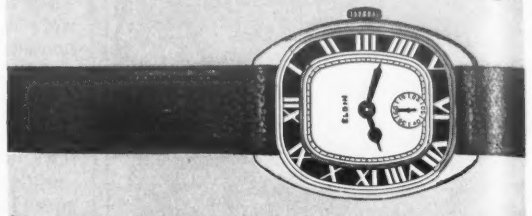

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Luminous dot dial and hands $26

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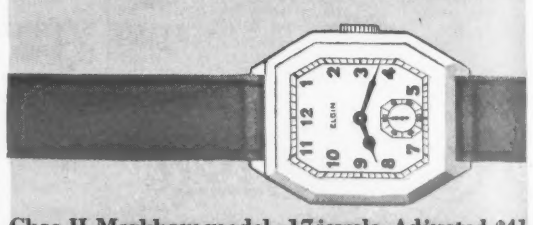
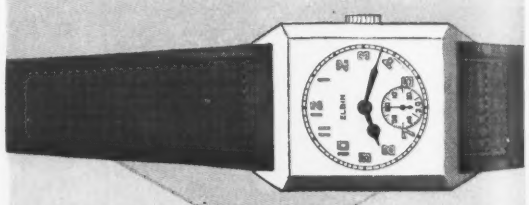


Chas. H. Markham model. 17 jewels. Adjusted, $41



Harvey Firestone model. 17 jewels. Adjusted, $41

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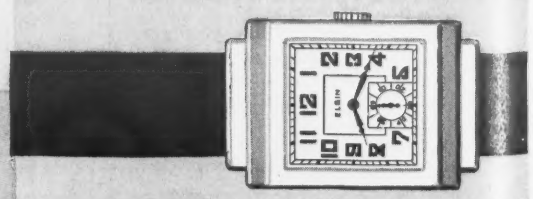

Ultra-modern design; 15 jewel movement . $44

Square, clean-cut lines. 15 jewel movement . $50

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Beggar's Choice

(Continued from Page 23)

But after he had restored it? Andrew laughed at his own absurdity. Such a place was certainly not for him or his!

He thought of his brisk, energetic mother compelled to sit in idleness in the parlor where quality belonged; thought of himself and his younger brother at the table where countless Jaffreys had eaten, waited upon by old Cato.

Dusk was fast approaching.

He walked on down toward the road where his car waited, wondering what celebration was in progress and what event lay ahead of such importance as to call for the sudden demand upon himself for a quart of his richest cream.

It was really what had brought him to Greenwood, that curiosity as strong as a clutching hand, which had seized him immediately a ragged black urchin had disclosed the impending event by rapping upon his door with a demand for cream.

He had had to see Greenwood. He had wanted to see the girl. He had wanted above all to know the meaning of the impending feast, since without doubt the order of a whole quart of cream meant feasting.

A wedding feast, he had thought; and some obscure jealousy having its origin in the doctor's "what a pair you'd make" had stabbed at him sharply.

He had reached the line of the Jaffrey property bordering the road the state had recently built.

Beside the road grew a lilac bush bearing blooms of the same pale hue as those Lorena Jaffrey had worn in her belt. Putting out a quick hand, Andrew broke off a spray preparatory to climbing into his roadster.

A CAR was approaching him from the opposite direction. As he started his own engine it drew alongside, and the driver, a young man of about his own age, asked a peremptory question:

"Where will I find Greenwood? The Jaffrey home, I mean."

Simultaneously the elderly woman beside him cried out in discovery from behind her swathing of veils, "But surely this is it, Chadwin!"

Andrew confirmed her surmise.

Driving away, he heard a long, derogatory whistle of astonishment from the young man and the sound of voices raised in immediate argument.

A feast, a young man—perhaps a wedding or engagement feast, after all. And yet, the young man in the expensive car had been a stranger, and Lorena Jaffrey had never been away from Greenwood.

Andrew gave up the puzzle in perplexity, although memory of the arrogant young man lingered unpleasantly.

One of the Jaffrey sort, that young man—slim, dark and pale, but differing from the girl in his quality of arrogance. In Lorena Jaffrey arrogance was absent; in its place a haunting wistfulness.

Over his own dinner table an hour later he told of his visit to Greenwood.

BY NOW they were feasting on the contents of the bubbling pots at Greenwood—Madam Jaffrey, the elderly woman and the slim young man who had arrived in the car, and Lorena Jaffrey in her ruffles, with the narrow band tight about her exquisite throat.

Cato would be moving about the table, which would be brave with newly polished silver, perhaps serving a last bottle of wine saved for some very great occasion.

Lorena Jaffrey would be sitting with her smooth eyelids downcast. Andrew did not know how he knew so well how Lorena Jaffrey's down-dropped eyelids would look, or why he was suddenly and sharply unhappy, so that all at once he stopped telling of ruined gardens, of the sundial, of Docia's impudence.

"But the girl?" demanded Ralph, his young brother. "Did you see her?"

He had seen Lorena Jaffrey, informed Andrew briefly. She was like a princess. "A princess in prison," he said precisely; and Mrs. Bateman spoke at once, with the intent blueness of her eyes misted, as though she looked ahead and saw possible unhappiness for her beloved elder son.

"She's not our sort, Andrew."

"No," agreed Andrew. "She is certainly not our sort."

LORENA had gone from the kitchen into the parlor, where, although the day was warm, a few sticks of wood burned in the white marble fireplace beside which her grandmother sat.

"You have been long over your dressing," greeted Madam Jaffrey in a tone which approved rather than condemned.

"I have been in the kitchen," corrected Lorena.

Madam Jaffrey frowned. "Must I again remind you that you have no place in the kitchen, Lorena?"

Lorena sat down without replying, adjusting her ruffles carefully in a high-backed chair. The dress was new, contrived from a dress which had belonged to her dead mother, and represented an infinity of effort in the way of hand-sewing.

The reproof about her presence in the kitchen she allowed to drop into silence.

Remembering the importance of the occasion, Lorena flushed, looking toward tall windows from which tattered draperies had only that morning been removed.

"It is growing late, grandmother," she said, allowing a tinge of anxiety to escape in her tone.

IF THE visitors should fail to arrive after all the immense exertion of preparation in their behalf—weeks of mending, patching, dusting, cleaning in the few rooms which must be on exhibition! Or if they arrived after the savory contents of Docia's pots had bubbled dry and tasteless!

Madam Jaffrey was unconcerned. "You are nervous, my dear, but you need not be. Chadwin Ferrand is a gentleman, and a gentleman always arrives in time for dinner.

"This day will see the realization of my dearest hope," she said with unusual gentleness. "Long ago, when Agnes Ferrand and I were schoolmates and intimate friends, we made a pact that our children should one day marry. In our generation unfortunately we both bore sons; but now, in our grandchildren, we hope to see that compact realized."

Gently agitating a black fan set with steel beads, she proceeded to add to this. The Ferrands were not impoverished. They were, instead, incredibly wealthy. They lived in Richmond in what she was reliably informed was almost a palace. The grandson, Chadwin Ferrand, was twenty-two, handsome and much sought after.

"It will all be so romantic," finished Madam Jaffrey, with a keen glance at her granddaughter. "Once again we will have a wedding at Greenwood."

FAMOUS FEET

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how they're kept free from corns

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Famous Feet

"Tolerate a corn? How mid-Victorian in these modern Blue-jay days!" So writes Vivienne Segal, co-star of "Three Musketeers."

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Blue-jay ends a corn with gentle ease. The cool, creamy-white pad snuggles down "bulgelessly" over the toe, ending the pain at once. The "controlled" medication is just enough to remove the corn painlessly, and swiftly. Unskilled corn-paring is dangerous, Blue-jay is safe and sure. At all drug stores. *For calluses and bunions, ask for the larger size Blue-jay.*

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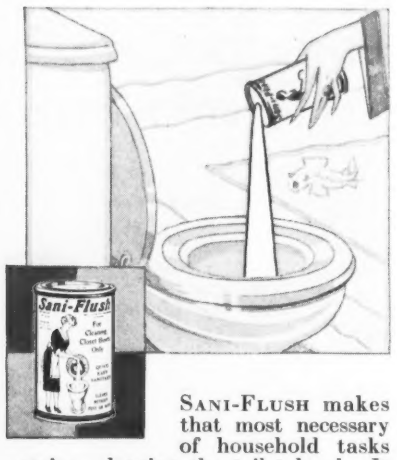
No greasy film. Won't soil a white kid glove.

With the New Liquid Veneer dusting, cleaning, polishing Glove, the NEW Liquid Veneer is even more helpful, more time-saving. The glove beautifies quickly and without any hard rubbing, without a trace of greasy film. Liquid Veneer Corporation, Buffalo, New York; and Bridgeburg, Ontario, Canada.

THE NEW LIQUID VENEER

dusts cleans beautifies LEAVES NO GREASY FILM

Exit . . . bathroom drudgery!



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Use Sani-Flush the year round. It is perfectly harmless to plumbing.

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PARSONS' loosens dirt and grime, cuts grease, and saves time and labor in cleansing all fabrics . . . all utensils . . . all surfaces. For over 50 years critical housewives have used it—and recommended it to their neighbors.

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PARSONS' HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA

Use it wherever you use soap and water

Seemingly she went back then into the days when Greenwood was the center of social activity, and Lorena did not seek to recall her.

Intruding upon this picture she heard the sound of an approaching motor making its way with difficulty up the driveway upon which wheels had not entered in months, even years.

Madam Jaffrey stood up. "They have come!" she said composedly.

After an interval two figures entered the room—an elderly woman in a gray motor coat, who rushed forward to embrace Madam Jaffrey, and a perceptibly sulky young man whose glance passed Madam Jaffrey with the sharp thrust of a rapier and fastened immediately upon Lorena.

Lorena saw an immediate lightening of sulky protest, and then the stout woman in gray was also turning toward her.

"My dear," she said, embracing Lorena warmly. "I had forgotten we raised young girls like this down here. But how lovely you are!"

"Lovely indeed," agreed Chadwin Ferrand, bowing over her finger tips in Continental style; and Lorena perceived that some existing constraint between grandmother and grandson had lifted.

VERY soon after that it was all as Andrew Bateman had imagined it—the mahogany table rubbed to soft luster and bare because all the yellowed table linen was ragged, the two elderly women sitting opposite each other, Lorena opposite young Ferrand, whose gaze dwelt upon her in an unremitting interrogation beneath which Lorena perforce dropped her eyelids.

She barely tasted the delicious food which Cato passed, although she could not remember when such food had been served at Greenwood, because her thoughts were so busy with the guests.

Mrs. Ferrand was quite stout. Her hair had either not turned gray or had been artificially assisted to retain its color. The pride which in Madam Jaffrey manifested itself as an aloof restraint had become in Mrs. Ferrand a bustling assertiveness.

Mrs. Ferrand complimented Lorena critically as dinner progressed. "She does you credit, Charlotte; although she is, perhaps, not quite modern."

"Scarcely that," agreed Chadwin Ferrand, without taking his eyes from Lorena. "But in this case Lorena does not lose by that. She is a type to herself."

His grandmother was obviously pleased, but Lorena had a sudden urgent wish that Chadwin Ferrand would discontinue his prolonged scrutiny.

Just so had the yellow-haired young man in the kitchen stared—only, somehow, his stare had been pleasant to experience rather than painful.

Chadwin Ferrand's stare gave her the feeling of being merely one more of the Jaffrey possessions presently to be borne away at a price. The schoolgirl pact between the two friends who were now old had seemed romantic, but Chadwin Ferrand was managing subtly to reduce the fulfillment of the pact to the level of a sordid transaction.

WHAT must he be thinking of her, of the girl who had been willing to marry a man she had never seen?

Beneath the slightly mocking gaze of dark masculine eyes, Lorena scorched with humiliation and thought of other eyes, blue instead of dark, which were kind instead of mocking.

Mrs. Ferrand leaned back in her chair presently. "I have eaten far too much," she announced discontentedly. "I had forgotten how country food tastes, just as I had forgotten the scent of lilacs in spring, forgotten ——" What else she had forgotten she did not say.

Immediately afterward they went into the parlor, where the fire waited and where Chadwin Ferrand tried the piano restlessly, found it hopelessly aged and out of tune, and turned away with a shrug of impatience.

"If there is a radio we might dance," he suggested.

But there was, of course, no radio.

"My granddaughter will be glad to play for you upon either the harp or the guitar, if you desire music," informed Madam Jaffrey politely.

Chadwin Ferrand smiled. "Upon the harp, by all means," he decided. "I should like to see Lorena playing the harp. I am sure it would be unforgettable." There was mockery in his voice.

WITH her habit of docility, Lorena seated herself beside the tarnished instrument, drew the harp toward her, began with a firm, sure touch.

"I am certain that you sing," stated rather than inquired Chadwin Ferrand.

"Lorena sings charmingly," confirmed Madam Jaffrey, with pathetic eagerness to confer desirable qualities upon her granddaughter.

Lorena sang—a low, rich murmur which held an audible element of pathos, so that involuntarily her listeners thought of a trapped bird or a bird with a broken wing and were faintly surprised to see only Lorena in her white dress, with her sweep of dark hair.

"Lorena has indeed a charming voice," complimented Chadwin Ferrand, and he was no longer scoffing.

Probably Mrs. Ferrand thought it well to end the first evening upon this note; perhaps she was really tired, perhaps only bored, for she stood up then.

"I had forgotten how quiet it is in the country," she informed, frankly yawning. "And we drove all day yesterday and all day today. We are really very tired, Charlotte."

Cato brought candles. Mrs. Ferrand took hers with a faint grimace. "A charming custom, Charlotte, but for myself I prefer an electric switch."

Scarlet spots appeared upon Madam Jaffrey's cheeks. "In this case the custom, if charming, is unavoidable. The house has never been wired for lights, and lamps smell so abominably on warm nights."

Nor had the house ever been piped for running water, she was remembering.

"Lorena," said Madam Jaffrey, still with the twin spots of scarlet upon her cheeks, "show our guests to their rooms."

"Now you are offended," regretted Mrs. Ferrand good-naturedly. "You were always so easily offended, Charlotte." She took her candle resignedly from Cato. Chadwin Ferrand stepped aside, and she followed Lorena, with Chadwin close upon their heels.

MRS. FERRAND glanced around almost helplessly at the bareness of her room and bade Lorena a kind good night.

Her grandson followed her inside.

"Lord, grandmother," he said in amused exasperation as the door closed, "this place is a barn!"

Lorena went to her own room, but for a long time she could not sleep.

If this marriage were arranged Madam Ferrand and her grandson would certainly want to hurry it. Intuitively she perceived that they would not want to linger at Greenwood, where the discomforts, for them, were apparently many.

One day, two days—possibly three, as a concession to appearances. And then they would be taking her away in the expensive car to marriage and a life of which she knew nothing.

Lorena swallowed hard in the darkness at the thought of her own part in that prospective marriage. Two tears slid down from beneath her closed eyelids.

It might have been easy, even pleasant to contemplate—the achievement of her grandmother's cherished wish to unite the two families; might really have been romantic, except that Chadwin Ferrand had wiped out both ease and romance from the prospect.

Again she thought of Andrew Bateman—of his quietness, of his strength, which managed to remain gentle. She

(Continued on Page 240)

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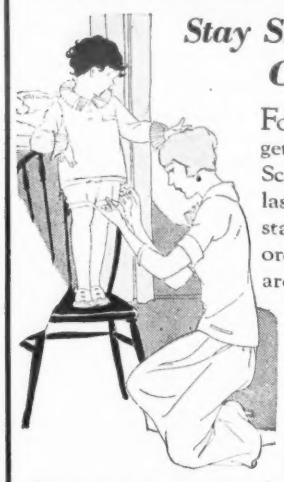

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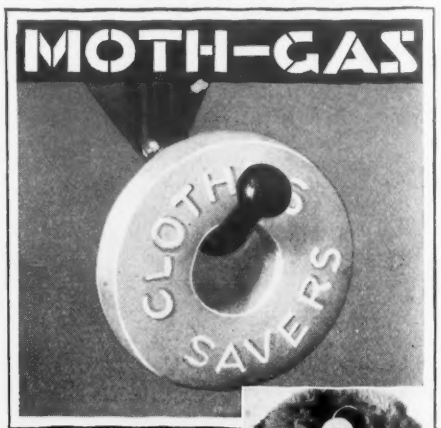

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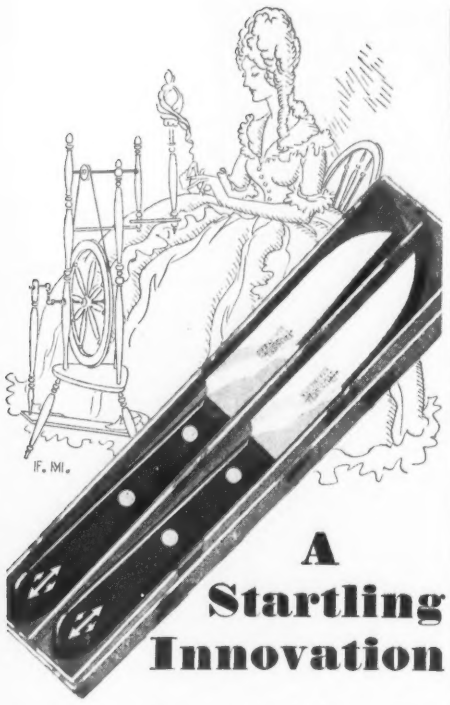

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(Continued from Page 238)

fell asleep thinking of Andrew Bateman and awoke early, still thinking of him.

Nobody was astir when she went downstairs except Docia, who gave her a bowl of early strawberries and a plate of biscuits upon the kitchen table, grumbling mightily.

"Whef'fore you cain't wait fo' de company brek'fus, chile? Dis ain't no way fo' quality ter eat—on de kitchen table!"

So vigorous were her expostulations that for greater peace Lorena carried both berries and biscuits to the back step.

It was a beautiful day outside, with a sky which was blue and intense, like Andrew Bateman's eyes.

Lorena was abashed by the sudden perception that she had never really stopped thinking of Andrew since he had first dawned upon her vision. Some part of her thoughts had been intently preoccupied with him ever since.

SHE finished the strawberries and sat looking at the tangled garden—at the lilac bushes, the waving strands of honeysuckle, the distant cottonwood trees, the chinaberry trees, which were nearer.

There was a loveliness about it all, a sad loveliness such as properly belongs to a place gone down to ruin. She was quite sure Chadwin Ferrand would never perceive that loveliness, just as she was sure Andrew Bateman couldn't fail to see it.

Again she had come back to Andrew in her thoughts.

Lorena stood up, leaving her plates upon the step for Docia to care for, and went down the walk which curved around the house to the broader walk leading to the main road.

She wore this morning a tight, faded little blue dress which she had almost outgrown but which she was compelled to wear because she had literally no other, except the white mull which was her best.

Above the blue dress her dark eyes were anxious, and she did something this morning which she had never done before—she went down to the end of the walk, where the road passed, and stood beside a lilac bush as though she were waiting.

And presently, as though she had really been waiting, Andrew Bateman came along in his roadster, bareheaded and bare throated.

He stopped at once, and they stood looking silently at each other, slim dark girl and blond young giant, as though for the moment they had nothing to say.

"I wonder—it's a lovely morning—would you care to ride?" invited Andrew at last. At her motion of acceptance he jumped down, assisting her into the car.

He knew at once that she had never been in an automobile before, so he drove very slowly so as not to alarm her, although it seemed to Lorena that they covered the ground very fast.

IN NO time at all they passed the Richards' place, where she had visited, as a child, behind two fat bays which had seemed to gallop but which she now knew had gone very slowly indeed.

They were driving toward the rising sun. Andrew Bateman's head was bright gold, and his hands upon the wheel were brown and strong.

Lorena looked at those hands. Chadwin Ferrand's were only a little less white than her own—slender, delicate hands, lacking strength. But these would hold very firmly whatever they grasped.

Looking at Andrew Bateman's strong hands, Lorena swayed and grew white, letting her eyelids drop in panic.

"You are ill!" exclaimed Andrew Bateman in concern.

She had an instant intuition that were she to admit her illness, Andrew Bateman would take her in his arms, which were no less strong than his hands; and because of the sudden wave of longing which swept over her at that prospect she forced herself to repudiate it.

"I am not ill."

"But you are so pale!"

"I am always pale." To prove it, Lorena turned rose pink.

Andrew Bateman pointed ahead. "That is where I live. I must stop there for a moment."

BECAUSE she so much wanted to see Andrew Bateman's home, Lorena did not oppose this, although she knew she should have turned back long before. Beyond doubt the guests had arisen by this time and Madam Jaffrey was seriously annoyed by her unaccountable absence.

Andrew Bateman had built himself a new house upon an old site. "There is no use in preserving anything old unless it is worth preserving," he had declared sturdily upon his arrival from the North; and down had come rotting old timbers and moldy old chimneys, with a new house rising in place of them amid the grove of trees now thinned to beauty.

It was a small house compared to Greenwood, but what there was of it was not small.

Lorena saw a long living room of handsome proportions with a fireplace at either end. Green things growing in pots. Colorful rugs. Shaded lights. She had a glimpse of bedrooms charmingly furnished in wicker and enamel, of a bathroom of shining tile and nickel; and then they reached the door leading into the kitchen.

For a moment Lorena stood looking into that kitchen and contrasting it inevitably with the room where Docia worked so untidily and incompetently.

Everything was a shining blue and white here, with windows cut to give a view of distant woods. The room was fragrant with baking cake. A woman in a crisp white dress stood over a table cutting cookies in odd shapes, and a tall boy stood looking out of an open door, eating cake warm from the oven.

"This is Miss Jaffrey, mother," introduced Andrew Bateman casually. "She seemed ill, and I brought her to you."

Miss Jaffrey must sit down and rest, assured Andrew's mother, settling Lorena in a rocker. She did look pale.

COOKIES on a plate and a glass of rich creamy milk were brought. The tall boy, after a shy smile of greeting, went on eating his cakes. Mrs. Bateman went on cutting her cookies. Andrew seated himself on a box beside the stove and began to whittle upon a small piece of pine.

It was as though by ignoring her they had accepted her, managing to make her a part of themselves.

Lorena nibbled a bit of cake, sipped of her milk. How kind they were, each in a different way!

Three heads all precisely yellow. Three pairs of blue eyes, less precisely blue. Mrs. Bateman's were a tranquil Nordic blue, the boy Ralph's the mild blue of an April morning, Andrew's the warmer, more intense blue of summer.

"Let me!" begged Lorena suddenly of Mrs. Bateman, putting out her hand for the bright tin cooky cutter, and Mrs. Bateman gave it to her indulgently, humoring her as she would have humored the daughter she had wanted and never had.

Flushed and eager, Lorena cut squares and circles from soft thin dough, while the three Batemans watched with differing emotions.

After she had finished, Andrew took her out to his model barns, where soft questioning eyes and velvety heads waited in white stalls.

In one stall they found a new calf upon absurd, unsteady legs, and Lorena reached down and touched a wabbly forehead with finger tips which were so caressing that

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Andrew Bateman had a sudden tightness in his throat and began to tell her of how he had come here from so far away.

His family had been a race of pioneers in Minnesota. When he was grown and after his father had died he had felt in himself the demand of pioneer blood for new fields to conquer; but there were, seemingly, no new frontiers, and only after a time had it come to him that pioneering was not essentially a matter of new land but of new conditions to face and new risks to take. And so he had come down here and started his model dairy farm.

"People must eat, you know," finished Andrew Bateman.

Lorena nodded, knowing the truth of that far better than Andrew Bateman would ever know it.

"I wish I, too, might have worked," she said wistfully. "I think I should have liked working."

SHE was thinking of Mrs. Bateman, of her brisk activity, of the something about her which was young although she had two tall sons, and she was thinking of Andrew himself and his brown hands, which were so different from Chadwin Ferrand's white hands.

"Work is the most beautiful thing in a beautiful world," said Andrew with an embarrassed seriousness.

"If only I had had someone to tell me that before," sighed Lorena. "But Jaffreys have never worked, and now it is too late."

"Why too late?" demanded Andrew Bateman, although he knew.

Lorena looked up at him wistfully. "Because beggars have no choice; they must follow the easiest road."

Andrew became remote. "People have always said that, but I wonder if it is true. I wonder if it isn't merely the beggar's excuse for taking the easy road."

When she did not answer he led her out and put her in the roadster and took her home, although she was not at all ready to go. He dropped her beside the lilac bush in a silence so profound that Lorena was abashed.

Getting down from the car she barely whispered a farewell, with her eyes lowered and one hand pulling at her skirt in confusion, and it was only after she had gone up the old brick path that Andrew Bateman wondered why he had not taken her in his arms and kissed those lowered white eyelids as he had wanted to.

"Gosh," said Ralph, when he had driven home again. "I never saw a girl like that before! Such tiny hands, such tiny feet, such big eyes ——"

"I saw only the poor frightened eyes of her and the courage in her heart which she does not know how to use," said Mrs. Bateman. "What are they trying to do with that child, Andrew?"

"To marry her," replied Andrew. "To marry her to quality, which is what she was always meant for."

But he was wondering if that was what Lorena's mother, who had not been quality, according to the accepted term, would have chosen for her daughter.

"She'd be happier here," informed Ralph sturdily. "She liked it here; anybody could see that."

THE big car was not in the stable. Chadwin Ferrand had come down to a very late breakfast, had found Lorena gone and had not been displeased.

Playing the coquette with him, was she? Well, he knew that game—knew all the pretty tricks in it. Up to a certain point it was an amusing game to play, and for the time being he was willing to humor Lorena.

So, after he had breakfasted on berries and cream and chicken and hot biscuits, with several cups of steaming coffee, he had first taken a tour of inspection through the house and then taken out the car and driven toward the nearest town in search of a box of candy elaborately tied with

(Continued on Page 243)

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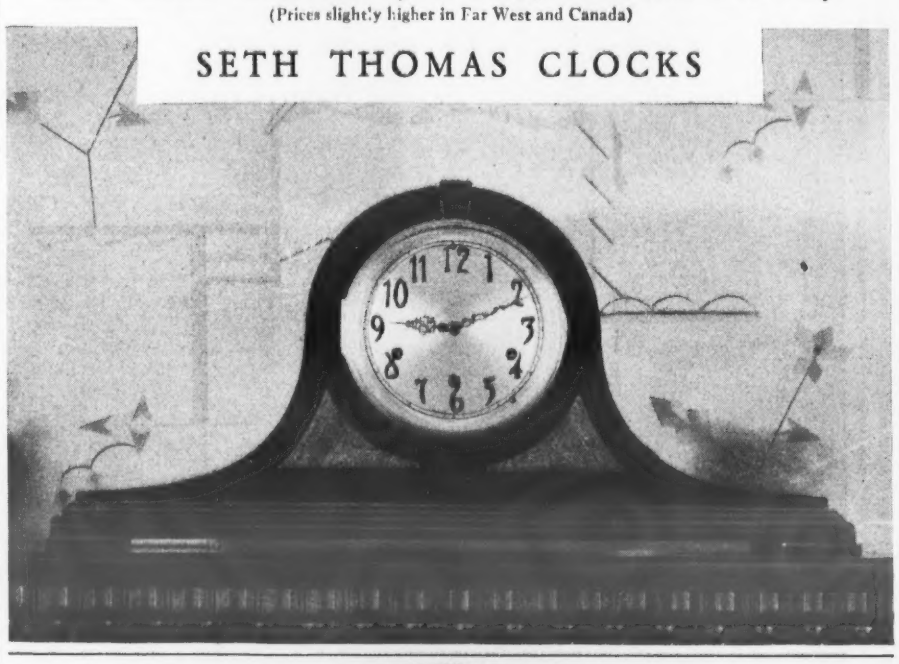

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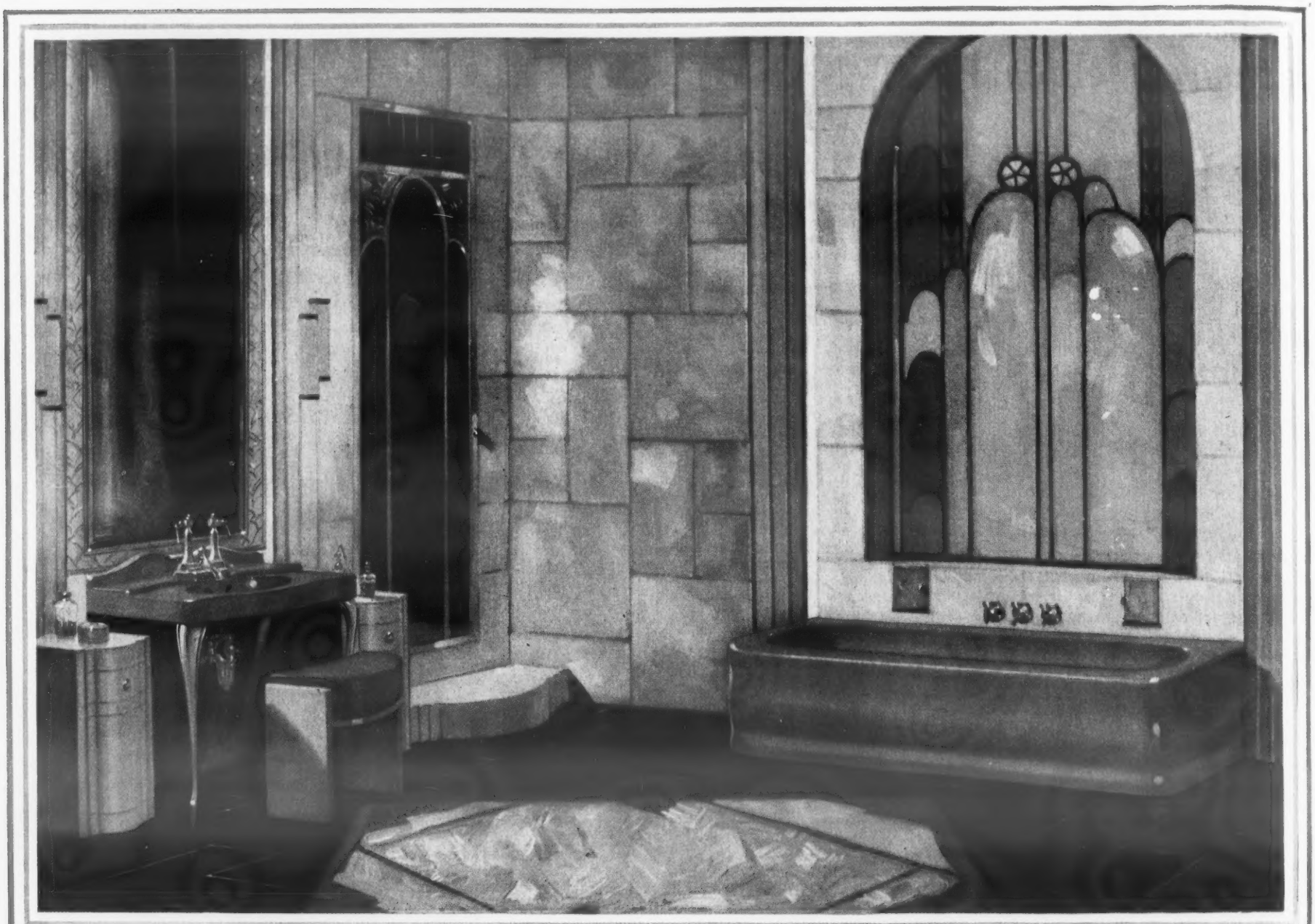

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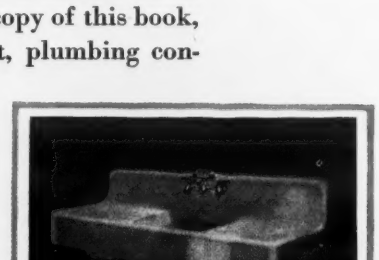

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(Continued from Page 241)

ribbon and the ring he had been too resentful to bring with him.

"It's a barn," he said again of the house when it had yielded up its sorry secret of stripped rooms. "And they are beggars, the two women!"

After which he reflected cannily that it was not entirely a bad idea to have a beggar for a wife. Beggars certainly couldn't be choosers. A wife who was a beggar would necessarily be docile, would grant her husband the widest of liberty.

In any event, this match would please his grandmother, who had commanded it, and the girl was a beauty.

On his way to town he passed a roadster driven by a yellow-haired young man and remembered him from the previous day, although he gave no salutation. And he had no way of knowing that the yellow-haired young man, noting that the fenders of the beautiful car were scraped and dented, looked after him in angry resentment, knowing that a man who does not value one rare possession usually does not value another.

LORENA had, therefore, a brief respite from decision while Chadwin Ferrand drove to town and Mrs. Ferrand slept through the long hours of the warm afternoon; she herself sat with her grandmother in the vast front bedroom, which had been darkened against the heat.

"It will be a good match for you," stated Madam Jaffrey again, in a dry, brittle voice. "These people have what we have not—money—although I cannot say it seems to have improved them."

Lorena thought of many things, her thoughts turning eventually to her mother, who had also made what must have seemed a wonderful match. "Am I like my mother, grandmother?" she questioned wistfully. "You've never said, and there is no picture."

Madam Jaffrey only partly answered the question. "You are a Jaffrey, Lorena. Your mother was not a Jaffrey. Your mother had not the pride which belongs to a Jaffrey."

"Grandmother, I can't!" pleaded Lorena in sudden terror. "Oh, grandmother, don't make me!"

Madam Jaffrey sighed. In her way she loved her granddaughter and, loving her, wanted her to be happy. "I'm afraid you must, child. There's literally nothing left. We wouldn't even have bread."

Beggars couldn't be choosers—that was what she meant, although she did not quite say it. If you were a beggar without bread you must be grateful for the cake which came your way.

For a long moment they sat looking at each other, sad young eyes looking into sad old eyes. And then, perhaps remembering that Lorena was not all Jaffrey, Madam Jaffrey abruptly capitulated.

"Very well, my dear. We can but die, and a Jaffrey knows how to die, if not how to live!"

She was very stately about it and very courageous, but yielding on the part of one who had never yielded was so dreadful to behold that it was not to be borne.

Lorena fell to her knees beside her grandmother. "Darling, no! I'll marry him—don't think of it again."

Again Madam Jaffrey sighed. "You are a good child, Lorena. So good a child that I almost think it would be easier if you were not so good!"

DINNER that night was much as it had been on the previous night—the two old women in black, Chadwin in white flannels instead of gray, Lorena in the ruffled mull with fresh lilacs at her waist, Cato moving about heavily.

But after dinner things were different. At a signal from her grandson, Mrs. Ferrand intercepted Madam Jaffrey. "Let the young people entertain each other, Charlotte," she suggested archly. "We have surely many things in the past to talk about which would be uninteresting to young ears."

Only it was not the past but the future which the two women talked about in the bedroom belonging to Madam Jaffrey.

"We will be leaving at once," planned Mrs. Ferrand briskly. "The wedding will, of course, take place at my home. This is scarcely a suitable place for a wedding or even for a residence. It is my hope that you will make your home with me henceforth, Charlotte."

It was graciously said, but Madam Jaffrey stared very hard at the window, outside which an owl had hooted every night for forty years.

NEVER another wedding at Greenwood, not even this last wedding she had hoped for. Herself to be granted a corner henceforth in another woman's home, to live beneath another woman's rule, all her wants supplied by what would be little more than charity.

It was what she had schemed for, but for the moment she could say nothing, could only sit looking toward the window.

"Now you are offended again," declared Mrs. Ferrand in sharp annoyance. "You have too much pride, Charlotte."

"And too little else," agreed Madam Jaffrey.

But she raised no objection to the proposed plans, and after a time she rose and went to her clothes closet and brought out a wedding veil of finest rose point.

"Mine," she stated. "Lorena will be married in it. There was no other in the Carolinas to equal it."

"I remember the day you wore it," said Mrs. Ferrand, softened. "You were a lovely bride, Charlotte."

Lorena sat upon the front porch between the huge columns which had been white, strumming upon the guitar which had belonged to her father.

It was bright moonlight, and the light fell upon Lorena's white dress, her dark head, her pale young face in an effect enchanting to behold.

Young Ferrand acknowledged its magic. "You are gorgeous in all that moonlight, Lorena," he said lazily. "Suppose you kiss me! I have an idea that you have never been kissed by a man before, and kissing a girl who has never been kissed appeals to me as a rare experience. After all, there is something to be said in favor of the harem and secluding women from the outside world. Untouched bloom is charming."

He was amused when Lorena shrank back hastily.

"But it's quite all right," he assured condescendingly. "Even your grandmother will say it is all right, if you care to ask her. We're to be married, you know, and that's what she wants. The old girl made it pretty plain, when she wrote, that it was what she did want! She must have been rather desperate to try and hold my grandmother to a silly schoolgirl promise outlawed by forty years."

He laughed, and Lorena winced.

"GRANDMOTHER wants me to marry," assured Chadwin Ferrand. "She wants me to marry you because she's hipped on the subject of good blood, and there was someone else I fancied who wasn't exactly quality according to my grandmother's standards. So she offered me five hundred thousand cold if I would agree to marry you. She also threatened to cut me off without a penny if I didn't, so I really had no choice. I'm dependent upon her; and beggars can't be choosers."

Beggars can't be choosers!

There it was again, the thing Andrew Bateman had said wasn't true.

"I must say I'm overpaid," said Chadwin Ferrand beside her. "Any man would be glad to marry you without being paid for it, Lorena!" He thought he was being very gallant.

Lorena, with that queer look in her eyes, was entirely lovely. Her resistance was exciting—and hang it, a man ought to put some warmth in his wooing. With a

(Continued on Page 245)

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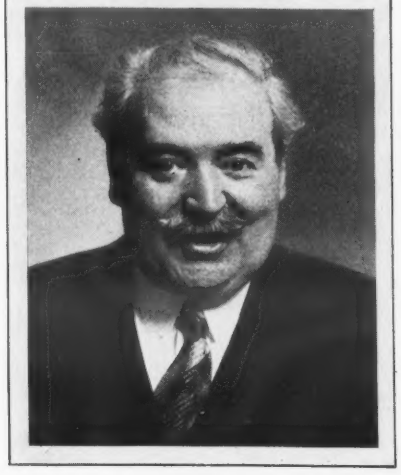

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(Continued from Page 243)

quick, amorous motion he caught Lorena by both arms, drawing her toward him.

"She really couldn't hold a candle to you, Lorena, that other girl. I'm well rid of her; grandmother was right!"

In one moment of forced maturity Lorena comprehended what it might otherwise have taken her years to understand.

Chadwin Ferrand had come to her with another woman in his heart. He had discarded that other as easily as he would one day discard herself if the opportunity arose.

Something of all this she may have learned from the greedy grasp of his finger tips, which was so different from the gently protective clasp of Andrew Bateman's brown hands; and thinking of Andrew Bateman, Lorena tore herself away with a gasp and went running down the uneven brick walk.

"Come back!" called Chadwin Ferrand half amused, half vexed. "I never fight over kisses. It really isn't worth while to fight over what is given in the end."

But Lorena did not hear.

She had reached the lilac bush and had gone flying down the road as she had gone down the brick walk, a hunted thing seeking refuge.

It was very much farther on foot than in Andrew Bateman's quick little car.

Lorena was tired and dusty, and the ruffles of the white mull dress were draggled when she came at last into the room where Andrew sat with his mother and Ralph. Her forehead was wet. Her dark hair clung in a sharply defined curve. Her eyes were all for Andrew.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Ralph sharply and faded out of the room.

"I came ——" began Lorena painfully.

"Andrew!" begged his mother. "Surely she doesn't need to tell you why she came?"

But Andrew put out his hand to silence her. "Wait, mother. Let her tell why she did come. It's important to *her*."

"I came," faltered Lorena, "because sometimes there *is* a choice for beggars, if only a beggar has the courage to choose. Because there's one thing which costs nothing at all, so that even a beggar might choose that one thing."

"And that thing?" demanded Andrew.

But Lorena had broken down. She was sobbing, her hands to her face. "Oh, Andrew," she wept, "don't you love me? I think you must, or surely I couldn't care like this!"

She never quite knew how he bridged the gap between them, but there he was, smoothing her dark hair, pulling her hands from her eyes, making her know that she had come to stay.

"Little goose, of course I love you!" assured Andrew. "I've loved you from the moment I first saw you."

There was the click of a closing door, and they were, blessedly, alone.

The Lion Named Herbert

(Continued from Page 25)

studied him with sudden astonishment. He wore a grimy rig of a racing driver, but he wore it with distinction. There was a strange potency about him. His eyes were like a lynx's in their cool, clear scrutiny. They met hers—denying recognition.

A small exclamation escaped Dana's lips. She knew the man. She had danced with him a dozen times last season. He belonged to a club—at Princeton or somewhere—which several New York hostesses invited en masse to some of the larger dances. His name was Vance—yes, Howard Vance.

Gary was looking at her. "What is it?" he asked her.

She was herself again, smiling up at him. "Let's go in and see this one. Do you mind?"

It was a motordrome, which was nothing more than a tank of the sort to be seen on city roofs, a big wooden tub thirty feet or less in diameter and twenty feet high. The sides were perpendicular, and they formed a race track, a small circular track banked ninety degrees. A platform was built around the top, outside, for the spectators. When Dana reached this gallery and peered over the edge, a motorcycle was going dizzily around inside, rider and machine horizontal in mid-air.

She glanced at Gary. His expression was cynical. "They really do it, you see. They're absolutely crazy, these fellows! Imagine doing that, for next to nothing! They're stark mad!"

"Maybe they like it."

"They must be sick of living. Maybe they have a horror of old age."

THE first machine swooped to a stop on the dished floor of the drome and another took up the whirl. This one tilted his orbit so that he dipped almost to the flooring at one point and zoomed almost to the top rim at another. The onlookers fell back from the handrail as the snarling tires spun close by.

The engines made an uproar, and Dana could talk only at intervals. "I suppose there's a knack to it."

"Very likely," Gary agreed. But in his opinion there was nothing short of total insanity that accounted for these men.

The one named Howard Vance now took off, and Dana's compunction tightened to an intimate dread. This Vance was even madder than the others.

"Oh, I wish he wouldn't whoosh around like that!" she cried, and laughed nervously at herself. "How silly of me! To act as if this time is any worse than the others, just because I'm here watching!"

Vance's motor snarled and barked. The staves of the tank rattled crazily under the thrust of his tires. He really seemed to be taking a cynical risk with his life at every second. The blasé Webb became taut as he watched.

"IT CAN'T be so dangerous as it looks!" she begged Gary. "They'd be killed off every other day!"

"They know their stuff," he agreed. "The danger is the chance of something going wrong. But if anyone blows a shoe, or hits a rotten slat, or gets a dizzy spell—pouf!"

She frowned, and wished for his own sake that he would not harp on that.

Tonight she was acutely sensitive, receptive, to impressions. The image of Howard Vance lingered in her thoughts, and Gary Webb struck a contrast. On opposite sides of a safety rail two men smiled, each in his own way scornful and superior.

Was it ignominious to be reckless and underpaid and mad? Or to buy vicarious thrills? Twenty-five cents' worth, by proxy, of another's daring!

Dana knew the answer. The haughty young eyes in the pit knew the answer. And H. Gary Webb, 3d, did not know.

But the mystery of why Howard Vance was here at all remained.

Now came the finale of the show. The three motorcycles sped in formation, drew abreast, and circled together, their riders touching hands. A ringmaster armed with a whip and a pistol stood in the center of the pit. A grill opened and the forgotten lion entered the arena. Motors roared and spat; the whip cracked; pistol shots echoed and filled the narrow space with acrid smoke. The lion, panting, sick with terror, cowed by the hullabaloo about his wretched ears, slunk a few times around the inclosure and back to his cage. The performance was over.

"Oh!" That pitiful lion! What barbarism to torment him so! Dana's eyes

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grew hot with an anger which found as its object no actual person. Could a populace really be so degraded as to get a thrill of fear from that woebegone animal? Probably, poor darling, a vegetarian!

She turned indignantly to Gary with some such remark on her tongue. But he was saying something and she did not interrupt. "Worth the evening, don't you think? I'd heard about these rackets, but I'd never happened to see one. By Jove, that lion!"

"Yes, Gary? What about him?"

"Treacherous-looking brute! You'd think, wouldn't you, that those fellows took long enough chances without having that beast in there with them! If he took it into his head to make a spring at one of them —— Oh, it would be decidedly unpleasant!"

So that was the impression the spectacle had made on him! They came out into the fresher air of the midway. "Gary, I don't believe I want to stay here any longer."

"All right. There's nothing much else anyhow. What shall we try next?"

"Nothing, I guess. Just home, if you won't mind."

"Just as you like. The evening's young though. Feeling ill, or anything? You look a little down."

SHE hesitated over the old reliable, the headache. After all the shooting and backfiring, it was plausible. "No," she told him. "I'm just out of sorts." Something would never let her play up to him.

"Right-o," he agreed, and apparently took her caprices in a perfectly debonair fashion. "I'll run around in the morning about twelve and bring the pooch," he told her before he left her at her veranda. "By the way, let's try to keep Saturday evening. The Beach Club dance will be deadly, but if we look in it's enough."

She answered him and ran up the steps. At eleven o'clock, a plain white polo coat over her evening clothes, she was racing back along the shore road. At the motordrome a performance was going on, but the man she wanted to see was on the outside platform. She went up to him.

"Howard Vance, what are you doing here?"

He must have found her tone too peremptory, for he said: "Working. What of it? You don't have to know me."

She laughed up at him. "How do you know what I have to do? It's all right with me if you work." Now he was smiling; she went on: "When are you through? What are you doing after that?"

"In a minute or so. I ride once more. Why? I usually go somewhere and eat."

"I could eat," she said agreeably. "Let's go to my house and raid the refrigerator." Without waiting for his reply she said: "I'll go and telephone. Then I'll wait for you outside in the car."

She drove up to the village square and found a telephone booth in a drug store, got a parlor maid on the wire.

She felt an unwonted excitement about what lay before her; for the first time since she could remember she was doing something on an outright impulse. She had made an engagement without ulterior motive, and she was going to meet a man merely for the reason that his personality attracted her.

OUTSIDE the main gate of the carnival she watched eagerly for him. What if anyone should see her about this madcap "biznai"? She laughed softly to herself.

"I've been trying to imagine," she told him when they set out, "why you're doing what you are, Howard!"

"Slumming!" he accused her. "Now you want to know whether licker or women ruined me. Is it that?"

"No, really! I'm just all agog with—interest. And I can't imagine! There's a fatal woman? Or maybe your father said, 'Never darken my doors again!' Or ——"

He laughed and a clear light leaped up in his eyes whenever he looked at her. "Don't try so hard," he said. "There's no reason why. I just wanted to."

No reason. He just took a notion. How nice. Presently he grew more explicit. He watched her in musing admiration, and talked idly of himself. "I got my degree in June. Just then it came over me that I hadn't learned anything. You don't. College is just kindergarten. Sing and play games with the other children. I want to go back for a master's before I get on the ball for good. But I'm tired of being a nasty little schoolboy on my father's hands. I'm twenty-two and ——"

"So you thought you'd get a job for the summer."

"Yes."

"Ye-es." He delighted her. He thought that riding a motorcycle upside down was a thing one did, along with getting an M.A. or an M.S.

"THE show," he related, "was at a county fair the week of commencement, and a crowd of us drifted in there one morning. I bet them I could ride, and the boss let me try it. Afterwards he offered me a job. He was fooling, but I took him up. One of his men was sick and quit, and so I got the place. Anybody can do it, you know. You get the knack, and then work up little tricks."

"Like the little blindfold trick!"

"Yes."

"Ye-es." Anybody could do it. "Well, I could do without one of the tricks in your show. The lirn one!"

"Lirn?" he said. "*Lirn?*"

"I used to call them *lirns*. I like *lirns*. Sounds fiercer."

"Oh, yes. You mean Herbert. Well, Herbert isn't very fierce, whatever you call him, I'm afraid."

"Has he ever chawed anybody?"

"Herbert! Chawed anybody! Oh, my Lord!"

"So the lirn's name is Herbert," she said. "I did feel so sorry for him! He looked all hot and bothered and—you know, distressed."

"I know," said Howard. His face fell. "Pretty poor stuff, that animal act. I don't care for it. Can you imagine," he asked her with a trace of vehemence—"can you imagine anybody being such a wet smack as to think that lion act is a thriller?"

He shook his head, and then appeared to drop Herbert from his mind and to forget even the tabloid heart of the public he edified. She saw that he had finished his coffee, and took the cup from his hand.

"Does it keep you awake at night?"

"No."

"No-o." Everything he told her delighted her. The man himself fascinated her. When she handed back his cup to him the light contact of their fingers sent a tingle along her nerves.

HOWARD VANCE was a *person*. She had imagined such a being, and had felt a discontent with herself and the puppets around her. Not a hero, nor a brilliant rogue, nor a dim figure of romance. Just a person, but for that reason a rarity to her. Life absorbed him, because it was a challenge, a quest for his mind and a trial for his strength.

"Would you like to go outside?" she asked him. "Where it's cooler."

A devil-may-care mood had prompted that. She asked herself inwardly, "Well, if he wants to—as he obviously does—why not? It won't be any blot on the record. I'm not the unkissed marvel of the Machine Age."

That, so very clearly, was not the point at all. In the morning Gary Webb was coming around to present her with a puppy. All her life had been but a prelude to the moment when a Gary Webb would present her with a puppy. Now here she was going off at a tangent!

She would be able to lead the puppy around on a leash, displaying it as Gary's gift. That was almost as signal a victory as leading Gary himself about on a leash.

"It is cooler out here," Howard said.

"Yes."

They were both under a tension of suspense.

(Continued on Page 249)

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No Other Soap is Needed Now

Like most women, you perhaps use several soaps. One for the bath, another for the shampoo, a third for the hands and face—and still another for baby's bath. But this is no longer necessary. ZANOL Vegetable Soap takes the place of all other soaps. Purer, richer, softer—it is the ideal soap for every toilet purpose.

A Test for You to Make

Send for your free cake of ZANOL Vegetable Soap today. When it arrives we ask you to compare it with any of the soaps you are using now. First, make this test:

In your right hand take the cake of ZANOL Soap. In your left, one of the soaps you are now using. Dip both hands in water—hard or soft, hot or cold—it makes no difference. For ZANOL lathers freely in *any* kind of water. Now turn the soap in your hands two or three times *and then compare the lather.* Thousands who have made this test report these facts: ZANOL Soap produces two to three times *more* lather—lather that is thicker, smoother, creamier—that cleanses with amazing thoroughness. Rinse away this wonderful lather and look at your hands. Already you can see the difference.

Make These Five Simple Tests With Your Free Cake of ZANOL Soap

Test it for the Hair
A thick, creamy cleansing lather that leaves the hair soft and lustrous.

Test it for the Hands
A rich lather that thoroughly cleanses, leaving the hands soft and white.

Test it for the Complexion
—ZANOL'S cool, soothing lather works into each tiny pore and removes every trace of dirt and dust. And in a few weeks you can see a wonderful difference. Your skin will be softer, clearer and more youthful. ZANOL Vegetable Soap is a pure, mild, safe soap with a *natural* color and a *natural* fragrance of its own.

Test it for the Bath
An abundant, invigorating lather that rids every pore of dirt.

Test it for the Baby
A soft, pure, cooling lather—gentle and soothing for baby's tender body.

Mail Coupon Below for Free Cake

Perhaps you wonder how a soap that does so much can cost so little—for ZANOL Vegetable Soap is priced at only 10c a cake or 3 cakes for 25c. And now we invite you to test a cake at our expense. Simply mail the coupon and we'll send a full-size cake free. Then make the test suggested. Mail coupon now.

ZANOL

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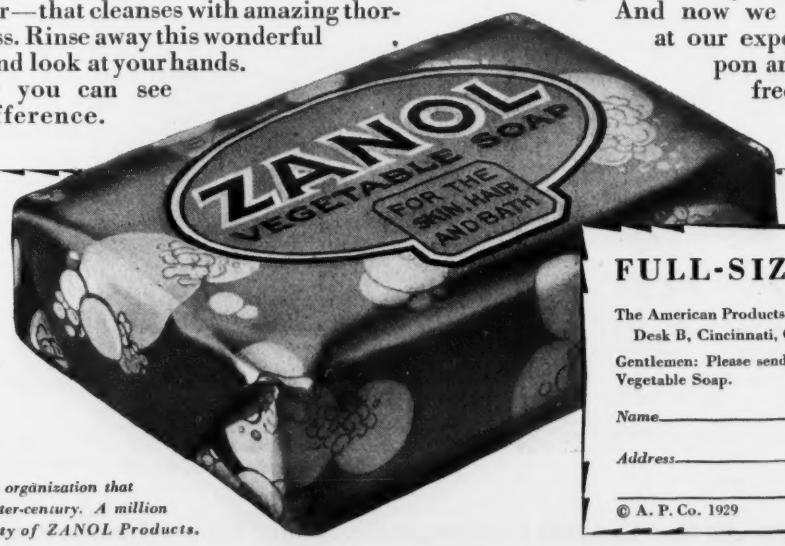
FOR FACE, HANDS, HAIR & BATH



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in GOSSARDS *only*

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Dallas, Atlanta, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires—Division of Associated Apparel Industries, Inc.

(Continued from Page 246)

Tonight the garden was not itself, but a mystic place, a shadowland of black and silver, where a wholly odd thing might happen. The settee under a small marquee was a purple shadow.

"Shall we go over there?"

"Won't the dampness spoil your frock?"

Dana laughed, for no reason that she could exactly have given. Did she seem so fragile to him?

SHE warned herself to be careful, struggling against that dangerous sense of awareness. This rendezvous could come to nothing. Indeed, it would, she amended, come to just that. Howard Vance's kiss—to imagine such an eventuality—would merely seal within her those discontents which had seethed of late. It would lead to her refusal of Gary Three. She knew that. And if anybody ever refused Gary Three the world would crack!

The circumspect thing, obviously, was to keep him at a distance.

That would put no strain upon her so far as Howard was involved. She saw, as they reached the settee, that he had barriers of his own. He would not touch her hand unless he divined an answering impulse on her part.

She was not relieved, but piqued. It was as if he withheld a secret. She was Pandora, and mystery was unendurable, and restraint only a provocation.

She let her hand accidentally brush his and remain. When his fingers closed over hers she returned the pressure. But that game with its absurd pretexts quickly jarred upon her. She wanted to be outright and fervid. Her small nails dug into the back of his hand. Because she wanted to, she closed her eyes and lifted her lips for his kiss.

When they talked at intervals after that their voices were low and not quite steady. Howard would be going away. Tonight, the years ahead oppressed him. There were quests for his mind and trials for his strength before he could marry.

"I wonder what *she* will be like. The girl you marry."

"She'll be like you," he said bluntly. "Don't you see, she will have to be!"

"How, like me?"

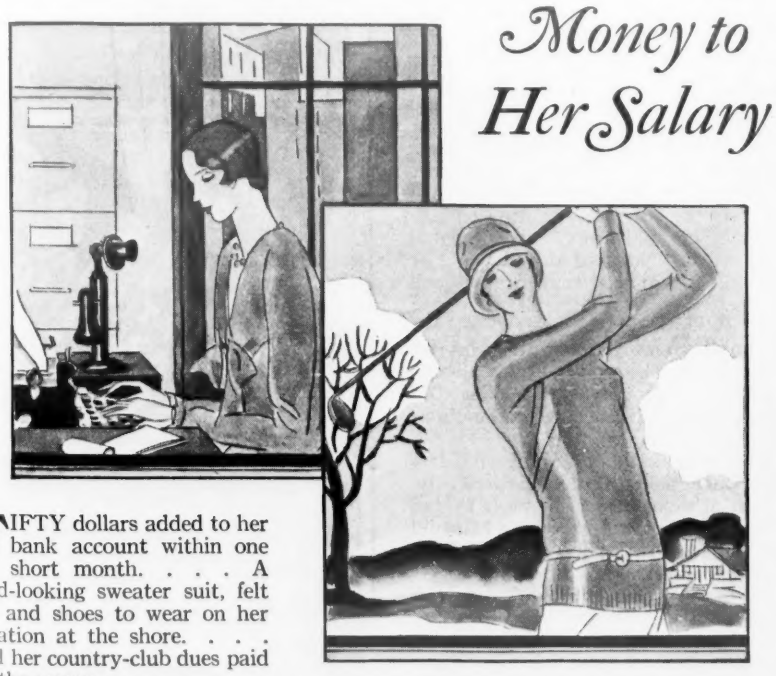
He tried to tell her. "Lovely and awfully dainty like you, but sort of strong, too, like you. And your eyes." Candid, he meant, and scornful of being timid and cautious.

But that daring of hers, which he seemed to sense, was not two hours old! And he was the first ever to see her as a real person!

DANA had tried to think of him as an interlude, and of tonight as a passing adventure, but it was useless. It was the life she had known that was passing. She could see its unreality now. It was a game not worth playing, for a prize not worth having. Dashing about and being seen, with Gary Three as the utmost reward. Not good enough!

Living could be more joyous and brave than that! It was beginning to be. Let the world crack! The not impossible *he* would, Dana knew, be very like Howard Vance. Would have to be, now!

How Mary Moore Adds Real Money to Her Salary



FIFTY dollars added to her bank account within one short month. . . . A good-looking sweater suit, felt hat and shoes to wear on her vacation at the shore. . . . And her country-club dues paid for the season. . . .

These are the things over which Mary Moore, a fun-loving business girl, is rejoicing today! These are the things she earned so easily in her leisure time—just as you can earn—through joining our Girls' Club.

For surely you, too, are longing right this minute for something that Club dollars could easily provide. Perhaps you are longing for a smart spring suit, a glorious vacation trip, a course of study, or the little luxuries that add so much to one's happiness.

Other young business women are benefiting every day in the year through devoting a few spare moments at lunch time, in the evening, or between-times, to our pleasant Club activities.

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Pauline Benn started a wonderful bank account with her first $50.00 earned in the Club.

Alice Smith, who was forced to give up a good position because of ill health, has helped to pay for a cozy home, has met her doctor's bills and insurance premiums, has bought a typewriter, and, as she says, "other things too numerous to mention."

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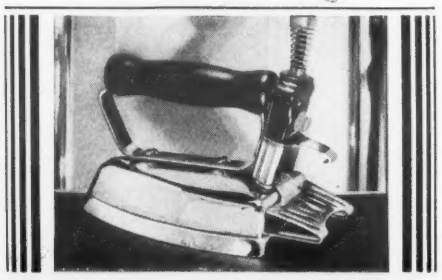

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Amber's Mirage

(Continued from Page 6)

"Uncle, did you give me away to Al?" she asked, and a tinge of scarlet showed under her clear skin. She was ashamed, yet no coward.

Jim gazed down upon her, somehow seeing her as never before. He realized that he had reason to despise her, but he did not. At least he could not when she was actually present in the flesh. Ruby had seen only seventeen summers, but she did not seem a child. Her slim form had the contours of a woman. And like a flaming wildflower she was beautiful to look at.

"No, Ruby, I didn't give you away to Al," replied Jim presently.

"You're not goin' to, uncle?"

"Wal, as to that ——"

"Please don't. It'll only hurt Al, an' not do a bit of good. He has been told things before. But he didn't believe them. An' he thrashed Harry Goddard. Of course he'd believe you, Uncle Jim. But it wouldn't make no difference. An'—an' what's the sense?"

"Ruby, I reckon there wouldn't be much sense in it. Not now, anyway, when I'm takin' Al with me on a long prospectin' trip."

"What!"

Jim motioned to the pack saddles and harness strewn upon the floor, the tools and utensils.

"Oh, no! Don't take him, uncle," she cried, and now her cheeks were pale as pearl. She caught her breath. The sloe-black eyes lost their wicked darts. They softened and shadowed with pain. "Oh, uncle, I—I couldn't let Al go."

"Wal, lass, I'm afraid you'll not have anythin' to do with it."

"But Al would never go—if I begged him to stay."

JIM believed that was true, though he did not betray it. He felt gladness at a proof that Ruby cared genuinely for Al, though no doubt her motives were self ish.

"Mebbe not, lass. But you won't beg him."

"I sure will. I'll crawl at his feet."

"Ruby, you wouldn't stand in the way of Al's coming back home with a big lot of gold."

"Gold!" she echoed, and a light leaped up in her eyes. "But, uncle, isn't prospectin' dangerous? Mightn't Al get killed or starve on the desert?"

"He might, sure, but he's a husky lad, an' here I've been wanderin' the desert for thirty years."

"How long would you be gone?"

"Till winter comes again."

"Seven—eight months! I—I don't—believe I could bear it," she faltered weakly.

"Ruby, you'll make a deal with me not to coax him off—or I'll tell him what I saw today."

"Oh, Uncle Jim!" she retorted, though she winced. "That'd be mean. I really love Al."

"Ahuh. You acted like it today," replied Jim dryly. "Reckon you're tryin' to tell me you love two fellows at once."

"I'M NOT tryin' to tell you that," she flashed hotly. "If you want to know the truth I love only Al! But I like Joe—an' the other boys. I'd quit them in a minute if Al had anythin'. But he's poor. He's poorer than I am. An' I hate to be poor. An' I don't see why I should give up havin' fun while I wait for Al."

"Did Al ever try to make you give them up?" queried Jim curiously.

"No. He's pretty decent, even if he is jealous. But he doesn't like me to go with Joe."

"Wal, do we make a bargain, Ruby?"

Her red lips quivered. "You mean you won't give me away if I don't try to keep Al home?"

"That's it."

"Wh-when are you leavin'?"

"Wal, I reckon tomorrow sometime, late afternoon."

"All right, uncle, it's a deal," she replied soberly, and with slow reluctance she laid the five silver dollars on the porch. "I won't go to the party tonight. I'll send for Al."

"Wal, Ruby, that's good of you," said Jim warmly. "I'm goin' over to Al's after supper to see his mother, an' I'll fetch him back."

"SHE'LL be glad to have Al go," rejoined Ruby bitterly. "She doesn't approve of me."

Jim watched the girl walk slowly down the path, her bright head bent, her hands locked behind her. What a forlorn little creature! Suddenly Jim pitied her. After all, vain and shallow as she was, he found some excuse for her. Under happier circumstances the good in her might have dominated.

The old prospector's mind was active, revolving phases of the situation he had developed, while he prepared a hasty supper. It was dark when he started out for town. The lights were flickering and the wind from the peaks carried a touch of snow. Al lived on the other side of town, just outside the limits, on a hundred-and-sixty-acre farm his father had homesteaded, and which, freed from debt, would be valuable some day. Jim vowed the prospecting trip would clear that land, if it did no more. A light in the kitchen of the cottage guided Jim, and when he knocked the door appeared to fly open, disclosing Al, flushed and excited, with the bright light of adventure in his blue eyes. Jim needed no more than that to set his slow heart beating high.

"Come in, old-timer," shouted Al boisterously. "No need to tell you I've knuckled. An' mother thinks it's a good idea."

AL'S mother corroborated this, with reservations. She seemed keenly alive to the perils of desert treasure seeking, but she had great confidence in Jim, and ambition for her son.

"What's this Amber's mirage my boy raves about?" asked Mrs. Shade presently.

"Wal, it's somethin' I want to tell Al," replied Jim, serious because he could never think of Amber in any other way. "I knew a wonderful prospector once. An' for twenty years I've looked for his mirage on the desert."

"Gracious, is that all? How funny you gold hunters are! Please don't graft any of those queer ideas on Al."

"Say, Jim, haven't you seen this Amber's mirage?" asked Al.

"Not yet, son. But I will this trip. Wal, good night an' good-by, Mrs. Shade. Don't worry about Al. He'll come back, an' mebbe rich."

"Alas! I wonder if that is not the mirage you mean," returned the mother, and sighed.

Al accompanied Jim back to town and talked so fast that Jim could not get a word in, until finally they reached the store.

"No, don't come in with me," said Jim. "You run out to see Ruby."

"Ruby! Aw, what'd you want to make me think of her for? She's goin' out with Joe Raston tonight."

"Al, she's stayin' home to be with you this last night."

"Gosh!" ejaculated Al rapturously, yet incredulously. "Did you tell her?"

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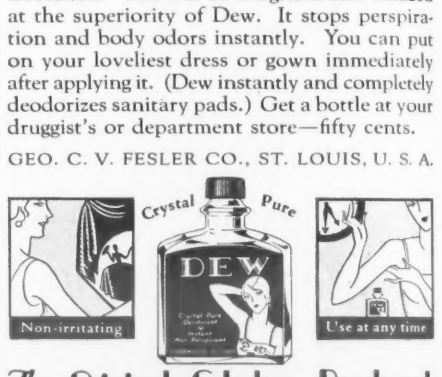

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"Yes. An' she sure got riled. Swore she'd never let you go. I reckon she cares a heap for you, Al. An' I'm bound to confess I didn't believe it. But I talked her into seein' the chance for you, an' she's goin' to let you go."

"Let—me go!" stammered Al, and he rushed away down the street.

The old prospector lingered to watch the lithe, vanishing form, and while he stroked his beard he thought sorrowfully of these two young people, caught in the toils of love and fate. Jim saw no happy outcome of their love, but he clung to a glimmering hope for them both.

AND an hour later when he trudged homeward thoughts of Al and Ruby magnified. It was youth that suffered most acutely. Age had philosophy and resignation. Al was in the throes of sweet, wild passion, fiercer for its immaturity. He would be constant too. Ruby, considered apart from her bewildering presence, was not much good. She would fail Al, and failing, save him from ruin, if not heartbreak. Yet she, too, had infinite capacity for pain. Poor pretty little moth! Yet she seemed more than a weak, fluttering moth—just what, Jim could not define. But they were both facing an illusion as tragic, if not so beautiful as Amber's Mirage.

Jim felt tired when he reached his shack and was glad to sink upon the porch. The excitement and rushing around during the day had worn upon him. He bared his head to the cold, pine-scented wind. The pines were roaring. The pale peaks stood up into the dark blue, star-studded sky. And to the south opened the impenetrable gloom of the desert. A voiceless call seemed to come up out of the vast windy space, and that night it made him wakeful.

But he was up at dawn, and when it was light enough to see he went out to hunt up his burros. They never strayed far. With the familiar task at hand again there returned the nameless pleasurable sensations of the trail. High up on the slope he found the four burros, sleek and fat and lazy, and when he drove them again, the first time for months, he had strange, dark, boding appreciation of the brevity of life. That succumbed to the exhilaration of the near approach of the solemn days and silent nights on the desert. In a few hours he would be headed down the road.

THE supplies he had ordered came promptly after breakfast, and Jim was packing when Al bounded in from the porch, so marvelous in his ecstasy of flamboyant youth that Jim's heart almost failed him.

"Howdy, son," he managed to get out. And then: "I see you come light in heart as well as in pack."

"Old-timer, I could fly this mornin'," exclaimed Al fervidly.

"Ahuh! Ruby must have sprouted wings on you last night," ventured Jim.

"Gosh, she was sweet. I'm ashamed to death of the things I felt an' thought. We said good-by nine hundred times—an' I sure hope it was enough."

"Wal, she'll be over before we leave, you can bet on that."

"Aw, no. I stayed late last night—gosh, it was late! Mother waited up for me. Jim, old-timer, that red-headed kid was hangin' on to me at one o'clock this mornin'."

Al delivered that amazing statement with a vast elation.

"You ought to have spanked her."

"Spank Ruby? Gosh! It would be like startin' an avalanche or somethin'. Now, Jim, you start me packin' an' you'll think an avalanche hit this shack."

Jim did not require many moments to grasp that Al would be a helpful comrade. He was indeed no stranger to packing. But they had just gotten fairly well started when Ruby entered like an apparition in distress. She wore her white Sunday dress and looked lovely, despite her woeful face and tearful eyes.

"Aw—now Ruby!" ejaculated Al, overwhelmed.

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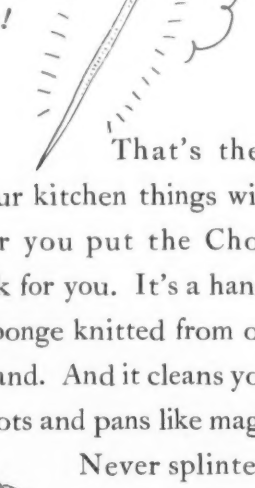

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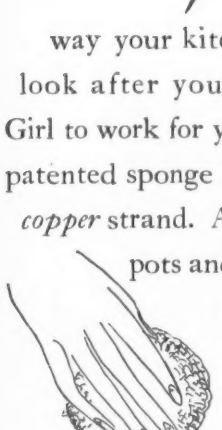

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"Oh, Al!" she wailed, and throwing her arms around his neck she buried her face on his breast. "I didn't know I loved you so—or I'd been different."

Jim turned his back on them and packed as hurriedly and noisily as possible. But they had forgotten his very existence. And presently he proceeded with his work almost as if these young firebrands were not present. But they were there, dynamic, breath-arresting with the significance of their words and actions. Jim was glad Al would have this poignant parting to remember. He sensed, and presently saw, a remorse in Ruby. What had she done? Or did her woman's intuition read a future alien to her hopes and longings? Perhaps, like Al, she lived only in the pangs of the hour.

NEVERTHELESS in time he wooed her out of her inconsistent mood and kissed away her tears and by some magic not in the old prospector's ken restored her smiles. She was adorable then. The Ruby that Jim had seen did not obtrude here. She entered into Al's thrilling expectancy, helped with the packing, though she took occasion now and then to peck at Al's cheek with her cherry lips, and asked a hundred questions.

"You'll fetch me a bucketful of gold?"

"I sure will, sweetheart," promised Al with fire and pride.

"A whole bucketful, like that bucket I have to lug full of water from the spring. Al, how much would a bucketful of gold buy?"

"I haven't any idea," returned Al, bewildered at the enchanting prospect. The light in his eyes, as it shone upon her, hurt the old prospector so sharply that he turned away. "Hey, old-timer, what could I buy Ruby with a bucketful of gold?"

"Wal, a heap of things an' that's no lie," replied Jim profoundly. "A house an' lot in town, or a ranch. Hosses, cattle, a wagonload of pretty clothes, an' then have some left for trinkets, not to forget a diamond ring."

Ruby screamed her rapture and swung round Al's neck.

It went on this way until at last the burros were packed and ready. Jim took up his canteen and the long walking stick, and shut the door of the shack with a strange finality.

"Son, I'll go on ahead," he said thickly. "You can catch up. But don't let me get out of sight down the road. Ruby, you have my blessin' an' my prayers. Good-by."

She kissed him, though still clinging to Al, but she could not speak.

"Get up, you burros," called Jim, and he drove them down the road.

AFTER a while he looked back. The young couple had disappeared and were very likely in the shack saying good-by all over again. Jim strode on for half a mile before he turned once more. Ruby's white form gleamed on the little porch. Al had started. He was running and looking back. Jim found himself the victim of unaccountable emotions, one of which seemed a mingling of remorse and reproach. Would it have been possible to have done better by Al? He did not see how. After a while he gained confidence again, though the complexity of the situation did not clear. All might yet be well for Al, and Ruby too, if the goddess who guarded the treasure of gold in the desert smiled quickly.

At the turn of the road Al caught up, panting from his run.

"Gosh, but—that was—tough!" he panted.

He did not glance back and neither did Jim. Soon they turned a bend between the foothills. The sun was still high enough to shed warmth, though the air was cooling. They were leaving the mountains and descending into the desert, glimpses of which could be seen through the passes. Piñons and cedars took the place of pines, and the sage and bleached grama grass thickened.

Al regained his breath and kept pace with Jim, but he did not have anything to say.

Jim wanted to reach Cedar Tanks before dark, a camp site that was well situated for the initiative, for it regulated succeeding stops just about right. This first water was down on the flat still some four or five miles distant. Jim found a spring in his stride that had been missing for months. He was on the heels of the burros, occasionally giving one a slap.

The last foothill, rather more of a mound than a hill, was bare of cedars and had a lone piñon on top, and the sides were flush with a weed that took on a tinge of pink. When this obstruction had been rounded the desert lay below.

No doubt Al had seen it before from that vantage point, but never with the significance of this moment, which halted him stockstill.

The sun was setting red and gold over the western confines, where the lights were brilliant. Just below the travelers there were flats of grass and belts of cedars and, farther on, bare plains of rock, all in the ruddy shadow. Leagues away buttes and mesas stood up, sunset flushed, and, between them and farther on, wild, broken outlines of desert showed darkly purple. A bold and open space it was, not yet forbidding, but with a hint of obscure and unknown limits.

ONE long gaze filled Jim Crawford with sustaining strength. His eye swept like that of an eagle. This was a possession of his soul and whatever it was that had clamped him in perplexity and doubt faded away.

It was dark when they reached Cedar Tanks, which consisted of a water hole at the head of a rocky ravine. Here Al found his tongue. The strain of parting gave precedence to the actuality of adventure. While they unpacked the burros he volleyed questions, which Jim answered when it was possible. He remembered the stops all the way across the border. Turkey Creek was the next, then Blackstone, then Green Water, Dry Camp, Greasewood, and on to Coyote Wells, Papago Springs, Mesquite, and then a nameless trail that had as its objective the volcanic peak of Pinacate.

Al packed up water and wood, and built a fire while Jim prepared their first meal, a somewhat elaborate one, he said, to celebrate the start of their expedition. Not in many years had Jim Crawford had a companion in camp. He had been a lone prospector, but he found this change a pleasure. He would not have to talk to the burros or himself. After all, the start had been auspicious.

"Jim, have you ever been to Pinacate?" asked Al.

"Yes. It's an infernal region in midsummer. But I've never been to the place we're headin' for."

"An' where's that?"

"Wal, I know an' I don't know. I call it Three Round Hills. They lay somewhere in from the Gulf of California, a couple of hundred miles below the mouth of the Colorado. It's in Sonora. We get through Yaqui country an' then right into the land of the Seris."

"An' who're the Seris?"

"WAL, they're about the lowest order of humans I know anythin' about. A disappearin' Indian tribe. Cannibals, accordin' to some prospectors I've met. They live in the Gulf durin' the dry season. But when it rains an' the water holes are full they range far up an' down the coast an' inland. So we've got to dodge them."

"Gosh! You didn't tell mother or Ruby that," remarked Al.

"No, I didn't. An' I reckon I haven't told you a great deal yet."

"Then there's gold in this Seri country," asserted Al, thrilled.

"There sure is. All over Sonora for that matter. But somewhere close under Three Round Hills a wash starts an' runs six miles or so down to the Gulf. I met a

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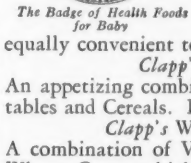

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NUMBER THREE—*Thirty thousand Acousticon users have found in the Silver Anniversary Model not one but several points of impressive scientific superiority*

Once upon a time there were three princes, if we remember our "Arabian Nights" correctly, and they were all enamoured of a beautiful princess, who told them when each pressed his suit, she would wed the one who proved most worthy of her.

And so they set out from Bagdad for a far country, there to perform great deeds and valiant. But when they were four days distant from the minarets of Haroun-al-Raschid's palace, an ominous premonition came upon them that all was not well with their beloved princess.

And one of the three princes, who had a magic crystal, confirmed their suspicions, for in his glass he saw the princess sorely sick and beyond the power of the perplexed physicians of the court to minister unto her.

And the second prince, when he looked in the glass, cried out with anguish: "If I were only there! I could cure her with the magic potion I carry with me!"

And the third prince, on hearing these words, took from under his cloak a magic carpet, and exclaimed: "Come, there is yet time to reach her!"

And so mounting the magic carpet, they returned to Bagdad in the twinkling of an eye, and gave the princess the magic potion the second prince carried so that she was made well again.

And the following day, when they each asked for her hand in marriage and each claimed the credit for her recovery, she laughed, kindly, at them, and said:

"Which of the four legs of a camel can say it takes the camel across the desert? And which of the many bells in the tower calls the faithful to their prayers? My dear, foolish princes, you have all saved my life, but none has done more than the other."

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Like the three princes in the tale that Scheherezade told her sultan on one of the thousand and one nights, the writers of these letters all have different reasons for their attachment to the Silver Anniversary Model.

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*Residents of Canada should address Canadian Acousticon, Ltd., Toronto, and if you live west of the Rockies, kindly write to Dept. 126, Dictograph Products Co., 681 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

prospector who dry-panned gold all along this wash. So rich, he never tried to find the lead from which the gold came! An' he never dug down. Gold settles, you know. He was afraid the Seris would locate him an' poison his water hole. So he didn't stay in long, an' after that he couldn't find the Three Round Hills again."

"An' you're goin' to find them?"

"Reckon we are, son. I feel it in my bones. I believe I can locate them from Pinacate. I brought a powerful field glass, somethin' I never had with me before. If I can locate them we'll travel across country from Pinacate, instead of workin' down to the Gulf. That would take weeks. We'd have to travel at night along the beach, at low tide, so the water would wash out our tracks. An' then we couldn't find those hills from the shore. I've been savin' this trip for ten years, Al."

"GOSH! An' where does Amber's mirage come in?" went on Al, who had forgotten his supper for the moment.

"Wal, it won't come in at all unless we see it."

"Who was Amber, anyhow?"

"I don't know, except he was a prospector like myself. Queer character. I always wondered if he was right in his mind. But he knew all about the desert."

"Well! Jim, what was the difference between his mirage an' any other?"

"Son, did you ever see a mirage?" asked Jim.

"Sure. Lots of them. All alike, though. Just sheets of blue water on flat ground. Pretty, an' sort of wonderful."

"Wal, you really never saw a mirage, such as I have in mind. The great an' rare mirages are in the sky. Not on the ground! An' mostly they're upside down."

"Jim, I never heard of such a thing."

"Wal, it's true. I've seen some. Beautiful lakes an' white cities. An' once I saw a full-rigged ship."

"No!" exclaimed Al incredulously.

"Sure did. An' they were sights to behold."

"Gosh! Come, old-timer, tell me now about Amber's mirage," cried the young man impetuously, as if lured on against his will.

The old prospector laid aside his cup, as if likewise impelled, and wiping his beard he bent solemn gaze on the young man, and told his story.

Al stared. His square jaw dropped a little and his eyes reflected the opal lights of the cedar fire.

"An' Amber died after seein' that mirage!" gasped Al.

"Yes, son. There's two men livin' besides me who heard him tell about it an' who saw him die."

"BUT, old-timer," expostulated Al, sweeping his hand through his yellow locks, "all that might have been his imagination. What's a mirage but an illusion?"

"Sure. Perhaps it's more of a lyin' trick of the mind than the sight. But the strange fact, an' the hard one to get around, is that soon after Amber's death a great gold strike was made there. Right on the spot!"

"Jim, you old prospectors must get superstitious," returned Al.

"Reckon so. But there's no explainin' or understandin' what comes to a man from years on the desert."

"If that's true of the desert it's true of the mountains, or any other place," argued Al.

"No. The desert is like the earth in the beginnin'," replied the old prospector sagely. "After a while it takes a man back to what he was when he first devolved from some lower organism. He gets closer to the origin of life an' the end of life."

"Gosh, old-timer, you're too deep for me," said Al with a laugh. "But if it's all the same to you I'd just as lief you didn't see Amber's mirage this trip."

(To be Continued)

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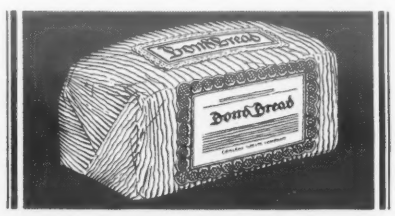

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

Mrs. King's Journal articles—see page 138 of this issue—are widely followed.

Now You Can Please the Family—and Your Guests!

Caroline King's Cook Book

Here is an entirely new cook book, the result of over twenty years of practical experience, in which Mrs. King gives you foundation formulas for making bread, pastry, desserts. With these elementary formulas, cooking becomes very easy. A single rule for sauce or salad dressing is all you need master; for every possible combination in sauce or dressing is based upon it.

Everybody's Cook Book

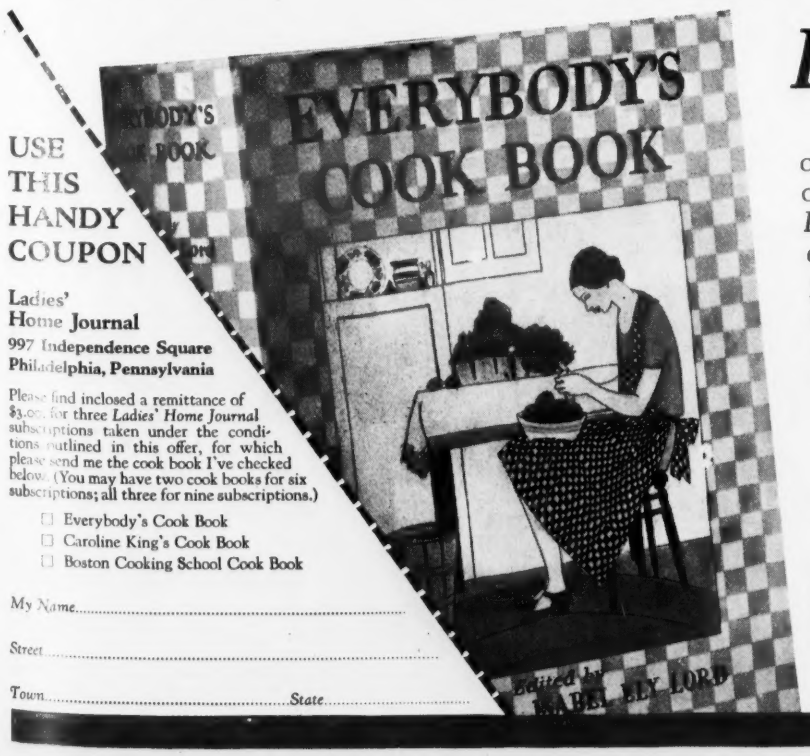
Everybody's—edited by Isabel Ely Lord—takes its name from its universal usefulness. It will appeal to the housewife for the economy of its recipes; to teachers for its accuracy and scientific approach; to the hostess for its many unusual recipes; to the inexperienced for its useful instructions; to the professional cook for its completeness.

WHEN the family gathers round the dinner table, and you serve a dish that makes them ask for more; when your intimate friends meet and you serve a lunch that sends them into rhapsodies of praise—doesn't it bring a warm glow to your heart?

Such triumphs are easily possible! For now you may have your choice of three great cook books. Every one offers you so much that's surprisingly new, practical, helpful. You can make no mistake in your choice, for these three books were selected only after a careful study of the government catalog showing every cook book in print and only after the purchase and study of many more than are shown here. Just choose the one which seems best suited to your particular needs.

The Boston Cooking School Cook Book

For more than thirty years this cook book—compiled by Fannie Merritt Farmer—has been used in American homes. This 1928 edition, containing 2,677 recipes, every one tested in the Boston cooking school, gives you information about food composition, calorific values—it is really an encyclopedia of cookery.



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Please find inclosed a remittance of $3.00 for three *Ladies' Home Journal* subscriptions taken under the conditions outlined in this offer, for which please send me the cook book I've checked below. (You may have two cook books for six subscriptions; all three for nine subscriptions.)

- ☐ Everybody's Cook Book
- ☐ Caroline King's Cook Book
- ☐ Boston Cooking School Cook Book

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Street.....

Town.....State.....

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For any *one* of the cook books listed on this page, send us only *three* new or renewal subscriptions for the *Ladies' Home Journal* from people *outside your family who do not live at your home.* Collect only $1 each for any address in the United States or Canada; for foreign addresses, collect $2.50.

Mail the full amount you collect—there's a handy coupon at the left—with your request for the books. You need not be a subscriber to qualify, but your own subscription cannot be counted. We will forward the books at once, postage prepaid, to any address* other than that of one of your subscribers.

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Ladies' Home Journal

997 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

THE OFFICE DOG

"DON'T DO THAT, DARLING—THE GENTLEMAN MAY NOT LIKE IT"

Well, You Know How it Is

"THERE'S a chance for you to deliver your lecture How to Bend Others to Your Will, over at Goofport. Can I book you for it?"

"Why, yes—that is, if my wife has no objections."

Just for Once

SAINT PETER: Well, what would you like to be in your next incarnation?

SOUL: My last wife. It would be nice to be perfect for a change!

The Proxy

SECRETARY: You have an appointment with the photographer at two.

EXECUTIVE: I'm too busy to go, you'll have to attend to it.

"WE'D MOVE TO THE COUNTRY, BUT THE BABY DOES LOVE TO LOOK AT SHOP WINDOWS"

The Efficiency Expert Spends a Day at Home With the Wife

WILFRED, sift those ashes. Do you know how much coal is a ton? . . . Before you go down in the cellar, put out the light in the next room. How many times have I told you not to waste electricity? . . . Don't throw away that empty soda-water bottle. There's five cents' deposit on it. Never mind, five cents is five cents, and don't be so sarcastic about it! . . . If you used a cigarette holder, you'd save money. As it is, you throw away your cigarettes only half smoked. . . . Wilfred, are you giving that good meat to the cat? We could have eaten it for lunch. Now I'll be put to an extra expense for lunch! . . . Oh, it was you who left the radio turned on upstairs! Well, you just waltz upstairs and turn it off. You ought to know that it costs money to charge batteries. . . . (WILFRED *goes out in a rage, slamming the door behind him*) . . . Goodness gracious!

"OH, BETTY, TWO KILLED IN LOVE NEST—WANT TO SEE THE PRETTY PICTURES, DEAR?"

Something New Under the Sun!

HOLD! I ask
Gold for this classy in-
Vention. Toiling
Brothers, and
Others, I claim your at-
Tention. Something
New I can
Do here, with-
Out any
Doubt, I can
Rime for some
Time with my
Rime wrong side
Out. Really,
This should bring
Bliss to all
Poets that
Know it, for
Rime, given
Time and a
Chance, will ad-
Vance, till it
Stands in all
Lands at the
Head of the
Line, and is
Read, as was
Mine, by the use of this
Stunt, from the rear to the
Front. —H. L. RAMSEYER.

"TRY AND SEE IT, GEORGE—DON'T GIVE UP LIKE THAT!"

Candor as is Candor

"MRS. LOUDE is quite blatantly frank, isn't she?"

"Frank? Why, she calls a spade a steam shovel."

We Shore Have

SHE *(at the summer resort)*: Why do they call so many resort hotels The Breakers?

HE: Haven't you seen their rates?

She Had No Alternative

HE: WOULD you rather take lunch with me tomorrow or dinner Thursday night?

SHE: Well, I'll take lunch with you tomorrow and we can talk about going to dinner on Thursday then.

Einstein Might Help

"HOW old are you, little boy?"

"I don't know. Mother was twenty-six years old when I was born, but now she's only twenty-four."

"GEE, THIS NEW APARTMENT ISN'T AS HOMY AS I EXPECTED IT TO BE"

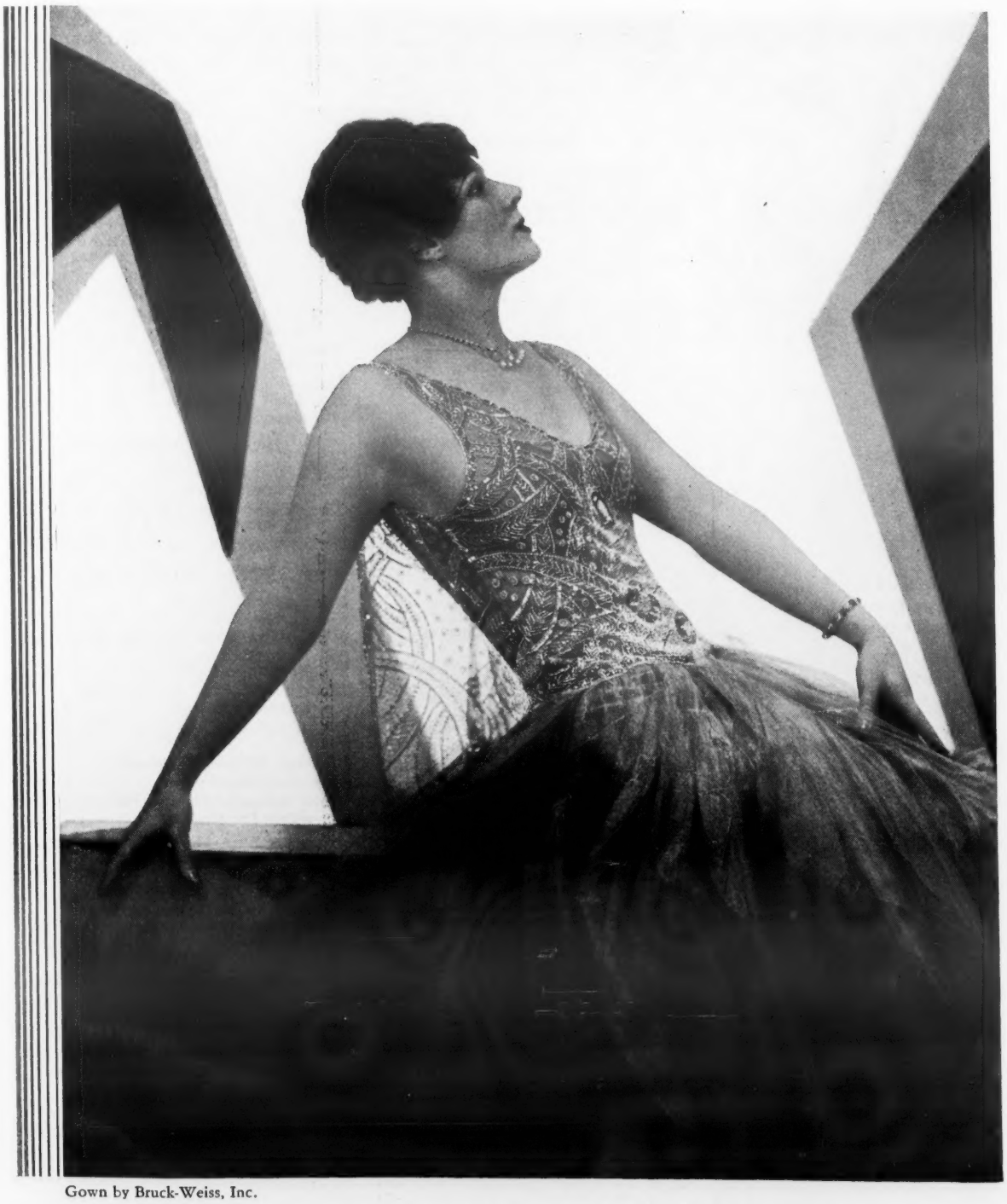
"The loveliest face fails to charm," *says* Margaret Irving . . . *"if the figure is not beautiful"*

MARGARET IRVING is acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful stars on Broadway. For two years London acclaimed her as the loveliest singer at their smartest clubs and New Yorkers still talk wistfully of her beauty as the star of "The Desert Song."

"It is always a mystery to me," she says, "why a woman will devote so much attention to keeping her face young and beautiful and neglect her figure. An actress soon learns that the loveliest face fails to charm if the figure is not beautiful.

"On the stage we are taught that every attitude of the body expresses some emotion, such as fear or confidence, fatigue or energy, failure or success. Each person has some individual claim to beauty and charm of figure. This good point should be emphasized and any unlovely tendency overcome.

"For the way to accomplish this, every woman needs expert advice. She should, on all occasions, wear a Spencer foundation designed for her individual needs, to give her figure friendly support and overcome any tendency to develop a slouchy or fat-in-spots figure."



Gown by Bruck-Weiss, Inc.

Miss Irving, now appearing in "Animal Crackers" with the Marx Brothers, strongly advises every woman to safeguard the beauty of her figure. "She should, on all occasions," she says, "wear a Spencer foundation designed to meet her individual needs."

Call the Spencer Corsetiere

Wherever you live, you may follow Margaret Irving's advice by having a Spencer Corsetiere come to your home and make a free study of your figure. Every corsetiere is a specialist trained by us to visualize the lines of beauty for any figure. She is able to furnish such a complete description of your figure that a special design can be created to meet its specific needs.

Of all the hundreds of thousands of Spencer designs made for women in America and Europe, no two have ever been exactly alike, for two women have never been found with figures exactly alike! It is this individuality of design that makes the Spencer foundation the most effective, the most distinctive and the most comfortable garment you have ever worn!

Look in the telephone book under "Spencer Corsetiere." If you do not find one listed near you send us the coupon below. This will not obligate you in any way.

Write to The Berger Brothers Company, New Haven, Conn. (In Great Britain: Spencer Corsets, Ltd., Banbury, Oxon, England.)

This Spencer garment was specially designed to keep the diaphragm from pouching out and to control the abdomen. The Spencer is very lightly boned but so cleverly designed that it gives the needed support.

WRITE TO ANNE SPENCER TODAY

Anne Spencer will give you personal advice free upon any problem you may have about the control or correction of your figure.

Anne Spencer, May, 1929
c/o The Berger Brothers Co.
141 Derby Avenue, New Haven, Conn.

Please send me a free copy of your interesting illustrated booklet, "The Way to Youthful Grace."

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....*State*.....

Do you want to make money?

Anne Spencer will tell you how to build a prosperous business in your community. You will receive all necessary training. Check square on the right . . . ☐

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WE CREATE A DESIGN ESPECIALLY FOR YOU

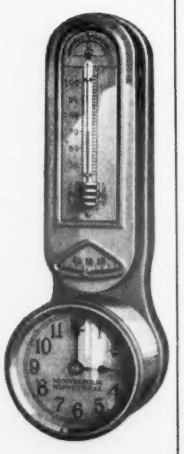
When Your Heating Plant Gets "Spring Fever"

—look out for overheating, the arch enemy of health

How much heat do you need today? So hard to guess, in springtime. So hard to keep your home at the proper temperature. You must have a fire—but it just seems to run away from you.

Then follow all the evil effects of an overheated home. A dull, listless feeling. No pleasure in reading—no energy to work about the house. "Spring colds" in the family—everybody below par, full of that vague dissatisfaction miscalled "spring fever."

Probably the real "spring fever" is below stairs in your heater. No fault of yours—hand control fails to prevent overheating, no matter how hard you try.



Automatic Heat Control Prevents Overheating

In this day of automatic equipment for homes, it is a waste of time to be thus vainly tinkering with the fire—when a Minneapolis-Honeywell Heat Regulator will take full charge so you need never touch dampers or drafts, day or night. It even rouses the fire in the early morning, through clock control, and lets you sleep on regardless of the vagaries of the weather.

You can install the Minneapolis-Honeywell on your present heating plant, burning any fuel. A modern finance plan provides for easy monthly payments. Write for our free booklet, "The High Cost of Overheating," explaining what physicians say about overheating and health.

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Why merely envy brides?

PERHAPS some girl you know will soon be married. And at her breathless invitation you have viewed her trousseau. Lovely things kindled your eyes. Exquisite textures enchanted your finger-tips. *Quantities* of everything you'd dearly love to have. So much! So beautiful! So new! And your own belongings, once like these, now used and now depleted.

But not all of that loveliness, that abundance, is beyond your grasp by any means. Her marvelous array of towels—why, you can have its equal easily! As many towels, or more. As beautiful. As soft and billowy. As colorful and smart. As fresh and alluring. No fortune could buy more wonderful towels than you can have for a very small outlay by buying Cannon towels.

Stroll through the linen department of any good store and give your desires free rein. Can it be possible these adorable little turkish hand towels, with their gay, fast color borders, cost but 25 cents apiece!—a whole dozen for the price of a man's necktie. If the little blue Cannon label's on them that's all they cost.

There is a heap of fluffy bath towels—great big ones, with the most fascinating designs in the modern manner. Don't pass them with a longing sigh. Inspect the price. Three dollars will put a glorious half-dozen of them on the shelf of your own linen closet. And those soft, dainty wash cloths, clustered nearby, looking like a basket of Easter eggs. Ten cents will buy many of them!

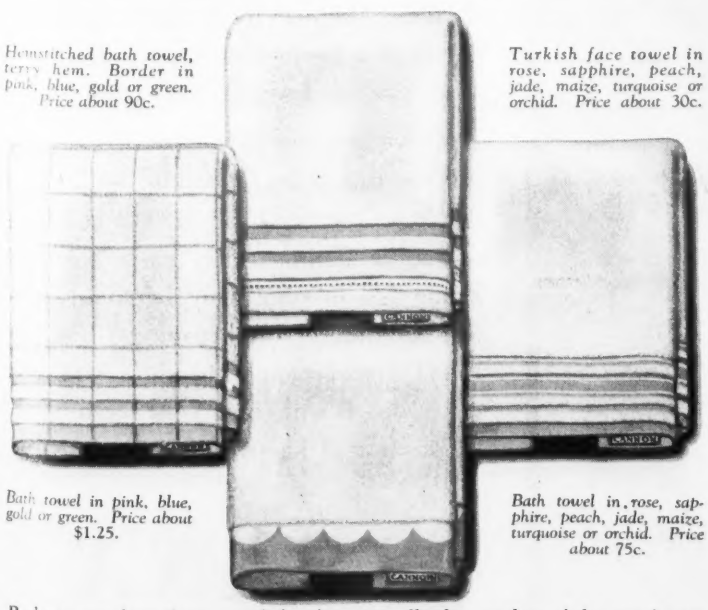
It's so easy to have all the Cannon towels you want. And it's such a practical way to enjoy luxuriousness. For with towels aplenty, to assure each member of your family his own towel always immaculately fresh and inviting, you safeguard the good health of your family. Scientific research has shown the clean, soft towel to be one of the most effective enemies of contagion.

No gorgeous bridal trousseau's towels need ever excel your own supply if you but take advantage of the amazing values made possible by the gigantic scale on which Cannon towels are made. The Cannon towels that the most pretentious home may proudly *welcome*, are priced so the least pretentious home may *have them*—and have them in abundance. Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.

A most appreciated wedding gift is a set of Cannon sheets. There are three different grades, all representing typical Cannon values. They offer a choice of six colors and white, with plain or hemstitched borders. Cannon Lavender Lawn, the top grade, is unquestionably the finest sheet in the world. It would make an epochal addition to any bride's belongings.

Hemstitched bath towel, terry hem. Border in pink, blue, gold or green. Price about 90c.

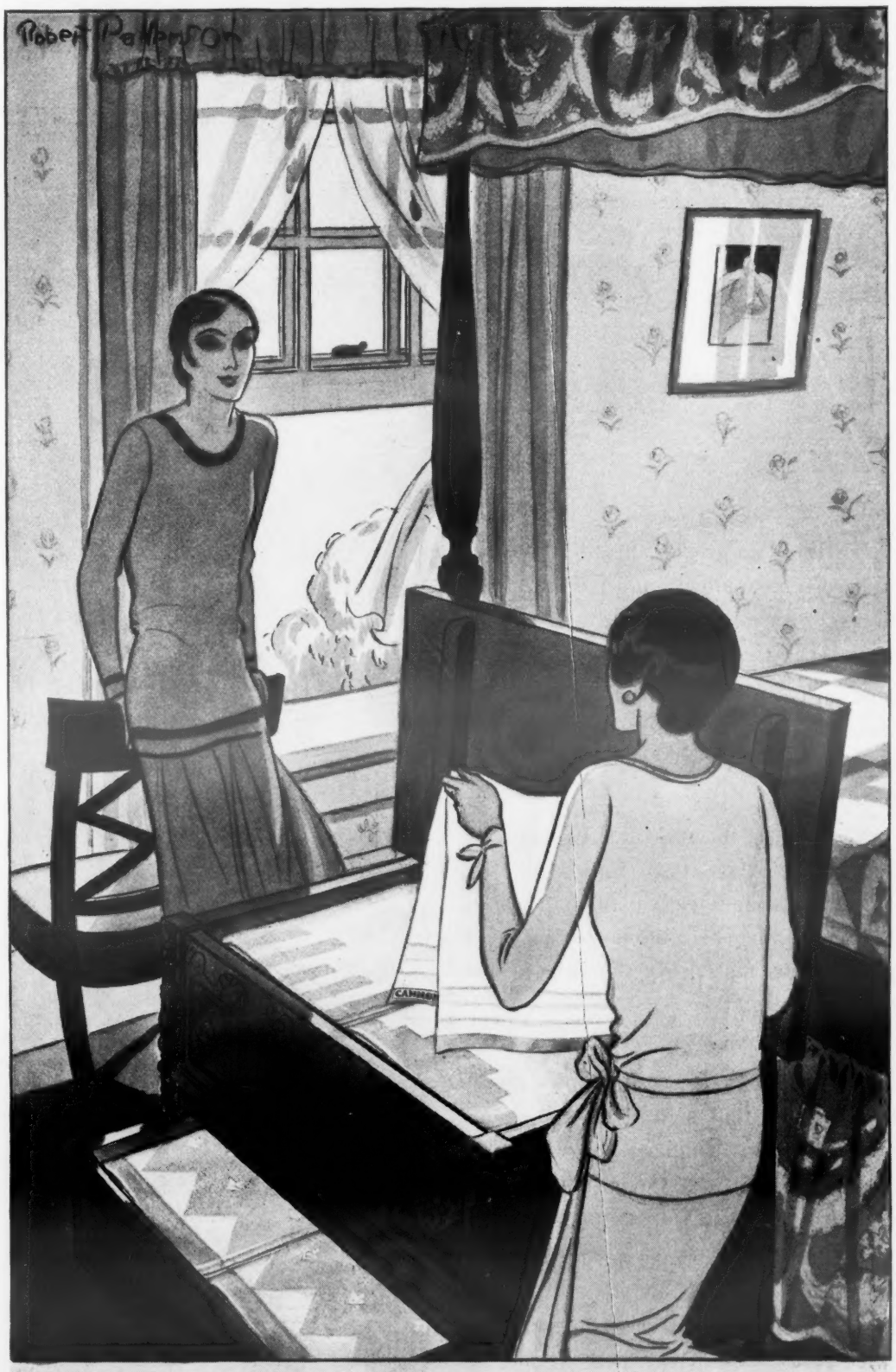
Turkish face towel in rose, sapphire, peach, jade, maize, turquoise or orchid. Price about 30c.



Bath towel in pink, blue, gold or green. Price about $1.25.

Bath towel in rose, sapphire, peach, jade, maize, turquoise or orchid. Price about 75c.

Perhaps you have been struck by the unusually fine quality of the towels you encounter in hotels, and have wondered how a hotel could afford to provide such excellent towels in the enormous quantities they must have. You may be sure the larger the towel requirements, the more thorough the study of towel value. A vast majority of American hotels specify Cannon towels.



CANNON TOWELS

TRADE MARK CANNON REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Rout gum troubles — defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"

THERE is no greater dental folly than to care for your teeth and pay no attention to your gums.

No matter how gleaming your teeth, how pure their color, how free they are from fillings and cavities, it is equally important that your gums be strong and healthy.

Yet . . . all the time . . . you hear of people who have been forced to have seemingly sound teeth extracted. Your dentist's x-ray file contains hundreds of photographs that prove the dire results of gum neglect.

* * *

If ever your tooth brush "shows pink," it's an infallible sign that your gums need attention. Gingivitis, or even pyorrhea, may result unless you take prompt measures to bring your gums to health!

Fortunately, it is easy to care for your gums as dentists say you should. Simply brush your teeth and massage the gums twice a day with Ipana Tooth Paste.

Massage and Ipana rouse the circulation. They help to restore a normal tonicity to the gum walls. They give back the stimulation your gums should get, but do not, from the mastication of hard, fibrous foods.

For modern food is too soft, too yielding; circulation flags, tissues break down, gums grow soft and logy. But massage with Ipana, gently at first, harder later on, restores the stimulation that your gums need so much to keep in health.

You can do it with IPANA and massage!

How Ipana tones and hardens the gums

Ask your dentist about this. Ask him about Ipana. He will probably tell you how good it is and why. Containing ziratol, a recognized hemostatic and antiseptic widely used by the profession, Ipana exerts a toning and stimulating effect that makes the massage doubly effective.

Don't think, however, that Ipana is only a specific for gum troubles. It's the cleanest feeling tooth paste you ever used! It's about the best tasting. Your teeth will shine with its continued use!

There is a sample offered by the coupon on this page. Frankly, we'd rather not have you send for it. For it's small—and sometimes the mails are slow. Rather go to your druggist today, get a full-size tube (100 brushings) and give Ipana a real chance to show you what it can do. It will clean your teeth beautifully. It will keep your gums healthy.

★ ★ ★ ★

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. S59
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

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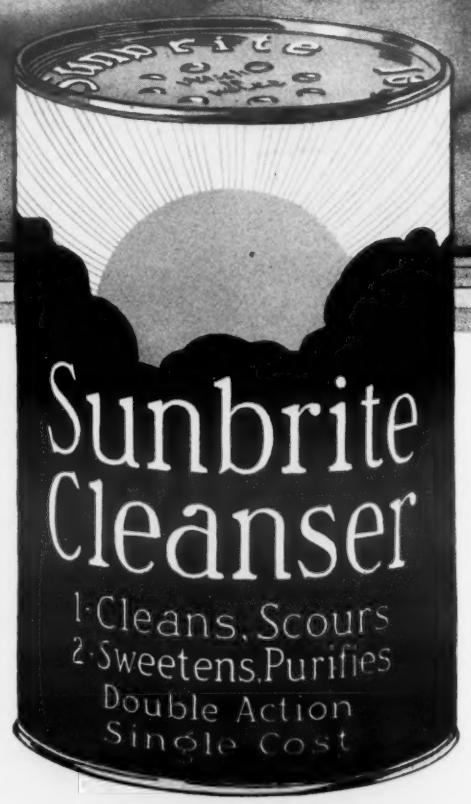
★ IPANA ★ Tooth Paste

By subscription $1.00. in the United States and in Canada

THE CITY
OF SUNBRITE
IS SHINING-CLEAN



Fresh towels . . crisp curtains . . bowl and tub spick and span—that's the way you like to see your bathroom! But how much work it takes to keep it so. Unless you use Sunbrite Cleanser . . . "Double-action" Sunbrite cleanses and purifies in *one* simple process. It cuts cleaning time in two. It saves your hands. Use "double-action" Sunbrite on all your bathroom fixtures. You will love its gleaming, easy, *quick* results. . . . Order a supply of Sunbrite Cleanser today.

SWIFT & COMPANY

Blankets white and light when you use Quick Naptha White Soap Chips

Smooth, white hands add so much to charm!

Day-long protection for fair hands

[A BEAUTY SUGGESTION FOR BUSY HOURS]

When hands *can* look as smooth and cool as flower-petals, doesn't it seem extravagant to let their loveliness slip away—day by day—in a round of soap-and-water tasks?

Many women have adopted a very simple plan to protect their hands:—they use Ivory to wash gleaming china, lacquered furniture, glossy woodwork, colored cottons and linens—instead of harsh kitchen soaps which parch and redden the skin.

These women have found that "Ivory for everything" is a very practical and economical beauty measure—it keeps their hands smooth and white. Compared to other beauty aids in their bathrooms and upon their dressing tables, the little extra cost of Ivory is almost nothing!

Try Ivory for *all* your soap-and-water tasks this week. Don't just tuck this suggestion away in your mind and plan to try it sometime. If you begin tomorrow to use "Ivory for everything" and see how much softer and smoother your hands quickly become, we believe you will never again let a harsh soap rob them of their charm.

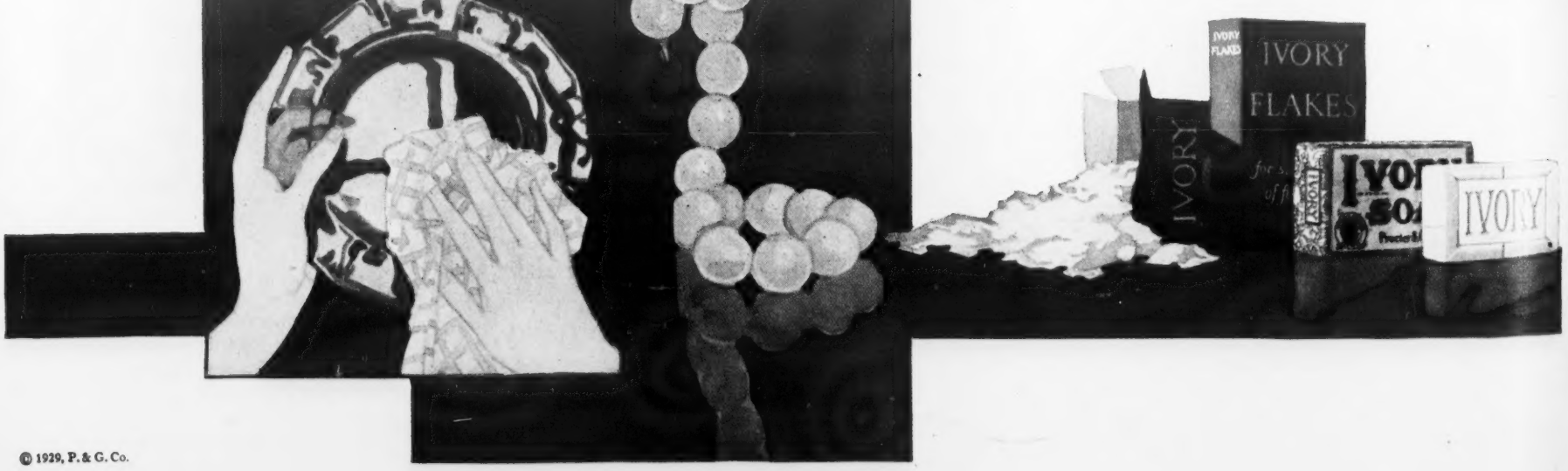
* *

FREE! A little book on charm. What kind of care for different complexions? For hands? For hair? For figures? A little book, "On the Art of Being Charming," answers many questions like these, and is free. Address Winifred S. Carter, Dept. VJ-59, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IVORY SOAP

KIND TO EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES

99 44/100 % PURE · IT FLOATS



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